IS MUSSOLINI'S POWER CRUMBLING?

MARCH 7,
1936

Liberty

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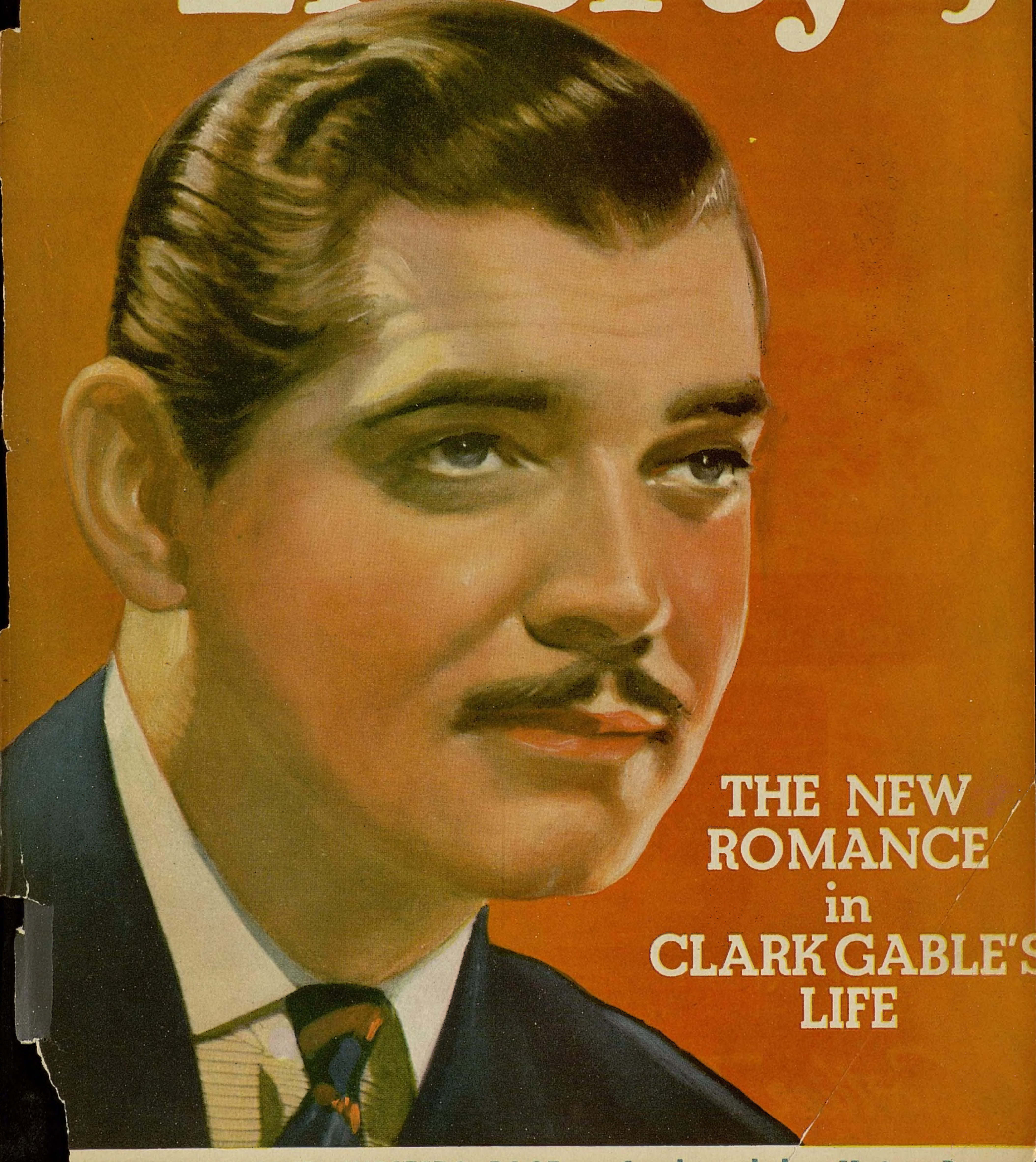


THE NEW
ROMANCE
in
CLARK GABLE'S
LIFE

ERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

Thomas Dixon, Famous Author Says Regarding Physical Culture Hotel,

"I came to Dansville severely crippled with a long siege of arthritis which affected my foot. I could hardly walk. I took a two weeks' course of dieting and treatment and went home feeling fine and walking normally.

"I discovered that I did not need meat to live well and feel well. It was a revelation I will not forget.

"The air of the Genesee hills is a tonic and the spirit of the Physical Culture Hotel, an inspiration. I wish everyone in America could have the experience."

Sincerely,
THOMAS DIXON.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE!

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York, January 1, 1936. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

---------- MAIL COUPON TODAY ----------

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L3-7
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name__________________________________

Street__________________________________

Town________________________State__________

"THERE'S a product . . . that LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . I have never used a dentifrice that made my teeth feel and look so clean. And in my business that's important!" Ken Maynard

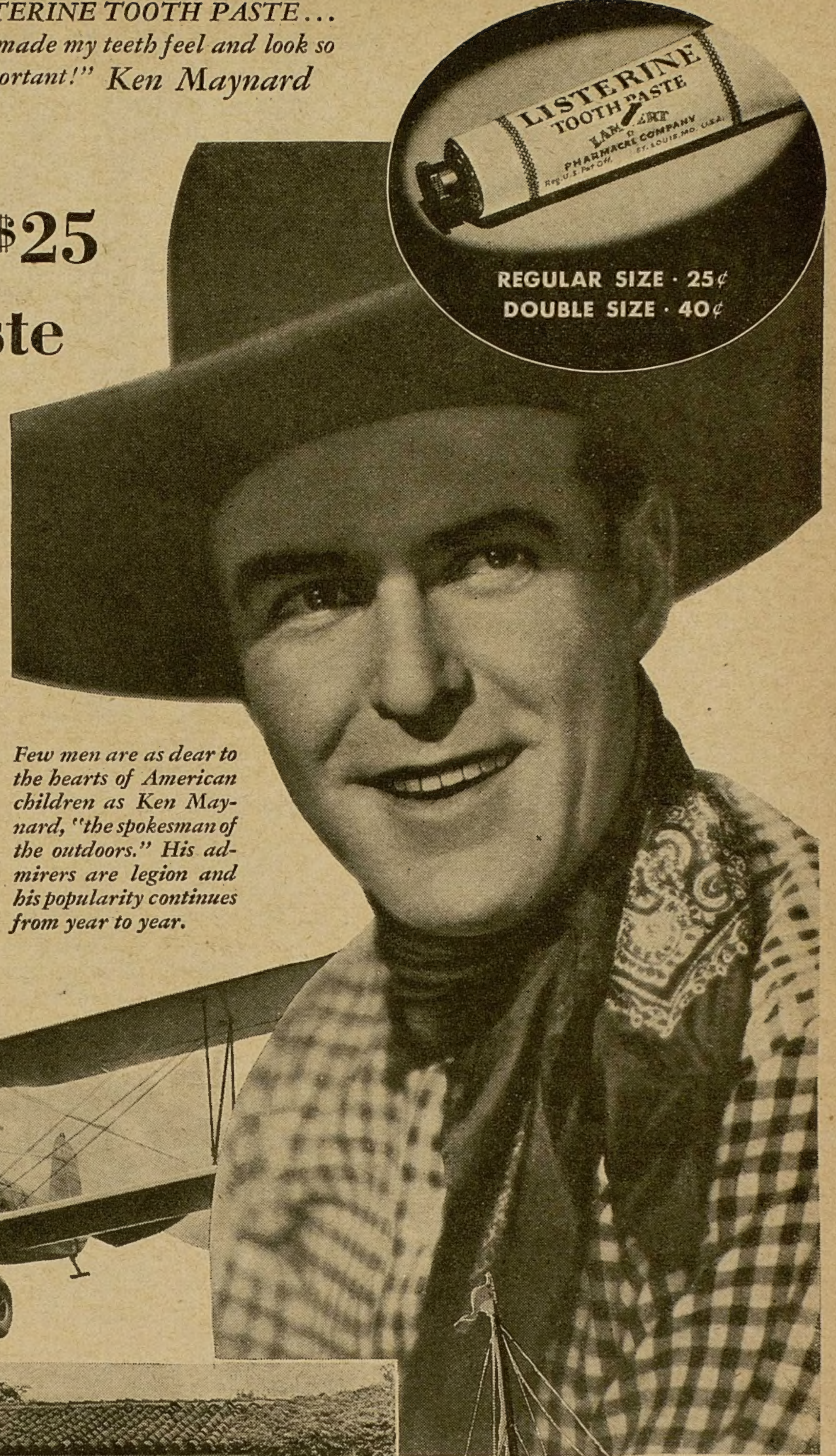
He could afford $25 for his tooth paste . . . *he pays 25¢*

ONCE again you find a man accustomed to every luxury using, by choice, this dentifrice which costs him but 25¢.

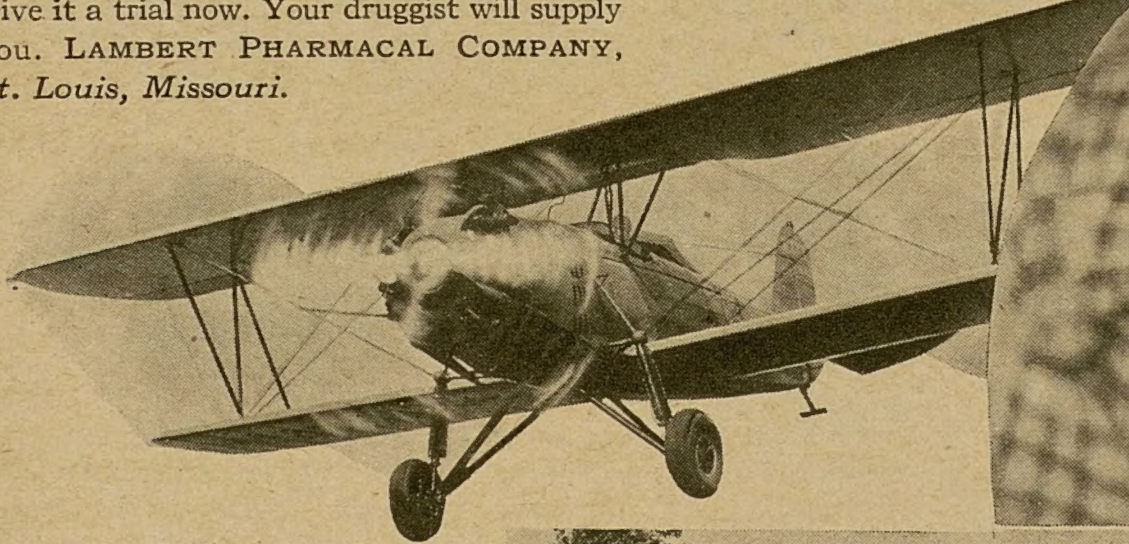
Once again you find a man whose profession demands sound and attractive teeth, using Listerine Tooth Paste.

What's the reason? Better results, nothing more. Millions of people have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is amazingly superior. If you haven't tried it, do so now.

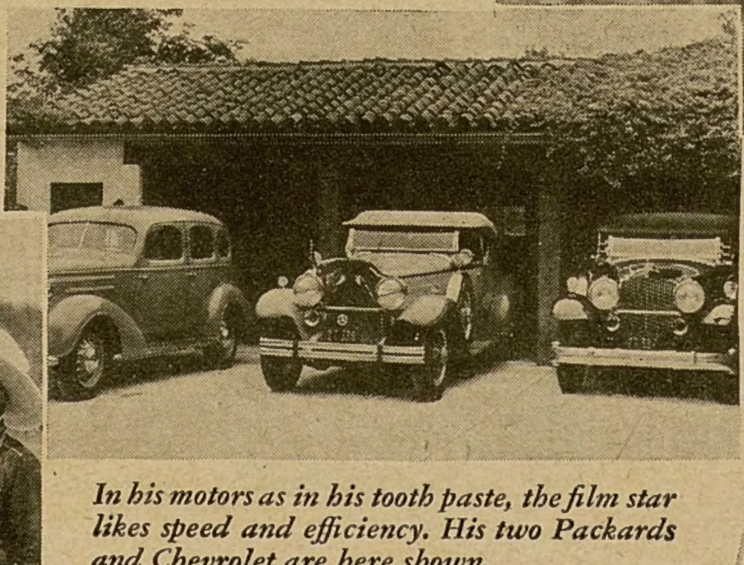
See how thoroughly it cleans teeth. See how it sweeps away ugly discolorations. See the brilliant lustre and gleam it imparts to the teeth. Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows its use. Give it a trial now. Your druggist will supply you. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*



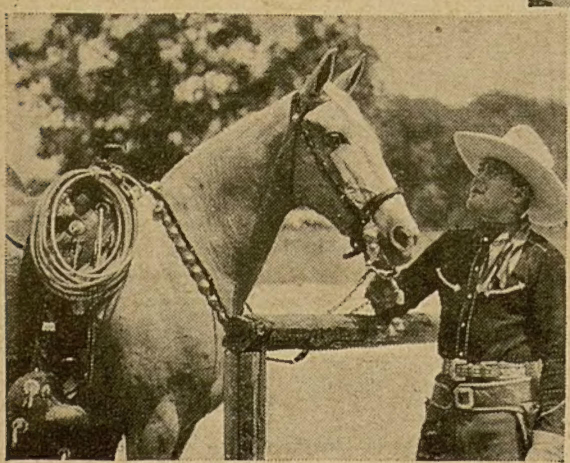
Few men are as dear to the hearts of American children as Ken Maynard, "the spokesman of the outdoors." His admirers are legion and his popularity continues from year to year.



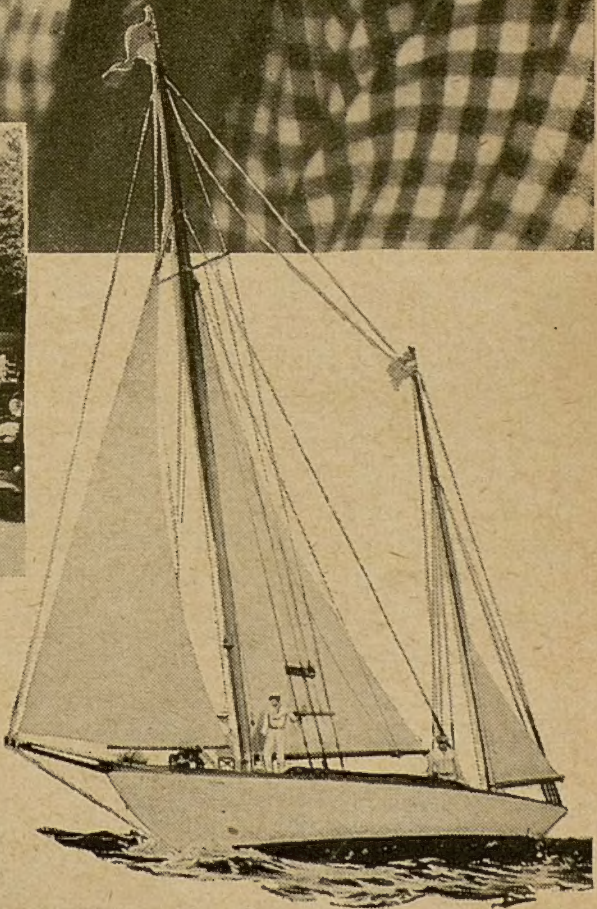
Ken Maynard's plane. It is the land type, completely equipped for camping and hunting. The star recently explored Central America and spent all but two nights aboard.



In his motors as in his tooth paste, the film star likes speed and efficiency. His two Packards and Chevrolet are here shown.



Ken Maynard and his famous horse, Palomino, taken at the Maynard ranch in the San Fernando Valley, California.

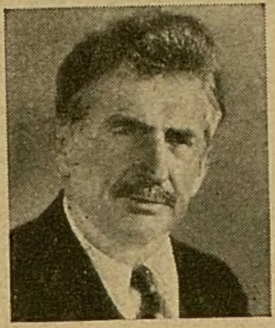


In his sturdy cruising yawl, "Nymph," Maynard cruises the Pacific, or takes a week-end sail to Catalina Island.

MARCH 7, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 10

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Nonsense Paraded by the Defenders of the New Deal



BERNARR MACFADDEN

WHEN the defenders of the defects of the present administration have to discredit our form of government to bolster up their viewpoint they encounter insurmountable difficulties.

You often hear the statement: " This is a terrible world." But there is nothing the matter with the world. It is the people in it.

There is little if anything the matter with our constitutional system of government. It is the " misfits " who are trying to operate it. They are not satisfied with old-time democracy which demands the liberties of free men. They want to take unto themselves the government powers that rightly belong to the people. They would like to erase from the Preamble of our Constitution insurance of the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity.

In order to discredit our Constitution, one New Dealer definitely harks back to the Declaration of Independence, which of course, as every one knows, gives expression to the fundamental principles back of our Constitution. It was the beginning of our demand for the liberties that we finally won after a harrowing struggle that lasted many years. There are a number of clauses in the Declaration of Independence with caustic charges against our former persecutors which would be quite applicable today. Here are two of them:

> He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance. . . .
>
> He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation.

The NRA and the AAA—cast aside by the United States Supreme Court—with their swarms of officers harassing and eating out the substance of our people, clearly indicated that history is inclined to repeat itself. If the dictatorial powers given to the NRA and the AAA, centralizing authority of all industry and agriculture, had passed the United States Supreme Court, another Declaration of Independence might have been necessary in the near future.

When a pioneer builds a cabin in the forest with only wild animals for neighbors there is no curtailment of his liberties. There he finds unlimited freedom.

But when homes are erected all around this original settler his liberties are automatically curtailed.

Even then he should be allowed to guide his own life in accordance with his personal desires as long as he does not interfere with the liberties of his neighbors.

And that is a boiled-down principle as it refers to human liberties that never changes in a free democracy.

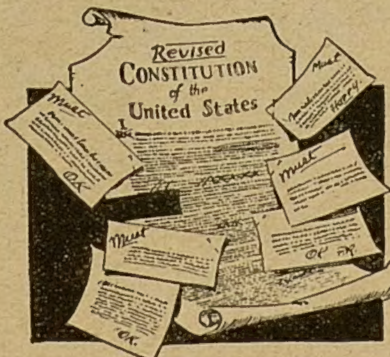
The New Dealers excuse their colossal spending program by maintaining that the people would have starved if they had not been assisted financially.

In all previous depressions huge federal spending was unnecessary and the policy advocated in the Democratic platform—of relief through states, assisted by the federal government if necessary—should have been followed.

But direct relief from Washington has political significance that deceives no one.

From the beginning of this country's national existence, Home Rule has been an important factor. Every hamlet, city, county, and state has jealously guarded its governmental rights. And the centralization of governmental authority was always fiercely resisted by our patriotic ancestors.

Our present administration has been making extraordinary efforts to centralize authority of every nature in the Washington government, and the officials of various states have supinely bowed down to this so-called " higher authority."



The inclination to criticize may have been befogged by the financial aid rendered by Washington, although every dollar that has been advanced represents a mortgage upon the various states of the Union which must be collected by taxing the citizens of every state in the Union.

Bernarr Macfadden

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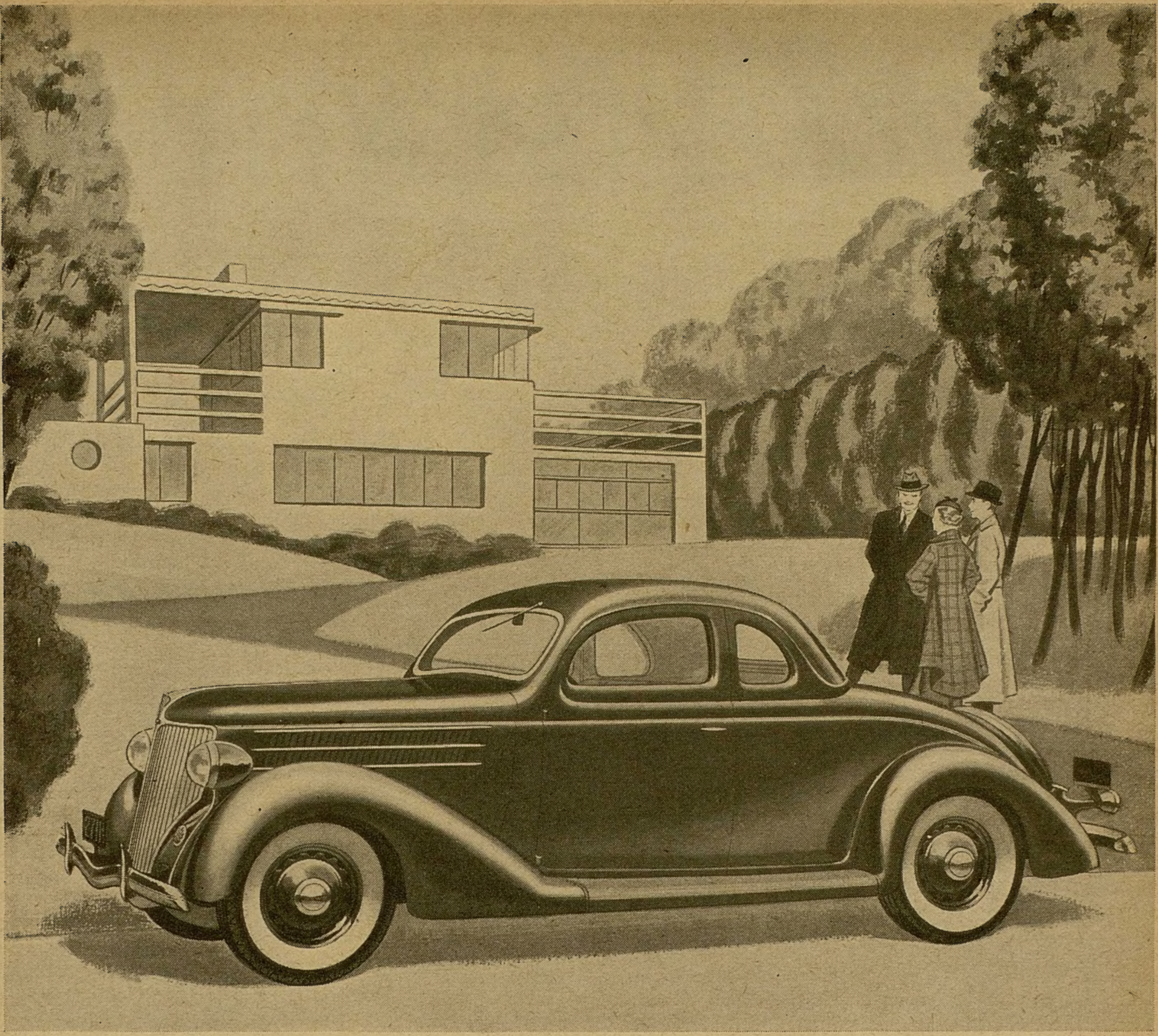


The Modern Car With The V·8 Engine

You will have a feeling that you are driving a truly fine car when you drive the 1936 Ford. For today's Ford is a fine car in everything but the price. It is modern in line and style and appointment. . . . Comfortable and roomy. . . . An unusually safe car to drive because of ease of handling, steel body, Safety Glass throughout (at no extra cost), and sure, dependable, quick-stopping brakes. . . . And it has a modern V-8 engine. . . . You will find that this makes quite a difference in driving enjoyment—it is smoother, quieter and more responsive, with a comforting reserve of power. There is something thrilling, too, about the way a V-8 helps you to step out ahead at traffic lights. . . . It is never any effort to drive a Ford—that is why it is so kind to your nerves. Two new features for 1936 are easier steering and easier gear shifting.

FORD V·8 FOR 1936

$25 A MONTH, WITH USUAL DOWN-PAYMENT, BUYS ANY NEW FORD V-8 CAR ON NEW UCC ½ PER CENT PER MONTH FINANCE PLANS

Three ON AN ISLAND

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

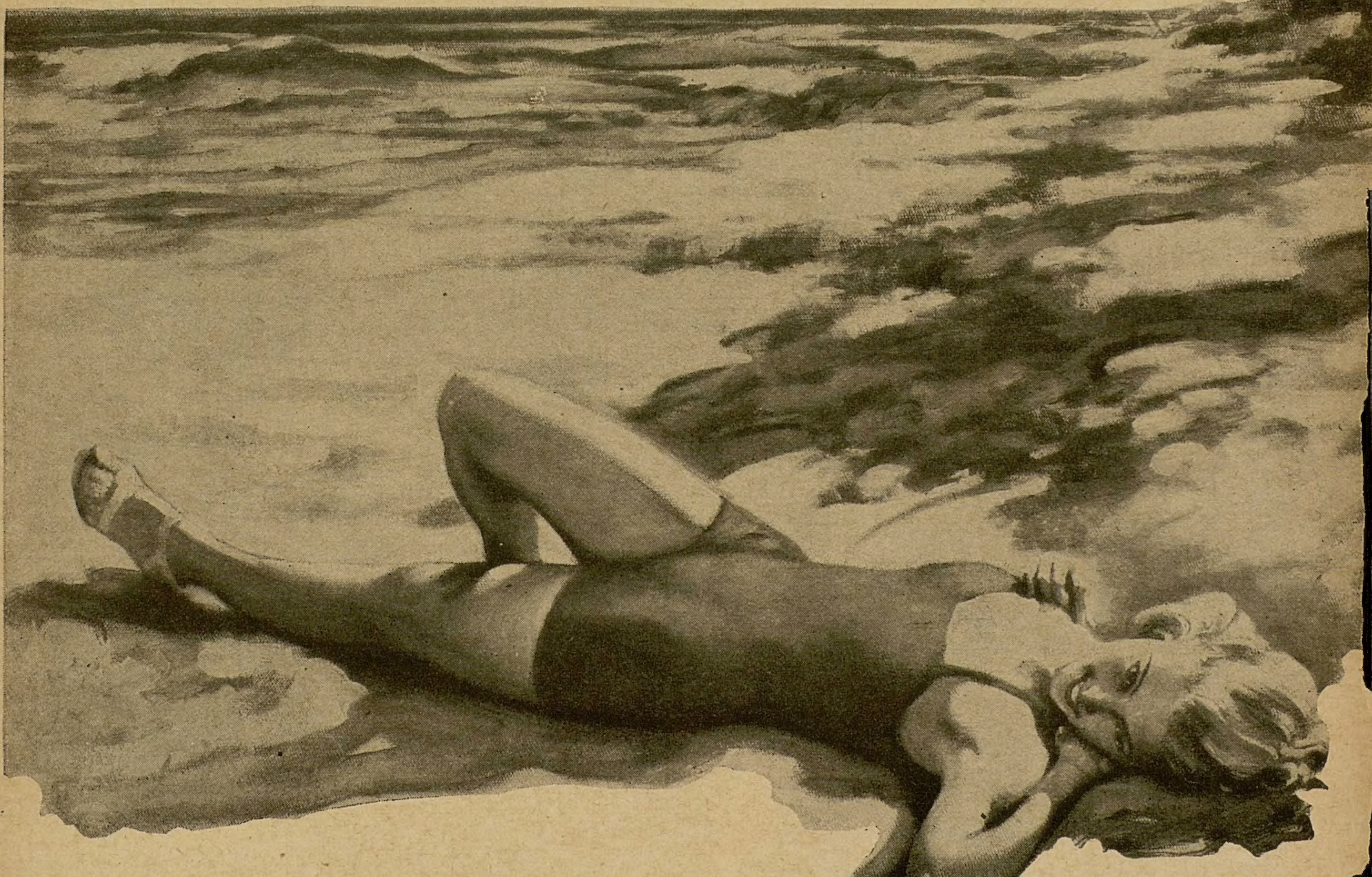
THE sand was white as snow in the sunlight, blue as snow in the exiguous shadows. When they had finished burying Marion Andrews, the long pale shape of the grave made you think of some traveler's frozen body overwhelmed by a storm in an Alpine pass. White beneath high noon was Parrot Island; scarce a yard of shade to be seen anywhere. Through the palms the sun struck hot and clear as through a green glass roof. On the crumbling surf of the barrier reef and the level blue of the lagoon it dazzled unbearably.

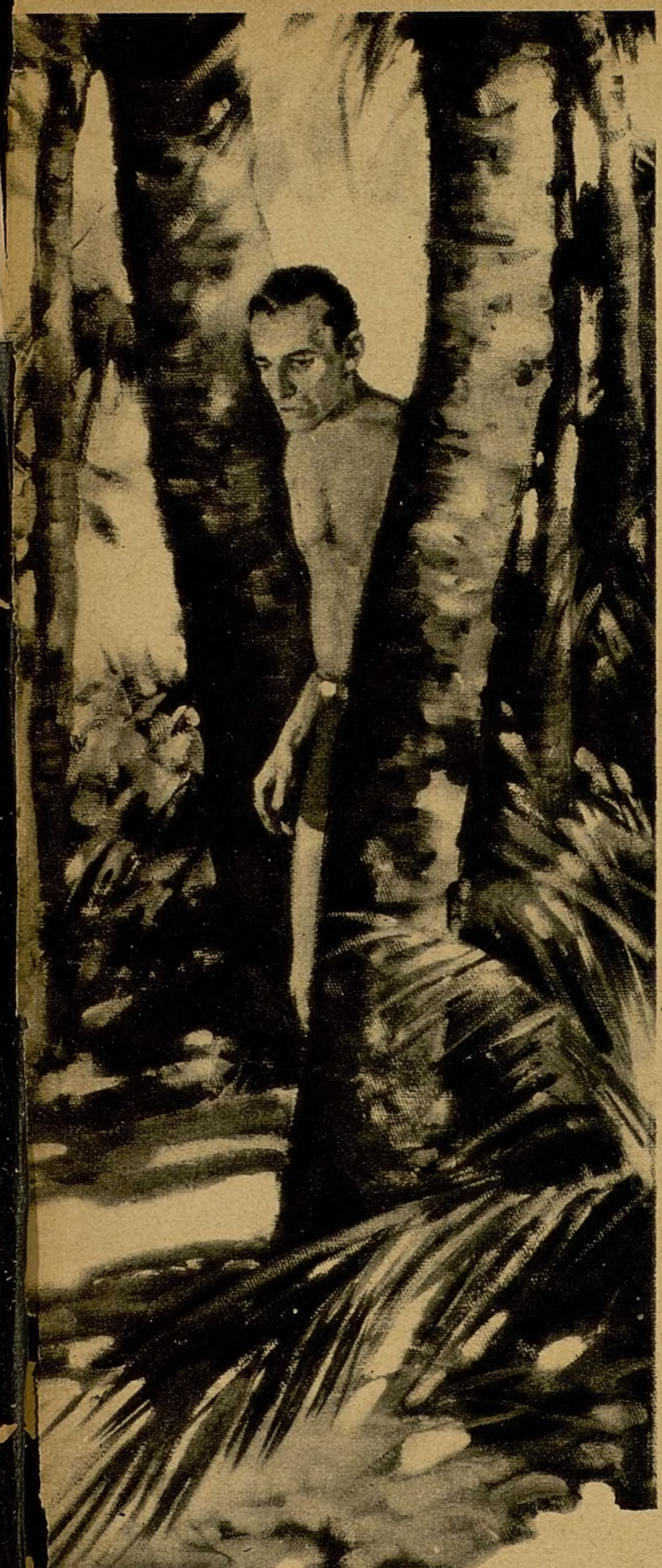
The men wore white helmets and were dressed in white. The girl was white-clad, too; a fragile-seeming slip of womanhood among the massive shapes of four men gathered round Marion Andrews's grave.

Behind them rose the quarantine houses: two—one for women and one for men; wood-built, with roofs of blazing galvanized iron. They had not been used for many years, but the death of a stoker from smallpox, picked up no one knew how or where, had put the passenger steamer Ariadne into prompt quarantine, sent her on her way as quickly as possible, and doomed all the passengers for Marytown, on the main island, to imprisonment on Parrot until such time as it should seem fit for the nervous fad-ridden medical officer to release them.

There were two men and two women. One of the latter had died, apparently from heart seizure, the day before. The medical officer, summoned by flag, had come across eight miles of sea in his launch with the magistrate, and declared, on arrival, that he believed the woman had been incubating smallpox when she died.

He cried shrilly that his was the power, that his word went, that as long as he chose to order it the passengers would stay on Parrot; he would





Kirby, clad in trunks, remained behind a palm tree to see the girl go through her exercises.

Thrills from a Land Where Murder Lurks Under Tropical Skies — A Tale of Hungering Hearts and Sinister Mystery

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

not be satisfied until they had been three weeks clear of anything that could possibly be diagnosed as the dreaded plague.

The magistrate said wearily, " But look here. Look here. This young girl—"

" Astrid Lane," said the girl in a clear voice. The magistrate gave her a second look; a third. She had the large eyes, the long eyelashes, the small red mouth and negligible nose, the curling shining hair of a thousand pretty girls. But she had something more: She was alive to the ends of her scarlet fingernails and her varnished sandaled toes; she had something about the corners of her mouth and the arch of her white eyelids, the spring of her bosom, the roundness of her unstayed waist that was plus, plus, plus.

She'd never be let alone, that girl. Orange blossoms for Astrid; Here Comes the Bride for Astrid; honeymooning for Astrid; house and love and babies—for Astrid. Nothing else but that, and that soon.

A girl who was a human orange blossom, quarantined on a remote island with two men—

Aloud he said as temperately as he could, " Surely it would be possible to arrange some compromise—parole—"

Jackson barked: " I'm chief medical officer. The quarantine will be kept up. I will ask you to come to the hospital with me when we land, and we shall both be disinfected. I shall not visit Parrot again for three weeks, unless signaled for. You have plenty of stores? "

Somebody said dispiritedly, " Yes. We have no cook."

" I can't take it upon myself to risk the lives of any of the islanders. Surely one of you—"

A MAN interrupted, a tall slim man with a pointed golden beard. A distinguished-looking man: Ambrose Swanston, famous biologist, who had engaged the best rooms at the island hotel for himself and Mrs. Swanston. And by the way, thought the magistrate, where was Mrs. Swanston? They said that he and she were going to make a year's stay in the St. Martin group, looking for sea bugs of some kind. Pity she hadn't turned up. What was the beggar saying?

" I can cook. I shall be glad to do so."

" Very well." The magistrate was anxious to get away.

Again Swanston spoke. " Since the circumstances are peculiar," he said in his neat clipped voice, " perhaps you'll do us the kindness of marrying us now."

" Marrying who? " said the magistrate, and his jaw dropped. He saw Swanston wince a little at the sound of the improper pronoun.

" My fiancée, Miss Lane, and myself," Swanston replied.

There was a stunned silence. Astrid was the first to break it.

" We didn't mention our engagement," she said a little hurriedly, " because we meant to be married quite quietly in St. Martin's; and besides—"

She broke off. Kirby, the third of the four passengers—now three—who had been landed from the steamer, was standing close beside her as she spoke. He saw that her breath was coming short. She was agitated, and trying not to show it. What had she meant?

Whatever it was, Swanston quietly, competently blocked it. His voice flowed in, golden and smooth as his shining beard. Damn his beard! thought Kirby. Only cranks wear 'm now; he's a crank (all anthropologists are), and as vain as a peacock (most of 'm are); and as to her marrying him—

" I couldn't possibly think of leaving Miss Lane open to the gossip of the islands. Even if I hadn't the honor of being her fiancé, I'm her cousin—responsible to the family." Oh! so that's where she gets her golden hair; but she hasn't his nasty cat-blue eyes; she has gray eyes like agates. " Astrid, my dear, I hope you haven't any objection—"

The girl turned her head from side to side uneasily.

"No," she curtly said. "No." And she said no more until the magistrate, word-perfect in the form that had united so many couples of St. Martin's, asked her if she took Charles Ambrose Ernest to be her husband. Speaking like some one in a trance, thought Kirby, acting as second witness, she agreed that she did take him. Swanston dexterously slid off the fine diamond ring she wore on her finger, and replaced it at the proper moment. And with another sentence or two the thing was done.

The doctor and the magistrate were departing. "I'll register it today," the magistrate said. "Anything else I can do for you?"

"Got the ship's news?" eagerly asked Kirby. "We left before it was posted."

"Some days old now—but, as it happens, I have it here. . . . You're welcome." The little typed sheet was handed over.

When they were gone, the three people left on Parrot bent their heads, the two golden and the one dark brown, over the news sheet. Cricket scores. Reports of a royal visit. Mention of a murder trial. And a plane crash.

Swanston said, "I need my glasses. Read it, some one."

You're young to want reading glasses, Kirby thought. And there's a thin place on the top of your head. I wonder if it was anthropological studies did all that.

He read aloud. The plane crash had occurred in England—a passenger plane returning from Le Touquet. There was a list of deaths.

"Any one you know?" asked Kirby, seeing Astrid's face of a sudden set itself, her eyes stare hard upon the paper.

"A cousin," she said, and said no more. They were sitting on a bank of powder-fine hot sand in the narrow shade of the quarantine house. All round you could see the white beach, all round it the grape-green still lagoon, round that the ring of tumbling foam that was the reef, and beyond the reef a circle of saxe-blue sea. Ring within ring, thought Kirby; prison within prison. Two weeks more of this!

Unconsciously he pulled himself up a little, straightened his lean powerful figure. I'm not a beauty man with girl's hair and red mouth like paint, he thought, but if that Astrid doesn't like me as well as the man she's gone and married, may I be drowned with a fire bar round my neck. She's talked to me twice as much, this three days. She's looked at me five times for once she's looked at him —not that that was much. She's marrying him because he ran her into it, and he's as clever as a snake.

When Swanston had gone to the cookhouse a little later, Kirby managed to encounter Astrid alone.

"Did you want to marry this — this — fellow?" he asked flatly, suppressing a stronger word.

"I have been engaged to my cousin," she said coolly, "for six months. He's a very well known man of science. I believe you look for gold mines or something, don't you?"

THE slap delighted Kirby. Women don't slap you when they're indifferent, he thought, and, Lord! she's actually comparing us as husbands! Not that she knows she's doing so.

Ten minutes previously he had come back from the men's house, which was the larger of the two. Swanston, from the cookhouse door, had called to him as he began shifting his few possessions, "Don't worry; we're just carrying on for the present." And Kirby delightedly had realized that it was he, and not the shining Astrid, who was to company Ambrose Swanston "for the present." He was puzzled not only by this unexpected circumstance but also by the change in Swanston's face. Something had happened to the man during the last hour or so; he was a little white, a little worried. Worried! The husband of Astrid!

When they met again at the luncheon table, Kirby thought he must have imagined it all. The strained, calculating expression was gone from Swanston's face, and he served the food he had cooked with a smile. "An anthropologist," he explained, "must learn to rely on himself as far as possible; our work takes us into strange places, far from civilization. I studied at a cookery school before my last expedition."

Something, he never knew what, moved the other man to ask carelessly, "Are they very expensive, these expeditions? And what do they lead to?"

Ambrose Swanston paused, with a bit of bully-beef stew upon his fork, and stared hard at Kirby. The parrots that gave their name to the island were holding a parliament in the palms. They made so much noise that Kirby couldn't be sure whether or no he had heard Ambrose say softly to himself, as he put the bit of stew into his red mouth, "Damn the fellow!"

Whether or no, he answered civilly, if a trifle contemptuously, "To what do they lead? To the increase of scientific knowledge. As for expense, naturally they cost money; but it's well spent." He drew in his toes under the table as he spoke. Kirby, who thought he was going to tread on Astrid's little shoe, glanced downward and saw to his astonishment that the white boots of Swanston were worn and stained. Spent every bean on this job of his, Kirby thought, and, so far as I know, he's not got even a medal out of it. Nice prospect for the girl if she's fond of pretties!

AFTER lunch the bride and bridegroom went for a walk round the island. It was the only possible walk, and they had all done it during these three or four interminable days over and over again.

Of a sudden, Kirby, sitting on a bench with his pipe in his mouth and watching the bridal pair, was overtaken by a presentiment of evil.

There's something bad on this island, he thought, and it's going to get some of us. He did not cast away the thought as foolish. He was a man accustomed to follow his hunches in his work of mining engineering and prospecting; sometimes they had failed him, but much more often he had proved them, against all reason and all common sense, right.

Keep my eyes skinned, he thought. She's a pearl, and he's swine. I don't understand a bit; but there's three weeks to come, three whole damned weeks; long enough for any bit of Sherlock Holmesing, if I can do it.

That night, when Swanston thought him asleep, Steve Kirby, taught by many a camp experience among savage tribes, managed to keep wide awake, eyes closed, breath slow and regular, the while he listened keenly for any sound outside the crash of small lagoon waves on the sandbanks and the low unceasing rumor of the reef. The wind had gone down; the reef was quieter than in the daytime; it had been angry before; now it mourned.

Kirby became conscious that, keenly as he was listening, some one else was listening with greater attention. Swanston, in the next tier of bunks, was holding his breath, keeping it down so that it was almost inaudible. He was listening as a great cat listens in the jungles of the East, tense, silent. Listening—for what?

Me, he thought; and, by Gad, he knows the game better than I do.

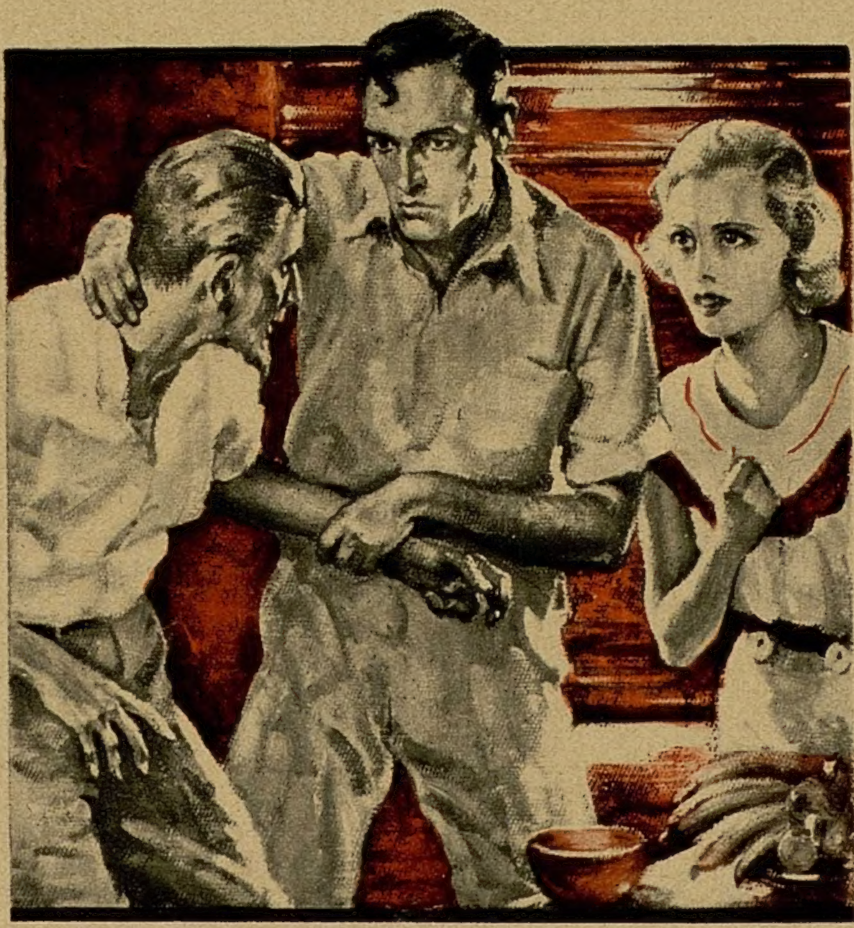
Without sound or warning, a finger came cautiously down upon his face. He kept quite still, breathed quietly, and hoped that his heart would not betray him. The exploring finger glided and passed away. Kirby waited. There was a faint clinking sound outside the house—somebody's rubber-shod feet were treading carefully upon the coral pebbles of the beach.

Steve Kirby slid out of his bunk and went to the door. He didn't know quite what he expected to see outside there in the uncanny moonlight that gave a kind of fourth dimension, a new look, a dead drowned look, to everything. Or perhaps he did know what he expected. But it was not what he saw.

Swanston was nowhere near the houses. He was out on the tide-bared reef, gathering something. He had a small basket on his hip, and into this from time to time he put what he had gathered. There did not seem to be much of it; once, twice, five times Kirby saw him stoop at long intervals; and then, stretching himself, he turned and looked back at the houses. Another man might have been surprised to see him clench his fist and shake it at the unoffending walls of the quarantine buildings. Kirby wasn't surprised; he had lived too near to primitive things not to know that man—any man—becomes theatrical when deeply moved. But he was taken aback. What was there about him, or about lovely Astrid, to awaken such hatred?

He wished he knew; then he'd know at which of the two houses Ambrose Swanston had shaken that threatening hand.

And what was he doing gathering shells, or whatever it might be, at low water in the middle of the night? Nothing, probably, but what he seemed to be doing. A biologist would want sea beasts; a biologist would take the time of low water for collecting. Nothing to wonder about there—and yet, why had he been so secret over it? Perhaps because he had some theory, some discovery to guard; men of science were like that, convinced that their own little affairs, their possible triumphs, were noted and envied by all the world.



Kirby took Ambrose by the back of the neck.

Whatever the thing was, they were shut in with it for three more weeks. . . .

The sun was not yet fully risen; the sand, so paper-white by daylight, blew like gray dust beneath the bare feet of Astrid as she came out of her hut and sped along the beach. Steve Kirby, clad in bathing trunks for an early swim, was out already. He remained motionless, watching, behind a palm-tree trunk, to see the girl go through her morning exercises. Astrid was modern to the tips of her varnished toe- and fingernails; she worked for her health and slenderness; she trained herself like an acrobat. Now she was standing on her head and shoulders, with her long white legs pointed toward heaven; now she rolled herself backward till she could look through her own bent knees. She walked on her hands.

And all the time, as Steve Kirby watched her (Why not? She had on a pretty pale-green one-piece, almost as much cover as most girls wore at dances), he was quite unaware that Astrid, through her knees and her arms, and upside down, and mixed with the sea and sand and rising sun, could see him where he stood beside the palm, a fine and a manly figure set upon its legs, balanced at the waist as only youth is set and balanced. You could have told, seeing a hundred yards away, that the strong neck, unbowed by time, the steel-spring back, the firm heels, and the thighs were young, young, young.

For no reason, or none that she could have told, the heart of Astrid, bride yet no wife, leaped up in her breast and began to sing.

DAYS passed and nothing happened. There was little to do. One could bathe several times. One could stretch the siesta of the tropics right up to afternoon teatime, crawl out of one's bunk drenched in perspiration, drink tea, bathe yet again, and change clothes for evening. One could mark off the hours by meals; Swanston was certainly "some cook," as Kirby generously put it, and the tinned meats and the flour and onions and potatoes under his hand took on appetizing shapes, tempting one to eat as a mere amusement, here where there was no other amusement at all.

"You've got a useful husband," Kirby said cheerfully at the close of one of Swanston's temptingly ingenious meals. Astrid, ungratefully, made a face.

"It will put my weight up pounds, this sort of thing," she declared.

"You modern girls—" Swanston began.

"We are just what we like to be," she interrupted. "The Venus of—"

"Yes, I know. Puddingy. Suety hips. No wind. I'd like to see a properly streamlined Venus—if any modern sculptor had the pluck to do it. But no. Epstein—fat women at a fair—" She laid down her fork beside a half-filled plate.

Swanston said, "Astrid, my dear, like all women, you manage with surprising success to remain in ignorance of your own mental processes."

"I wish," she said, "you wouldn't talk like books."

"Then I won't. You do these things because—subconsciously—you know they attract. Youth attracts supremely. Seventeen is slim. The world of women, therefore, silently agrees to remain at seventeen—at any cost. Hence these uncleared plates."

"Just for that," she said, "I'll finish it," and did. Kirby caught a curious gleam in Ambrose Swanston's eye. You're going to be a tyrant, are you? he thought. Not much. Not while I'm here. Why, you — you blue-eyed bug hunter, don't you know I'd take her from you for two pins—two damned little useless entomological pins such as you've got in your pocket case?

HE got up, hunched his hands in his pockets, and went for another weary walk round the weary beautiful island. These sort of marriages, he thought; yes, these sort, curse the grammar, you butter-haired, professorial prig! These sort—

I don't know what I was going to say. Anyhow, it would be no sin. On the contrary. A charity. To me, of course. I didn't mean—

We shall all be dotty if this goes on much longer. We shall—

It was because he turned suddenly, warned by a following shadow, that he caught Astrid full at it. In a pair of long trousers, with her hands in her pockets and her hat on one side, imitating him gloriously. She burst into a peal of laughter.

"We must laugh, if we're not to go mad," she said. "And you were so delightfully funny. What were you thinking of?"

He told her straight out. "I was thinking," he said, "that he must have married you on account of your money." He knew now that he had been thinking that; it accounted for a lot.

Astrid said consideringly, hands still in the pockets of her trousers, "I don't know. We drifted into it somehow. And there was no one else. You know, he can be very nice."

"Nice?" said Kirby, and, like Mrs. Primrose, fell into a great fit of laughter. Then, becoming grave again, he asked her, "Am I nice?" "No," she said. "Thank God," he told her. And there was a silence with the sea booming through.

A long way off they could see Ambrose Swanston walking bent upon the reef, with his basket over his shoulder.

"He's really awfully clever," she said defensively. "And the family—his branch of it—gave him a rotten deal: Left the money to my side, so that he's had to scrape and pinch over those expeditions of his. People think any one can be an explorer. Why, it costs millions and millions, so to speak, or anyhow thousands, and Ambrose hadn't millions, or thousands. Why, it's been a tragedy. He's actually gone without boots! I mean sand shoes, of course, not bare feet—but he'd go naked rather than give up. So I was quite glad when I knew I could help. We're a family of fools—all but him—and if one of the fools can make herself useful— The others wouldn't; they said 'Not a bean,' and Douglas was the worst of all—"

"Hey, you're going too fast. Douglas?"

"Douglas. Poor fellow—didn't you read that paper?"

"You mean the cousin who was killed? And he was the worst?"

"He didn't like Ambrose. He said if the money came to him he'd make ducks and drakes of it rather than see it go to him."

"But why?"

"It's family shares in a foundry, tied up. Mine would have gone to him if I had died first—to Douglas."

"Is it a great deal?" with a curious beating of the heart, Kirby asked. The answer perplexed him:

"Not so much. Or it wasn't. Not till Douglas died. Our fathers arranged that the survivor should take the other one's money, if you understand. And it just happens his shares were worth more than mine, so he's made me very rich now. As if I cared." She played with a palm leaf, running the green tips through her fingers.

"Your people," said Kirby consideringly, "seem to have been very careful about those shares. Who gets them after you and Douglas?"

Astrid was plaiting the leaflets now; she seemed intent on her work. For a moment she did not reply.

"After me and Douglas? My children."

"And failing those?"

"Ambrose. It comes to the same thing."

It seemed to Kirby, for a minute, that she was right. Then, like a flash of foam that leaped and fell, vivid in sunshine, over against the reef, a thought leaped into his mind—died away—came again.

It was not the same. If Astrid had children the fortune would drift away from Ambrose Swanston.

If she didn't have children, of course, it would be hers only, and she was generously disposed.

But you couldn't be certain of these things, even nowadays, even if children were not desired. And who was to say that Astrid wouldn't desire them? She didn't look like that kind of girl.

The air accident had made her twice as well off as she had been before. It had also made it twice as well worth some one's while to—

What?

Make sure.

That marriage ceremony—would it ever have taken place if the radio news sheet had been read before instead of after? Douglas, the cousin, had been young; likely to marry, no doubt; not likely, as things had looked a while ago, to hand his fortune on to Astrid. Astrid's little personal fortune would have been a blessing to her hushand. Her larger fortune, tied up in possible children—

I don't know what I'm driving at, he thought. This confounded island is getting on my nerves. How many days now?

HE wrenched his mind away from the sinister possibilities that went drifting, drifting like torn seaweed in a gale, through the dark currents of his thought.

"Astrid," he called brightly to the girl (they were all on Christian names now), "are you coming to gather cockles before it gets too hot?"

She flung her arm up in a Hitler salute. "Yessir," she parroted. She was very gay that morning; very full of life; the sap of youth was flowing strong in the veins of Astrid, bride of forty-year-old Ambrose Swanston.

He has no right to her, Kirby thought. A million men in his position, before him, had thought the same. Plays had been founded on that thought; novels by the thousand written about it. But it seemed to Kirby personal and new.

They gathered cockles and brought them to the cookhouse. Swanston was there, juggling with his pots and pans. He motioned to Astrid to throw her cockles into a basin.

"Do you think," she asked, watching him stir flour and butter for puff cakes, "that I'll ever cook as well as you?"

Ambrose, letting the mixture leave the sides of the saucepan, and watching it, said into it, like a prayer or a witch's curse:

"I imagine you never will."

They went to dinner soon after, and Kirby, somehow, found himself unwilling to eat those cakes. At this Ambrose woke up. It seemed that he could not endure a slight on his cooking. He would have Kirby eat one at least; he pressed more on Astrid, who liked the cakes, but as usual held back, counting her calories, remembering her figure.

"Figure be damned!" Ambrose suddenly broke out. "Aren't I the one to be pleased? You don't please me looking like a kippered herring. Eat."

They were all on edge, and they knew it. Astrid, fearing an open outbreak, accepted the cakes with a smile. "After all, I do like them," she said, "but you put in rather too much vanilla."

He was eating steadily himself; his mouth was too full to reply. Afterward he went away and slept. The spurt of jealousy was over; it seemed he did not care what Astrid did with herself, or with Kirby. Kirby, never backward, asked her to walk around the island.

Almost she spat at him. "The island," she said. "I hate it! I can't walk round. I am too tired."

"You were never tired before!"

"I am now. I've got a crashing headache. Too long in the sun picking cockles. I shall go and sleep."

He left her in the women's house and, for want of anything else to do, began going round and round the island like a captive beast going round its cage.

ASTRID was brighter in the evening; but next day she complained of headache again. "It was the cockles we had for breakfast," she said. "I don't think they ought to have been kept overnight."

She would not walk round the island. "I hate the thought," she declared. "I'd give every bean I have to see a launch coming to take us away. And yet I'm on my honeymoon. Isn't that a scream?"

Kirby, watching Ambrose Swanston at his eternal collecting out on the reef and in the shallow pools, thought it was rather more than that. But he couldn't find the word he wanted. He was stupid, somehow. And his head was beginning, just a little, to ache.

"Lord," he thought, "if I get a backache too, I'll know I'm in for it." There wasn't one of the ship's company who couldn't have passed an examination in the symptoms of smallpox before she pulled out of port. And he had looked it up with the rest.

Could Astrid—was it possible that Astrid—

He returned to the women's house at a run. "I say," he panted, looking in, "have you a—any sort of a backache?"

"Not a bit, and neither have you. Don't let that ass of a doctor get on your mind. We were all vaccinated; it's as safe as houses. My head's better. If you want to do something for me, I'd like a green coconut; it's the only cool drink we can get."

A coconut? He'd have cut down a tree for her. He went out with a kitchen knife to where the leaning palm stood; you could climb on it, and cut off fruit as you wanted. It was nice up there in the crown of the tree; you were hidden by the leaves; you could see ever so far—you could see over the top of the big rock behind the houses, and—

What was Ambrose doing there, hidden away? There behind the rock. With a mess of small fish on a platter. Cooked fish. Snipping at them with—it must be scissors—what—

Into Kirby's mind rushed the picture of an Australian paddock, men with clippers marking the ears of lambs. That was done so that you could tell which were your lambs and which the neighbors'. Marking—snipping—scissors—

God, thought Kirby, he's marking his share. Why?

But he knew.

Panic for a moment seized him. It was going to be difficult to save Astrid; and what if she wouldn't believe him, wouldn't be saved? He could look after himself all right; there'd be no more headaches, giddiness, spots beginning to show (for he had noticed that), now that the murder, almost literally, was out. What had killed Mrs. Andrews? Was it a heart attack in reality, or was it—

Maybe. No knowing. But if Swanston had wished, as he undoubtedly did wish before the reading of the radio news, to hurry Astrid into marriage, why, that would have been just the way—

And the idiot doctor, with his tendency—determination, rather—to diagnose everything as smallpox—how he had played into Swanston's hands! Those slim pale clever hands that were itching (Kirby knew it now) to seize the fortune fallen from the skies into Astrid's uncaring grasp.

Nearly two weeks to go. He shook himself mentally. You'll have to be wide awake. You'll have to convince her—save her—

TO Astrid's house he went. "Listen. Hurry. He'll be back in no time. He means to poison you with some of his devilish stuff from the reef—oh, yes, there's plenty there; I know the islands. I saw him putting his own little lot of food away and marking it. It explains everything. Astrid — darling — swear you won't touch anything he—"

Astrid, sitting upright in the narrow wall bunk, had turned curiously pale. "I can't believe it," she said. "This place gets on one's nerves. Why, I fancy all sorts of things sometimes—or would if I let myself. We'll all go mad if we let ourselves begin to suspect one another. And there's twelve days still."

"Well," he said suddenly, "do you want to see me poisoned?"

She turned paler yet. "No, no!" she cried, one hand at her mouth.

That was the way to take her. Never mind if you seem selfish, old man. Do your job. Twelve days. Twelve damned days. . . .

Ambrose was coming up from the salt-water pools again, with his fish and his scissors openly displayed. Kirby found himself wondering whether he himself mightn't be going a little mad. You did trim fish with kitchen scissors; you clipped their fins and tails.

But when supper was served, he passed the fish, and Astrid, barely glancing at him from under her long lashes, did the same.

There were biscuits; there was tinned meat just open. They ate of these, and kept their eyes away from one another and from Swanston, who was singularly silent. Outside, the sun, a low red ball, hung for a moment on the lenslike line of the lagoon, and sank. The palms showed ragged, black as burned paper against the fading sky. One day. . . .

The next day, and the next, and the days that followed, were agony. Kirby was never sure, Astrid was uncertain, whether one or both of them were not becoming affected in mind through the continued isolation and the monotonous round of the hours; every hour, as time went, more

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
HOW THE JUDGE LOST HIS FIRST PIPE ... AND FOUND IT AGAIN
YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION! I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED MY INITIALS ON IT
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST A KID THEN — ONE DAY I LOST MY FOOTING —
— IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WAS A GONER!
HELP! HELP!
GOSH, IT'S LUCKY YOU HEARD ME YELL FOR HELP!
HEARD YOU? SAY, NOBODY HEARD NOTHIN' IN ALL THIS UPROAR —
THE BOSS LOGGER HAD SEEN MY PIPE COME FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER — THAT'S WHEN HE FIRST FIGGERED I WAS IN TROUBLE —
A CORNCOB — EH? THAT'S THE KIND I SMOKE MYSELF — LOADED WITH PRINCE ALBERT!

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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

and more alike. The weather remained fixed; the light—that staring cruel coral-island light—never varied; all day and all night the barrier reef outside roared threateningly, as lions roar who guard the jails of savage kings. And day by day Swanston continued his task of cooking, and at every meal Kirby and Astrid, watching him, ate only of the foods that had been opened before their eyes. Swanston didn't seem to notice; he had suddenly, it seemed, become the least observant of men.

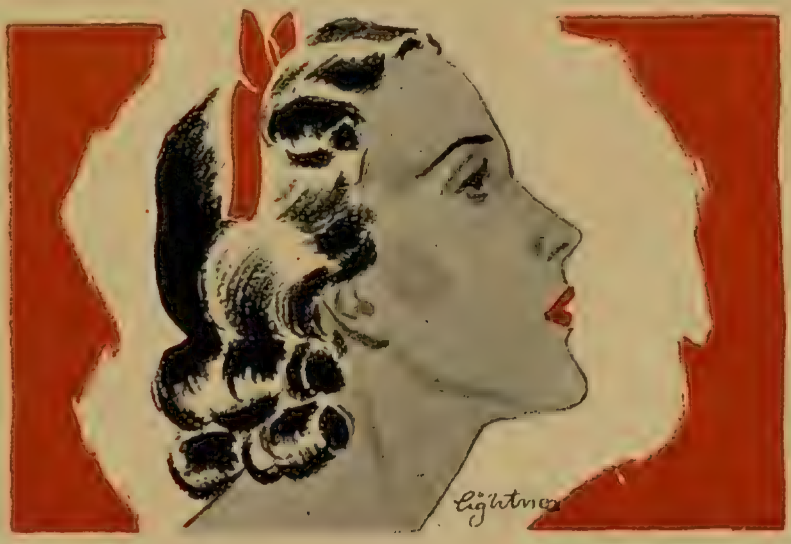
He talked as usual, read and spoke of his reading, seemed indeed so entirely usual that Astrid and Kirby more and more began to think that they were mistaken.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

A coiffure contest conducted by Figaro indicates that this year heads should look small. If nature had other ideas in your case, here's how you can fool people: Forget Hepburn and keep your forehead showing always—all of it. It is best to comb the hair back with a descending line in spite of curls and waves. The latter should always be on the bias, while curls should be grouped obliquely from the temples to the nape of the neck. At the neck use either a soft roll or several rows of curls.

Girls young enough can, with smart effect, use a velvet ribbon tied with the bow at the part. Those not so young should use either a gold ribbon or, for evening, a diadem. For who doesn't want to look like a queen?

DORAMILLER.



Nevertheless, as the days dwindled and release drew near, Kirby was insistent that the farce should be kept up. "We may be all wrong," he said. "We may have islanditis as bad as they make it—but, Astrid darling, promise me you'll take no chances."

She had brought cigarettes with her; they were sharing them. "What," she said, smoke softly rising, hand at lips, "what do you suppose is going to happen to me, anyhow?"

Kirby said firmly, "Get that marriage broken as soon as and any way we can. And marry me. And go away to where the motorbusses run and they have politics and pavements and hot cross buns. Yes?" He had her hands in his; he was swinging them up and down, as children swing hands, while he talked.

"Yes," said Astrid, and all her little face broke out into smiles. "It sounds so good, and so do—so do—you."

On that he kissed her. "Ambrose doesn't know how to kiss like that," he suggested.

Astrid, breathless, scarlet, laughing, shook her head. And it was just at that moment that Kirby caught sight of Astrid's husband-in-name peering round the trunk of one of the inevitable palms. His face was, for that moment, the face of a frozen devil, hard, white, implacable. Swiftly it broke up into commonplace amiability. But Kirby had seen.

I suppose, he thought, that he's human enough to feel jealous. Queer—all things considered.

It did not seem significant: Harlequin, with Columbine's kisses sweet upon his lips, had little thought to spare for Pantaloon. Who ever cared for Pantaloon, the aging, immemorable joke?

The days interminably wore themselves away; the last night arrived; the morrow.

"I CAN hardly believe it," Swanston amiably said, seated as usual at the head of the table. "It's been terribly dull for every one but myself, I suppose. All's well that ends well. But I'll never call myself a good cook again. Have anything, Astrid?"

She looked round the table. Stew. Potatoes. Both suspect. Bread, too. Biscuits. "I'll have biscuits. And a banana." The bananas had been carried green from the steamer. They were just safely ripe, wrapped in their unbroken skins. Astrid and Kirby took their fruit and began to peel it.

They had turned aside from the table by now, and were all sitting, face outward, on the rough benches; for it was so that they generally finished the meal, looking out to the bright sands and the sea. Ambrose, cross-kneed, sat beside the others. His face was calm, happy as the peaceful sunset outside. His hands hung idle. But Kirby, casually glancing downward at the long foot in its white sand shoe and hating it, saw something strange.

A man—or woman—sitting cross-kneed gives you the beat of his pulse if you care to look. Through the toe of the shoe it throbs, plain to be seen. And the toe of Ambrose was vibrating like the hairspring of a watch.

All his life Kirby had been a man of action. He acted now. With one spring he had snatched the fruit out of Astrid's hands and tossed his own away. With another he took Ambrose by the back of the neck, violently shaking him, and saying between his teeth, "I've caught you now; you've done something to those bananas!"

"LEGGO," said Ambrose, cursing like a common man. "You're mad! You can't poison bananas—if I wished to— Oh, you lunatic!" He swore again.

Astrid, staring at him, thought, not quite disapprovingly, I never guessed he had it in him to swear!

"Give me those bananas, Astrid," Kirby ordered. She picked them up.

"They look all right. They haven't been touched—couldn't have—" she said.

"Madman," Swanston repeated. "Why, to show you that they haven't, I'll—I'll eat them myself." He tore the skins off; raised the fruit to his mouth. Kirby, amazedly watching him, had a sudden brain wave: This is what happens in stories—murder, detective stories. It shan't happen to us. He snatched the bananas from Swanston.

"I like," he said, breathing hard, and looking out unconsciously toward the spot where Marion Andrews lay buried, "I like, myself, to have my murderers properly hanged." . . .

"I hope," bleated the doctor, twenty-four hours later, "you haven't been too hasty. He is very distinguished. I've read some of his books—one could hardly believe—"

The magistrate, breaking in, asked curtly, "Anything about poisons in them?"

"Why—as a matter of fact—but I knew that myself—an account of the Trobriand Islanders; they use the gall bladder of the reef stonefish to poison long thorns, and with these puncture any fruits they—"

"What happens then?"

"The individual who eats it dies."

"You haven't much evidence of the charge you bring," the magistrate told Kirby.

Kirby said, "Parrots are useful sometimes. I gave them one of those bananas last night. They were dead as mutton in an hour." He pointed to the little corpses. . . .

When Kirby married the widow, later on, he was heard to say he didn't care how soon that fortune was taken out of his hands; it smelled.

Jane, Elizabeth, and Kirby II, in succeeding years, attended to the matter fully.

THE END

Clark's second wife, Rhea Langham Gable.

M. G. M. photo

"Joan got him"—that is, for leading man!

by

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The NEW Romance in Clark Gable's Life

He Is Seeking Now to Tune In on Happiness—and Here Is the Girl of His Dreams. Maybe You'll Recognize Her

CLARK GABLE gets married every seven years. Got his first wife in '23; his second in '30; is due for a third in '37.

And, with luck, he'll make it.

For there is a new romance in Clark Gable's life.

By " new romance " I don't mean that you or I, or even Clark, can walk up today to some blonde or brunette, short or tall, slim or plump young woman, and say:

" Here, miss, you are the next Mrs. Clark Gable."

But those who knew Clark Gable best in 1923 and in 1930 could have predicted down to the most minute detail the *kind* of woman he was most likely to marry in each of those marrying years.

They saw Josephine Dillon and Rhea Langham as clearly as if they had stood before them.

Those who know Clark Gable now, who know the changed, developed, and progressed Clark Gable, can see just as clearly the girl of his present dreams — the girl who, when he finds her, will complete his life.

She may be a Hollywood extra girl working with him before the camera and the mike.

She may be sitting right now in a darkened theater in a far-off town following his image on the screen.

She may be reading these pages.

But whoever she is, she is Clark Gable's girl. He won't give up until he finds her. And when he does find her he'll marry her, for he's the marrying kind.

At twenty-two, when he met his first wife, he was a raw kid from the sticks. He didn't know what to do with his hands and feet. He had only one flaming ambition: to learn to be a good actor.

There had been girls before: dark-haired Treela of the old home town; golden Norma of Akron, where he got his first job as timekeeper in a rubber factory; little Elsa of the oil country, where he went with his father to learn the business from the well up; and Louise, the hotelkeeper's daughter, whom he met when he was a lumberjack in the north woods. But never until 1923, when he rode into Portland, Oregon, on the roof of a freight car, had he thought of marriage.

He had trouped it and tanked it a good bit by then. He had played everything, from Hamlet to Uncle Tom. And now he was that all too common phenomenon, an actor without a job.

While " resting " in Portland he rustled himself a position as repairman with the telephone company. In that capacity he went to a certain apartment to fix the phone, found that the lady of the house, Miss Josephine Dillon, was the manager and coach of the local Little Theater, and straightway became an actor again.

He also became a pupil of the drama-coaching lady, and subsequently became her husband.

It wasn't cold blood that made Clark fall in love with a woman who could help him. Subconsciously it may have been his intuition. It has happened to him more than once. But, more than anything else, it was Fate.

"Clark always knew what he wanted," said Josephine, "and his chief interest was in getting that particular thing."

Which means, if I understand the boy, that if he should decide to take up singing, Fate would decree that he marry an opera singer. And if she would have him—and I bet she would!—it would probably be Schumann-Heink. But the possibility is remote. The only tune Gable has ever proved he can carry is The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze.

Josephine Dillon is no longer Mrs. Clark Gable, but she still teaches drama. In fact, she is one of Hollywood's best known coaches, and one of Clark Gable's most faithful fans.

Acme photo

Josephine Dillon, as first wife, taught Clark acting.

"I never had a pupil," Josephine once said, "with so great an integrity. I have seen him walk up and down stairs half an hour at a time, and enter a room a hundred times, to learn to do these things right. He would follow a drunk for hours, to watch the man's movements, so that when the time came for him to play a drunken scene, he could play it accurately."

To Bill Gable—his name is William Clark Gable, and those who know him best still call him Bill—Josephine Dillon seemed like an angel from heaven. For seven years, through dark days and bright—they lived over a garage in Hollywood and subsisted sometimes on nothing but beans—she taught him the art of which he is now a master. The tie which bound them was his need of her, her joy in helping him. When that need no longer existed, the tie broke.

This was the technical-school stage of Gable's life, and he was graduating from it. He was ready now, although he didn't know it, for social training. And once more it was his wife, his new wife, who was to give it to him.

Bill Gable knew how to enter a drawing room. But he had probably never entered a real one with all the trimmings, until he entered Mrs. G. Franklin Langham's East Eighty-first Street residence in New York. Without either of them knowing it, her background of social ease and refinement was undoubtedly a factor in drawing him toward her.

I DON'T mean to imply that he married Rhea Langham to learn what to do in a drawing room, once he got in, or that she married him for the pleasure of teaching him. They loved each other too sincerely, too deeply. Certainly Rhea Langham had no conscious desire to assume the relationship of teacher to pupil in the Clark Gable University of Social Behavior. She was content to fit herself into Clark's own unpretentious life, in a smallish bungalow with one maid, and Clark doing most of the fixing around the place.

But the social things was forced on her by—of all people!—Mrs. Grundy.

Perhaps you don't remember the details of Clark Gable's first year of cinema triumph. By insistent, clamorous public demand he made twelve movies in twelve months, and could have made five times that number if he had been quintuplets.

In less than a season the boy who had played a $7.50-a-day extra in Jack Gilbert's The Merry Widow had surpassed even Gilbert in fan popularity.

In Hollywood popularity, too.

Most good screen lovers make rotten real lovers. At least, that's what the girls say. But there was something about the Gable boy that made you feel that he was the exception. There was the same fervor and vitality, the same animal magnetism, the same emotional excitement off the screen as on; and the same compelling, confidence-inspiring dependability.

Lupe Velez, who had tamed the ex-cowboy, Gary Cooper, and who was later to conquer even the mighty Tarzan, made Mexican passes at our hero. Estelle Taylor, whose glow had melted the defenses of the great Dempsey, trained her batteries on him.

But there were no dice. Clark went home to Rhea and fixed the lawn mower.

Then came "vivid, heart-hungry Joan."

There had been a bargain-day rush among Metro's women stars to land this amazing newcomer for their leading man. Garbo, Shearer, Crawford. They all wanted him, and they all got him. But Joan got him oftenest and hardest. Not since Garbo and Gilbert made Flesh and the Devil had there been love scenes in Hollywood so—what shall we say?—sincerely played as the Crawford-Gable scenes in that torrid titbit, Possessed.

How far the thing went off the set nobody knew except Clark and Joan. Probably not very far. But people talked, as people will; and the talk must have reached the ears of Rhea Gable, for on March 8, 1932, she packed her bags and, with her daughter and son by a previous marriage, hopped the Santa Fe for New York. It reached, also, the highly sensitized ears of the guardians of Hollywood morals—and, incidentally, of Hollywood investments in socially strayward stars.

PRESUMABLY the "repression bureau" got busy. Anyhow, Miss Crawford and her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., after posing for dozens of loving photographs, sailed suddenly for Europe. Mrs. Gable was persuaded by Clark to leave New York and go into residence once more in Hollywood. Fan writers were graciously permitted to state that "two of our most important stars have faced temptation with strength."

From which you may gather that it isn't especially easy to be married to the most popular man in the world.

How would you like to have love-starved girls storming up fire escapes to get into your husband's bedroom?

How would you like to enter the same bedroom unexpectedly and find a cow-eyed chambermaid softly stroking the cheek of your sleeping husband?

How would you like to have a girl stop your husband in the street, tear open the front of her dress, and demand that he autograph her brassière?

How would you like to have a girl write your husband offering to have a baby by him, saying she had talked it over with her parents and they approved, adding as a final argument: "I am sure that your wife, being a woman, would understand"?

Well, anyway, up to the time of the alleged "great renunciation," Hollywood bigwigs had been jolly well pleased to forget that there was such a person as Mrs. Clark Gable. Wives are not considered assets to promising juvenile leads. But to save two valuable pieces of theatrical property it was decided that Rhea Gable should take her place in the Hollywood social sun.

Doors hitherto closed to her opened wide. She was invited everywhere. *They* were invited everywhere. The turtle-neck sweater gave way to the boiled shirt. And it was inevitable that Bill Gable, the ex-lumberjack, should turn to Rhea Langham, the ex-Park Avenueite, for guidance in the ways of the world from which she came.

He liked it at first—the social life, I mean. The excitement of the big parties appealed to him. He was greedy for life, not easily bored, wholly responsive. Everybody made a fuss over him and he couldn't help liking it. He is as modest as they make them. His head is very much on his shoulders and in his hat. But he is a man; he has a normal masculine vanity.

One night a hostess, at whose side I happened to be standing, greeted him as "Mr. Gilbert." Clark loved that. Gilbert had been his hero, Hollywood's hero. And now!—well, he grinned all over.

At the duller parties—and there were plenty of them—he would disappear for an hour at a time. Usually he would ease himself into a group of men smoking and drinking highballs and telling stories in a corner.

Sometimes he wouldn't want to go home, even when he knew he was facing a nine-o'clock studio dead line the next morning—and then Rhea would have to take up the white wife's burden, and remind him of the clock.

"Poor Rhea!" he would say. "She has to make me go to parties, and then she has to make me go home."

After a while, though, the excitement and novelty of this sort of thing wore off. Gable's studio schedule is a heavy one. He is often desperately tired at night. In the end he was in open rebellion.

"I'm a Pennsylvania Dutchman," he said, "and did you ever see one who went in for frills and this la-di-da business? If I was on my own, I'd never show up at a party."

Then there was the matter of the new house. Naturally the Gables couldn't go on accepting and accepting and never paying back. You know how it is. When it was decided to look for a bigger house, some one asked Clark what kind of house he wanted.

"Any place," he answered, "where I can wear a lumber jacket instead of a dinner jacket."

What he got was a "Mediterranean-colonial" mansion—that's a good one, isn't it?—in the exclusive Brentwood section of Beverly Hills, café-au-lait carpets, rose-upholstered chairs, gold mirrors, satinwood cabinets, flowered overcurtains, a taffeta bedspread with flounces—and a solarium!

CLARK stood it as long as he could—and so did his fans. They knew there was something wrong with their big boy from the bush. He wasn't pushing his women around any more.

"You threaten to become a gentleman," wrote one suffering admirer, "and it won't do."

"The chip has been knocked off your shoulder," complained another.

And then, as a sort of summation of all the wails:

"Tear off that boiled shirt and let us see the hair on your chest once more!"

Finally Clark went to South America.

It wasn't Rhea's fault that her husband rebelled against the social slavery which their life together had entailed. But it was her hard luck. Like Josephine Dillon, she had done her job; and, like Josephine Dillon, she had found out that it wasn't a permanent one. Both of these marriages had been inevitable. Both divorces will, I believe, have been equally inevitable.

These two women, Josephine and Rhea, were as different in most things as two women could well be. But they had one thing in common which might, in itself, have been enough

I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO COLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.
NO USE STRINGING HER ALONG. SHE'S A SWELL GIRL...BUT HER BREATH!
THEN SHE OVERHEARD TWO STRANGERS...
SO BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH, DOC?
RIGHT! WE DENTISTS KNOW THAT IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE!
I WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!
IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH WHITER, TOO!
OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...
LATER
BABS, LET'S GO OUTSIDE. ...I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.
I'D LOVE TO... WITH YOU...!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S!
AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

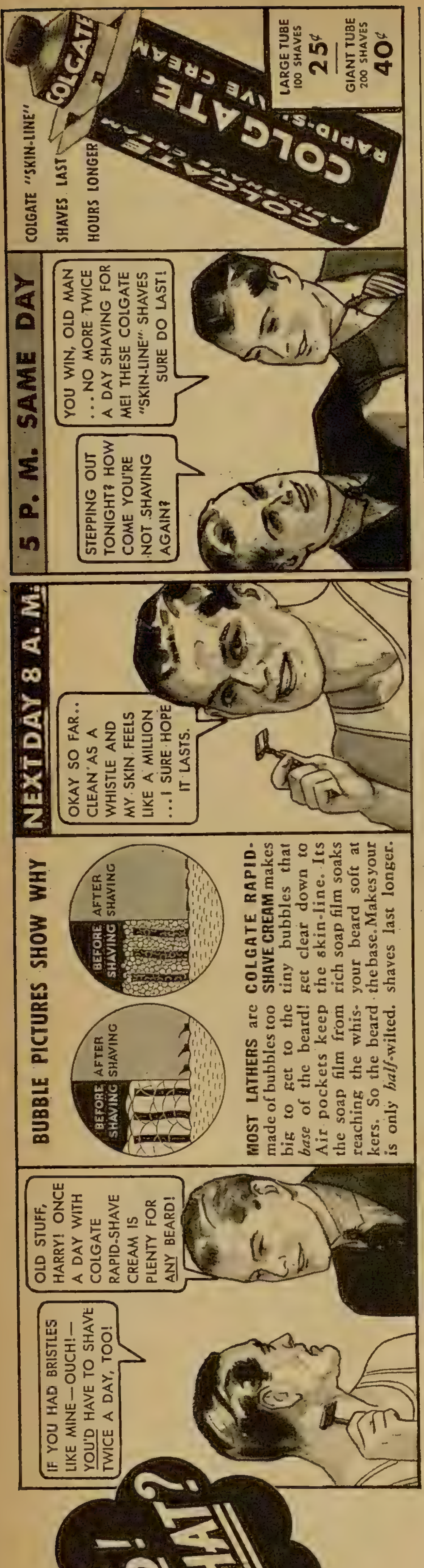
HEART-BROKEN

. . . until she took her dentist's advice

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.



YES! I DO! SO WHAT?
IF YOU HAD BRISTLES LIKE MINE—OUCH!—YOU'D HAVE TO SHAVE TWICE A DAY, TOO!
OLD STUFF, HARRY! ONCE A DAY WITH COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM IS PLENTY FOR ANY BEARD!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
NEXT DAY 8 A.M.
OKAY SO FAR.. CLEAN AS A WHISTLE AND MY SKIN FEELS LIKE A MILLION ...I SURE HOPE IT LASTS.
5 P.M. SAME DAY
STEPPING OUT TONIGHT? HOW COME YOU'RE NOT SHAVING AGAIN?
YOU WIN, OLD MAN ...NO MORE TWICE A DAY SHAVING FOR ME! THESE COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES SURE DO LAST!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted. **COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

to wreck their wedded life—their age.

Each was ten years older than the man she married.

Which brings us to the third Mrs. Gable.

Will she, too, be an older woman, to whom Clark will turn for guidance and help?

Well, he doesn't seem to need much guidance and help so far as his profession is concerned. There was a tendency in the days of his first success to minimize the man's ability as an actor. Even his employers were frankly puzzled to put their fingers on the reasons for his success.

He was healthy, of course, and big and rough and tough. But so was Vic McLaglen. So was Wally Beery. And they didn't get the fan mail Gable got. They didn't get the fan female at all. (Clark would love that one. He's the worst punster I know.)

He had guts. He wasn't afraid of God or Garbo. You could see that in his challenging eye, his mocking grin. You could feel it in the grip of his big walloping fist. But there had been brave men before—Richard the Lion-Hearted, the boy who stood on the burning deck, and a lot of others—and the girls never mobbed *them* in the streets or stole the tops of their pajamas.

The kid was a man, all right. But an actor? Hell, no!

So they fell back, as they usually do in Hollywood when they cannot think of anything else, on the overworked word "personality." That was it. He had personality. And they were right! But it never occurred to them that he had anything else—that they had, in spite of themselves, stumbled on to a great artist of the theater.

His success was no accident. He had slaved and starved and frozen for it. And studied. How he had studied!

A FREE SOUL—where he walked off with the acting honors in a cast featuring Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, and Lionel Barrymore—wrung from the critics their first ungrudging acclaim. It Happened One Night brought the official Academy blessing for the best masculine performance of the year. Mutiny on the Bounty, even against the superlative performance of Charles Laughton, caused the great Charlie Chaplin to say, "Clark Gable is the best actor in Hollywood."

No, our hero doesn't need any guidance and help in the acting line, and, with all modesty, he knows it. He is not likely to be attracted again to a woman who might be able, or think she is able, to give it to him.

As for social guidance, he has had enough of that to last him the rest of his life!

He has had enough guidance of every kind, if you ask me. And there is where the new romance begins.

School is over for Clark Gable. The long vacation has begun. And he isn't going to spend it with a teacher.

For a while he will go off in a regular fireworks display of big cars and beautiful girls. He has already bought the big car. It is a nice one. And he has made a pretty good start on the girls. They're nice, too. They always will be with Clark Gable. And, of course, the newspapers are already in a dither about them.

Elizabeth Allan, the pretty little English girl who played with him in Men in White, was the first. He sat next to her at a party in a night club, and the early editions had them married—anyway on the altar steps. Of course the Gables weren't even divorced, and it takes a year in California before a divorce becomes effective; but to stop the rumors, poor "Liz" Allan had to hop a boat for England, rout out her perfectly good husband, Bill O'Bryen, and go on a much advertised second honeymoon.

THE next day Clark heard that Loretta Young, who had played with him in Call of the Wild, was seriously ill in a Hollywood hospital. Naturally he telegraphed her flowers. Roses they were—but the tabloids turned them into orange blossoms. Loretta had a relapse.

Then he took little Jean Parker, one of the sweetest girls on the Metro lot, to the benefit performance for the Will Rogers Memorial. Cameramen followed them everywhere they went. "The most popular man in the world and his bride-to-be." Miss Parker is very young. Let's hope she is too young to mind.

Miss Allan, Miss Young, Miss Parker—he might fall in love with any one of them. It would certainly be an easy thing for most men to do! But my own guess is that next month it will be Miss Brown, Miss Jones, and Miss Smith—and that he won't have any more thought of marrying them than he would have of marrying Wally Beery.

The boy has to go places and do things for a while. God knows he has never had a chance!

He wanted to be a great actor, and he married the woman who could help him become one. He wanted to be a man of the world, and he married the ideal woman to make him that. Now he wants to be *himself*, and he'll marry the woman who will help him to realize that ambition.

In short, what he is trying to do is to tune in on happiness.

What he needs is the kind of wife Barbara Stanwyck was to Frank Fay, the kind of wife Ann Dvorak is to Leslie Fenton; a girl who will say, as Ann said the other day, "I am not ashamed of having a love that fills my life to the exclusion of everything else. I'm happy it is that way."

That kind of girl is rare. But she must exist somewhere for Clark Gable.

You would probably recognize her on the street.

Who knows? If you are a woman, you might recognize her in your looking glass!

THE END

BAIT

Liberty's Short Short

by CAPTAIN LEE FREDERICKS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

MATT FINK pulled his short stub pipe from between his teeth and cursed luridly at the approaching cigar-snouted U-boat.

The war was none of his damn business, and he didn't intend to fight. But the muzzle of that five-inch gun mounted on the bow of the oncoming craft told him the Lassie Bess had taken her last cruise.

The boarding Oberleutenant didn't bother with Matt until he had finished directing his crew. Then, in his clipped guttural English, "I shall thank you for your logbook," he said imperiously.

Silently Matt pulled it from under his arm and flicked the greasy pages to his last entry on sighting the submarine.

The officer barely glanced at the entries. "Thank you," he said curtly. "Now, order your men to the boats. We are going to shell this schooner."

"Man the boat," Fink ordered mechanically. He took one look around the decks of the Lassie Bess. He started for the rail.

"You do not go, Herr Captain," the officer checked him. "We have other plans for you." He leaned overside and shouted down to Matt's men, "Pull away! The seacocks are open."

Matt watched his own men pull away. Even their haste didn't add to his bitterness. Most of them were draft dodgers and slackers avoiding the war; and, now they were brought face to face with the conflict they had dreaded, their reaction was only normal.

When the boat was several hundred feet away, Fink jumped at the burst of staccato hammering, and turned to see his men falling like wooden blocks. The submarine was machine-gunning them. The driving hail of steel cut into the water line of the boat and it started to the bottom with its gruesome cargo. Fink felt sick.

The Oberleutenant twisted his lips into a mirthless smile. "The Herr Captain should consider himself lucky not to be in the lifeboat."

On the aft deck of the Lassie Bess was the little captain's gig Fink used for formal harbor calls. The officer eyed it, issued orders in his own language, and the gig was lowered to the water.

The Oberleutenant trained his Luger on Matt. "You will get into the gig," he said crisply. "I advise you to accept your life and liberty."

Matt scrambled into the gig. As the little boat drifted loose he saw that she was provisioned with food and water but oarless. A horrible presentiment grew to a certainty as the officer spoke again:

"You are in the lanes of shipping. One of the troopships will see you. Undoubtedly it will stop for you."

When all were well clear of the schooner, the submarine fired her first shell into the hull. Fink watched his Lassie Bess keel over.

She shook and spun dizzily as each five-inch shell buried into her. Fink himself felt her death agonies. Finally she gave up and dipped her head into the sea.

Matt was cold all over. The submarine was looking for bigger prey than his schooner, and he was to serve as the bait to attract it. His mouth tightened grimly.

Until now the war hadn't been any of his business; but now he remembered another day, another ship lost—lost to the Spanish off the coast of Cuba in a war he hazily recalled. He thought of the inquiry and the disgrace that followed. He had walked the water fronts of the world after that, looking for any kind of berth.

Matt could see the glittering eye of the periscope trained on him. The officers of the U-boat thought him an ignoramus, did they?

He stood on his feet to stamp some circulation into his numbed body and glared vengefully toward the periscope. It was no longer turned toward him but toward three smudges of black smoke on the horizon. Matt thought fast as the three ships approached. They would pass close enough to spot him.

Fink waved his arms wildly. He could see the decks of the ships were literally swarming with khaki-clad men—men who would soon be on the ocean bottom if his plan failed.

Fink's heart stopped as the lead ship gave four rapid toots on sighting him. The three swung to in a direct line of the submarine's fire. Matt kept his arms waving. The sub had dived out of sight.

SUDDENLY the heliograph flashed from the lead ship. Speedily for their heavy tonnage the ships came about, bows pointed toward Matt's gig.

Shells screamed and shouted until Matt thought each one called his name. The gig leaped out of the water and back like a flying fish.

Half numb and stunned, he collapsed over the gunwale. His arm dragged in the water. Slowly he brought his hand up, looked at his arm. It was covered with oil!

Then he was floating free from his body. He opened his eyes experimentally, to see if he was still in the same world. Some one leaned over him, a man in blue with gold braid. Familiar, both the man and the uniform.

"You got the U-boat," Matt managed to whisper. "Some of its oil on my arm."

The man in braid nodded. "You saved three ships, lieutenant," he said.

As Matt's eyes cleared, he saw that the man bending over him was Captain Lewis, the officer who had presided at his court-martial in the dim distant past.

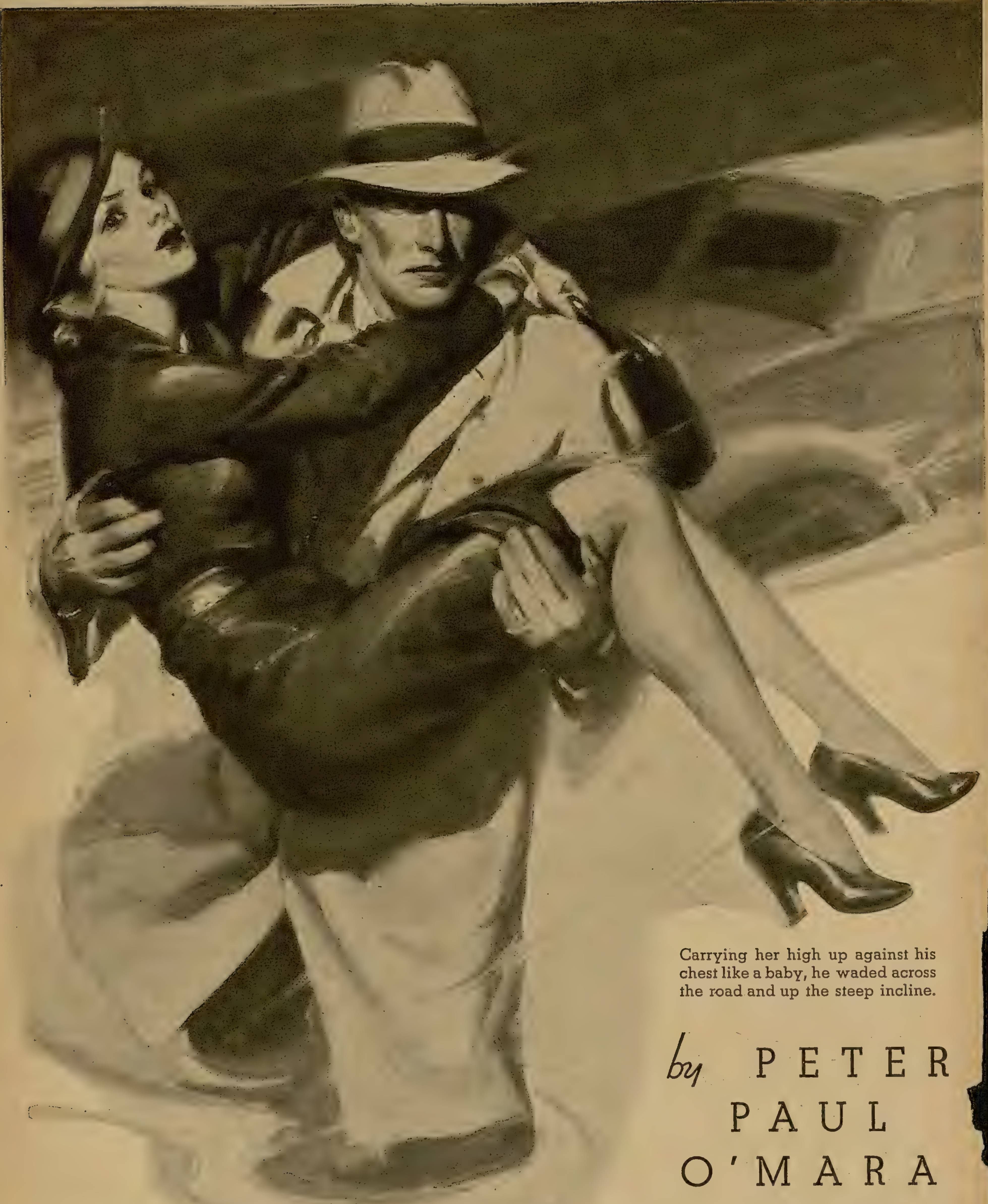
Three weeks later the convoy returning from Brest under the command of Captain Lewis passed a dirty disreputable tub of a three-master. On the foredeck, standing almost above the ship's name, Lassie Bess II, a squat figure puffed on his short stubby pipe.

As the convoy steamed past, the man on the deck of the sloop waved his arm up and down in methodical manner. Captain Lewis smiled and reached for his whistle cord. Three short blasts saluted the tub.

Lewis saw the puzzled look on the face of the English pilot who was leading them to their rendezvous.

"Under the false cabin of that sloop is a five-inch gun waiting for any sub that tries to tackle her," he explained to the pilot. "It's the second time her captain's acted as bait. And he has sense enough to know that arms were in use before Morse invented the telegraph system."

THE END

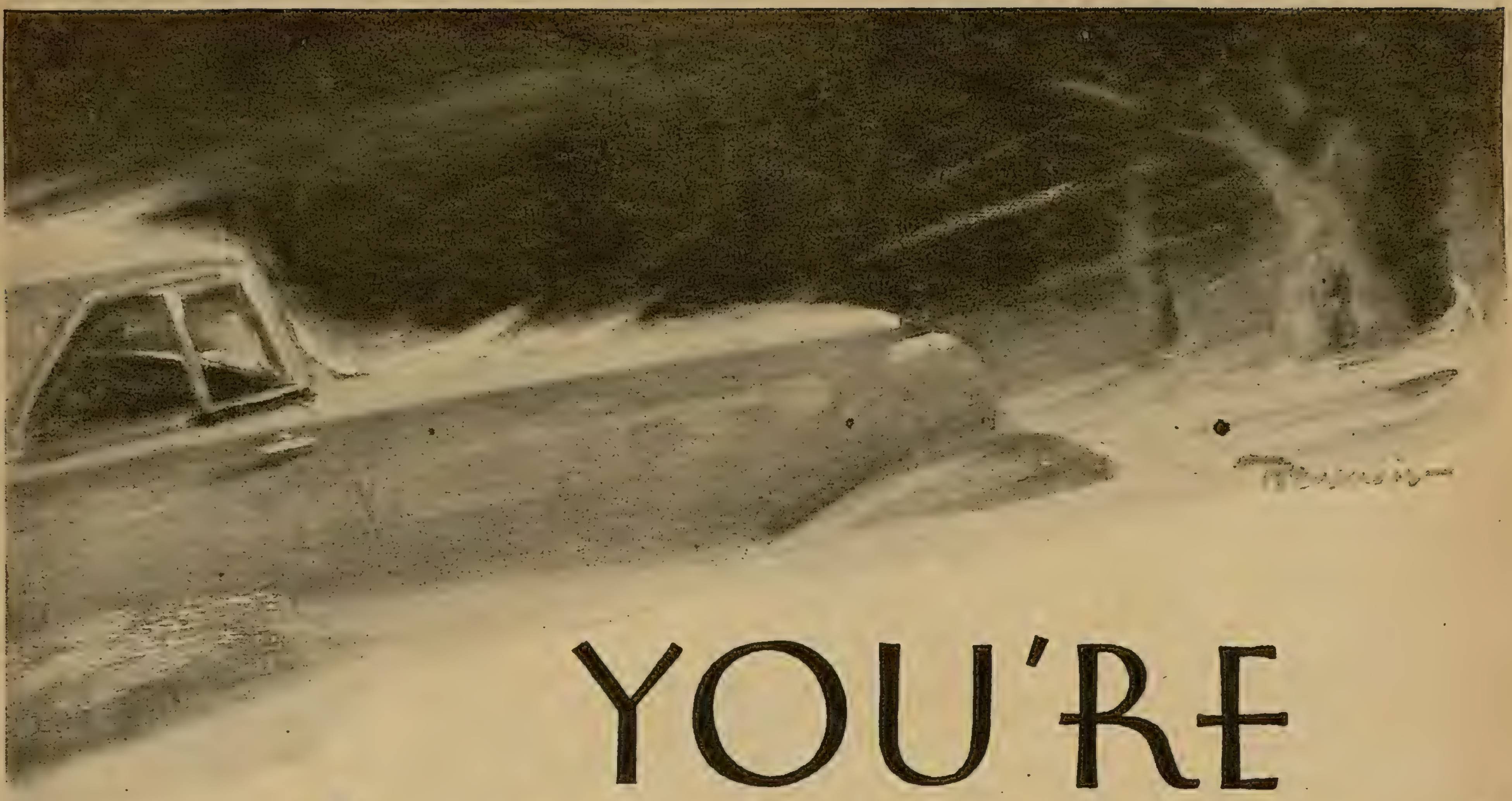


Carrying her high up against his chest like a baby, he waded across the road and up the steep incline.

by PETER PAUL O'MARA

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

THE STORY OF A NIGHT OF TERROR . . . A SWIFT, TENSE TALE OF A



YOU'RE the DOCTOR!

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

EVAN EVANS MacALLISTER struggled slowly to the top of a pool of exhausted sleep, wondering who was hammering at his door. He wasn't irritated and he was only mildly curious as he lay waiting for Louis, his Chinese houseman, to go and stop the pounding. But the noise went on and on, and after a while Evan forced his eyes open.

It was still dark. The wind was still blowing. The rain was still falling. There it was again. Somebody at the door. Where the devil was Louis?

Of course! Louis was gone to the city. With the plans. But that was before he went to sleep. That was eleven o'clock and it was only twelve thirty now.

Cursing to himself, he got out of bed and stumbled down the stairs. The big wooden bar across the front door gave him some trouble, but finally he got it open—and the wind and the rain and a slight short figure helmeted and armored in wet black rubber entered the room with a rush.

"You took your time!" snapped the visitor, and then, gazing at him, colored. "Well! You might put something on, please!"

He gazed down, startled, at his nearly naked self, and then went over and took the Indian print from the couch and wrapped it around himself.

"Sorry, Ann!" he said. "I didn't realize—I wasn't expecting a woman at this hour of the night."

"What's the matter? Drunk?"

"No. What do you want?"

She half-reached out to touch his hand, and then changed her mind. Instead she lifted her head proudly.

"Please, Van, don't be childish. Holding grudges! Let me have your car for a few hours."

"Why?" he asked simply.

"Mine's dead. There's a woman—Sam Descartes's wife up on Lone Split—going to have a baby. I've got to get there."

He gazed at her in silence for a few minutes. "No," he said at last, quietly.

"Van! You've got to. There isn't another car."

"Why should I help you go up on Lone Split on a night like this?" There was a sudden bleak anger in his voice. "I'm the guy you broke your engagement to because you couldn't give up general practice!"

"That hasn't anything to do with it, Van. Besides, *you* broke it. I'd never have been engaged in the first place if I'd thought you expected that. I've got to have that car, Van!"

"Let 'em get somebody else!"

"They can't. Sam called from Jud Hawley's. The wires are down between there and Hodgesville. All the wires are down now. Sam's call was the last that went through. She's my patient. I've got to get there. I'm—it's going to be bad, Van!"

He gazed at her in silence again.

"All right," he conceded finally. "But I'm coming too. Driving."

"Van—"

"That's the only way you'll get the car."

"Oh, Van! All right. Get dressed. I'm in a hurry."

When he came downstairs again, she was already in the garage, sitting in the car. He paused in the living room for a minute and tossed off a stiff peg of brandy, and then put a little flask of it into his pocket.

When he was starting the car and backing out of the garage, she sniffed suspiciously.

"Evan MacAllister!" she exclaimed angrily. "You *are* drunk!"

"I had one drink," he told her evenly. "I needed it."

"Then what—"

"I hope you're a better obstetrician than you are a

WOMAN'S COURAGE AND WHAT ONE MAN LEARNED ABOUT LOVE diagnostician, Ann. For Mrs. Descartes's sake. I'm tired."

"Why?"

"I decided to do some changing in the plans for the Arts Center. They took thirty-six hours. They had to be in the city for the directors' meeting in the morning. Louis left with them tonight. Architects sometimes work, Dr. Laird!"

"Why did you change them? I liked them the first time."

He waited until he had the car safely around a dangerous badly banked corner before he shot her a cold reproof from the corners of his eyes.

"Medicine, as I remember it, is your business."

"In other words," she said with unexpected good humor, "mind it! But, Van, I'm still rather interested in *your* business!"

"But not seriously enough to drop general practice!" he concluded bitterly. "You'd make a swell wife for anybody, wouldn't you? At the beck and call of anybody, any time, anywhere!"

PETER PAUL O'MARA *was born in Ireland, schooled in England, universitied in Chicago, lives in Virginia, and calls himself a New Yorker. His one attainment, he says, is that he has no Southern accent. His one ambition is to remain that way.*

Ann's voice was oddly piteous. "Please, Van, can't you try to understand? I—"

"No, I can't. It isn't as though I had asked you to stop doctoring. It's this being a general practitioner. It'd be some fun, wouldn't it, having your wife married to the whole countryside?"

"But, Van, that's the kind of doctor I am. Not a—"

The white glimmer of a signpost through the rain announced the crossroads, and Van slowed the car almost to a stop.

"Let's shut up about it, shall we?" he cut in wearily. "It's over now, anyway. What road do you want to take?"

Ann considered for a second. "Better take the valley road, I guess," she said at last. "The hill road was washed out in three places last storm."

"You're the doctor!" He stepped on the gas and shot on to the white concrete of the state road, edging the car gradually up to sixty. When they got on to macadam on the other side of Plummer's Creek, he slowed up again.

"Creek's high," he observed casually. "Highest I've ever seen it."

She didn't say anything for ten minutes, until she was sure.

"Van! Have you noticed the road?"

"I've been looking at it ever since I started. Always do when I drive. Habit."

"Don't be a fool. I mean—there's water on it. I think—I'm not sure—it's flowing."

He stared hard through the windshield for a moment, and then, with a sharp oath, brought the car to a sudden halt. After fishing around in the pocket of the door for a moment, he found the flashlight and jumped out on to the road. Ann moved across to peer fascinatedly over his shoulder at what was revealed in the little white circle of light.

THE water was moving—flowing in a fast, steady stream down the road against them. There wasn't more than a half inch of it. Van stood in it, glaring at it, puzzled. At last he got back into the car.

"Better turn back," he said calmly. "It's getting deeper. It piled up another half inch while I was standing out there. Must be a cloudburst or something up in the hills. Better turn."

"No. We've got to go on. Hurry, Van, will you!"

"You're the doctor!" he said again.

In less than a mile the water was six inches deep and Van had slowed the car down to a crawl. Bigger things were being swept against them now—branches of trees, and once some small dead animal. The noise of the wind and the rain was increased by the rushing, sliding, softly bumping noise of rushing water. Ann clutched Van's arm and spoke in a dry, taut voice:

"Van, I'm afraid. It's getting deeper all the time. Perhaps we had better turn, after all. We could go by the mountain road. It can't be any slower than we're going now!"

Van had never seen her show any sign of weakness before. He was surprised and pitying, but he made his voice sound grim. "It's only a mile before we turn up the mountain. We'll make it!"

He didn't tell her that he had already realized that it was impossible to go back. Plummer's Creek would by now have become a raging torrent. The bridge would be down. And the road would be undermined and torn away in a dozen places behind them.

Ann fell silent again, but retained her clutch on his arm. For an interminable five minutes they kept on in a silence unbroken except for the sound of the motor and the rain and the wind and the interminable water.

And, Van realized suddenly, a new sound—an odd sound, like a million people whispering all together. He stopped the car and got out on the road. The water was almost up to his knees.

"Come along, Ann," he said quietly. "I'll carry you. No use in the two of us getting wet."

"Why?" she demanded. "Why are you leaving the car?" And then she heard it too. "Van, what's that noise?"

"Water," he explained laconically. "Lots of it. We'd best start climbing."

HE reached into the car and pulled her out. Then, carrying her high up against his chest like a baby, he waded across the road and up the steep incline of the mountain for about forty feet. He found himself thinking that he was probably the only person living who knew just how little and light Ann was. She didn't give people many chances to notice.

When he set her down, she looked back at the bright-yellow roadster.

"But, Van," she protested—"your car!"

"Can't be helped. Couldn't possibly get up here," he panted. "Ann! You fool! Come!"

He raced after her down the hill. The water was higher than his knees. When he got to the car, Ann was sliding out of the seat again.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" he roared at her.

"My instruments. We forgot them. Had to have them!"

He swore lustily and picked her up just as he had the first time they abandoned the road. The whispering had mounted into an enormous, panic-stricken scream. Van plunged as fast as he could through the sweeping water. Halfway across the road, a wave that was higher than his hips struck him, and then another, and another.

And then, suddenly, the whole world was water and he was swept off his feet. They were already climbing the bank then, among the first trees.

He freed one arm from around Ann and flung it out despairingly. It touched a tree, encircled it, slipped, hung on desperately. The force of the water pulling against him almost tore the arm from its socket, almost pulled Ann from his other arm. But he hung on, and even tried to edge backward so that he could brace himself against the tree.

He abandoned that plan as hopeless, in favor of another. There were more trees in front of him. By letting his feet drift with the water tentatively, he found that he could touch the trees with his legs.

"Ann!" he shouted against her ear. "Put your two hands around my neck and hold tight. I've got to let go for a minute. And, for God's sake, stick with me!"

She nodded and shifted her position cautiously, still holding the little leather bag of instruments. When he judged her ready, he tightened his grip on her once, comfortingly, and then took his arm away from her. In a second he let go the tree. The water swept them straight for the other trees, and his legs, pointed in front of him, encircled one of them almost as soon as his arm abandoned the first.

They had not changed positions a second too soon. Van was just settling himself cautiously against the second tree when the first was hit by a huge branchless trunk that came shooting like a bullet along the face of the torrent. The tree shattered like rotten matchwood and crashed toward them. Van bent over Ann trying to protect her as much as possible; but the twigs and little branches flayed down across his back and head like terrible whips. No big branches, though. Nothing to kill a chap, he told himself in the middle of the smarting agony of having the skin torn off his back in a dozen places. He heard Ann moan once, move convulsively, and then lie still—and realized she had fainted.

Holding her with one hand and with the other around the tree, he carefully sank his legs deeper and deeper in an effort to touch bottom. At last he reached it and managed to stand up against the water with the support of his tree. The flood was scarcely higher than his chest, but he realized that it was impossible to walk against its force.

Then he remembered the flashlight in his pocket and, moving his hand by inches, in terror that Ann would be swept away from him, he found it. Miraculously it was still working. The small friendly beam swept around and showed him, at first, nothing but the hopeless boiling waters. And then it showed him one risky, almost impossible route to salvation.

The tree that had crashed down upon them had its top entangled in the branches of their own tree. Its shattered base had been flung around against a pile of rocks. At any moment it might give way before the power of the water pounding against it. Or their own tree might collapse, freeing it. Or the rocks might move and go tumbling along in the flood. Any little extra weight or movement might cause one of those things to happen. But it was a chance. And there was no chance at all if they stayed where they were.

He shifted Ann over his shoulder and edged out to grasp one of the wide-flung branches.

IT took him ten minutes, moving painfully from one foothold or handhold to another at every opportunity the water gave him, but he made it. A dozen times the tree shuddered violently and slipped a few nauseating inches. And then, unbelievingly, he was clambering up the rocks. Solid rocks!

They were fairly easy to climb. When he reached the top, he found himself on high ground, well out of reach of the water. He put Ann down tenderly, and then sat down himself, next to her. All at once he realized that nothing he could do was going to prevent him from being violently and unpleasantly sick. When he was over that, he found the flask in his pocket, dented all over its silver surface but still whole and unleaking. A long drink made him begin to think that his knees might possibly bear his weight if he used them cautiously.

They wouldn't just yet, so he crawled over to Ann instead of walking. Her face was white and twisted, and her lips, when he held the flask against them, were blue. The brandy pouring down her throat made her gasp and move her head away. Her eyelids flickered but did not open. He reached for her wrist to chafe it, and then, seeing it, grinned wryly, for she still had her little bag, safe and sound. She had pushed her hand through its handle.

Apparently the fit was so tight that it had cut her wrist, because it was bleeding profusely. He bent over it to examine it, and then noticed that it was not the handle that was causing the blood, but a sharp jagged edge of bone that was cutting through the tender flesh. The wrist was broken. One of the branches of the falling tree had struck it, probably. That must be what caused her to faint.

He tried to take the bag from her wrist. But, at the first little tug, Ann whimpered once and opened her eyes.

"I can't get the bag off," he told her woodenly. "Your wrist is broken."

She lay still for a moment, considering. "Hold it tightly below the break," she suggested at last, her voice professional, "and then try to push the hand through instead of pulling."

He tried, but she fainted before he could even get started. Anyway, so far as he could see, her hand

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wouldn't go through the handle. He couldn't imagine how she got it in there at all. By the time she came to again, he'd decided upon other tactics. He opened the bag and found a scalpel. It was sharp enough to cut through the leather handle with two strokes. He was just laying the arm quietly on the grass when Ann spoke faintly:

"I'll sue you for a new knife, you worm!" She was grinning, or doing her best to grin.

"I'll charge the same amount as you sue me for, for medical services rendered. We'll be even," he told her, wishing his voice would stay steady. "What do I do now?"

"You'll find bandages and things in the bag. And adhesive tape. Right. Now cut off some. Wait—that ought to be enough." She looked from the wrist to the tape to his face. "You'd better have another slug of that brandy before we start."

He picked up the flask, shook it, and then handed it to her.

"Drink!" he commanded.

"Doctors shouldn't. Besides, you need it."

"Shut up and drink. There. Now tell me what I do."

She sat up and lifted her hand on to her lap.

"Hold the arm there. And the wrist about here. Right. Now, when I tell you, pull them apart a little. Not too hard, but firmly. I'll keep my fingers on it and tell you when to stop. Then let it back in, slowly. And keep it straight."

Ann didn't cry out or faint, and neither, rather to his surprise, did Van. When it was all over, and the wrist wrapped securely in adhesive, they both sat silent for a full five minutes.

"Strong men have gone mad for less than that!" Van said at last.

"That break?" Ann's voice was weak but willing. "It's nothing. You should have seen some we got at the hospital!"

"I wasn't thinking of the break," he told her. "I was thinking of my reactions to it. I can't stand pain. Especially when other people have it. Especially you."

"That's why we had to set it. One of the reasons. To stop the pain. It doesn't hurt so much now. Where are we?"

Van looked around him curiously. "So far as I can make out, we're right down at the beginning of Lone Split."

Ann began climbing to her feet, holding her hand and arm gingerly against her breast. "Splendid!" she exclaimed. "We've only got a couple of miles to go, then. The path ought to be up back of these trees a way. Come along!"

He stared at her unbelievingly. "Do you think that you're still going to Sam Descartes's?" he gasped.

She nodded calmly. "If we're where you say we are, Sam's is the nearest house. And I've got a patient waiting for me there. Carry the bag, will you?"

GETTING up from the ground, Van realized for the first time how exquisitely tired and sore and aching his whole body was. "We'll leave the bag here," he said firmly. "I'll send some one out to get it tomorrow."

"We'll take it, please. I shall need it."

"I won't carry it, Ann. I've got myself to carry, and I'll probably have to carry you too. Now, shut up about it!"

"All right," she said, white-lipped. "I'll take it myself!"

She grasped it awkwardly and shoved it under her good arm. He watched her sardonically for a second. Then he weakened and took it from her.

"Damn it, Ann," he told her angrily, "you need a good beating and I should love to give it to you! I'll take it! Come on!"

He had good reason to curse the bag heartily again before they reached the path, because it left him only one hand to help himself and Ann over the steep sections of bare rock. But at last they reached the twisting cart road that led past the Descartes house.

When they reached the house, they found it dark except for a tiny flicker in one of the windows. Van, scarcely able to lift his arm for weariness, pounded his fist against the door. A faint voice called something to them.

Inside, he deposited the almost unconscious Ann in a chair in front of the low-burning fire and looked around him. The cabin was one room, with one half curtained off. The voice must have come from behind the curtain. He investigated.

There was a big brass bed with a girl in it. Yvonne Descartes. He'd seen her in town with Sam sometimes. A pretty girl, hardly more than a child. She looked even younger now, because her face was stained with tears and racked with pain, and her eyes were staring at him, full of terror.

"I thought you were Sam," she whispered. "Or the doctor. Oh, where are they? Where are they? Where's Sam?"

He took her hand firmly. "Hush your noise, child!" he told her. "Sam'll be back in a little while. Dr. Laird is outside. She'll be right in."

The girl smiled at him, and then cried out with sudden pain. Van waited for a moment until she was quiet again, and then went back to Ann. She was sitting up in her chair, gazing attentively at the curtain, looking professional at the first sound of pain.

"SAM hasn't come back yet," he told her. "Water must be up between Hawley's and here. She's in pain. Do something about it, will you, Ann? She's such a kid!"

Ann smiled at him and got up. "Bring my bag, will you? And then build up the fire. I'll need boiling water and clean towels and some basins and some clean cloths. She probably has everything ready somewhere about. Search around."

He filled the kettle immediately, and then built up the fire. He had just located the clean cloths and towels when Ann came back around the curtain.

He looked at her. Her eyes were afraid.

"What's up, Ann?" he asked steadily.

"Van," she began, looking into his eyes, "Van, you've got to help me!"

"Sure!" he grinned. "What do you want done? Your saws boiled? More lights? Anything!"

She didn't smile back at him. She jerked her head back toward the curtain. "With her, I mean. I need more hands than one."

He stared at her with horror, the bottom disappearing from his stomach and leaving a sick void. "What—what—" he stammered.

"Van, she'll die if you don't, maybe. We can't reach any one else. There isn't time. She'll die, Van. Terribly!"

A picture of the girl on the bed flashed into his mind. "O. K., Ann," he said unevenly. "What do I do?"

"Boil these instruments first. We won't need them, probably; but we've got to have them ready. Then come in. And don't let her see you're afraid!"

When he went in he managed a smile for Yvonne. She didn't look so frightened now, perhaps because pain had driven all the fear out of her, perhaps because she was no longer alone. Then Ann took his attention by making him wash his hands to the elbows in scalding water and strong soap.

After that it was a nightmare of twisting, pain-racked muscles under his hands; of barked orders from Ann; of terrible low cries from the girl on the bed; of stupid waiting, doing nothing; of equally stupid doing that seemed only to increase the agony of the girl. And then—the little red silent thing hanging by its heels from his hand.

"Spank it!" Ann ordered breathlessly from where she was bending over Yvonne. "Spank it!"

"What?" All his feeling revolted. "Ann, I—"

"Spank it, you fool!" she interrupted. "Quite hard!"

He obeyed her. The little red thing screamed gaspingly with rage and wiggled so surprisingly that he almost dropped it.

"Take it out in front of the fire," Ann instructed him.

He did as he was told, carrying his burden gingerly and holding it awkwardly when he reached the fireplace, afraid to set it down. It was almost five minutes before Ann came out. He looked at her and managed to scare up a grin.

"It's a boy, Ann!" he exclaimed. "About six pounds, I should say. No, five and a half. Good catch, if he were only a fish!"

While he was bathing the baby under Ann's direction, the door flung open and a young man dashed into the room, white-faced and dirty with mud and water. He gave the group by the fire only the most cursory of glances and then dashed behind the curtain. Van left the baby to Ann and sprang after him. When he reached the bed, the young man was already lying half across it, close to his wife, one of her hands in his. He was weeping convulsively and she was trying weakly to comfort him. He looked very young.

Van reached over and gently pulled him to his feet. "Cut it out, kid!" he commanded kindly. "No use upsetting her. She needs some sleep."

HE returned to the other side of the curtain, pushing the unwilling Sam in front of him. "Let her rest. She's had a rather tough time of it."

"An' I wasn't here!" Sam sobbed. "She was so damn scared, an' I wasn't here!"

"What happened? Water up over by Hawley's?"

"Yeah." Sam grew quieter. "Cloudburst up on the mountain washed out the banks of the Massanentuck. The whole river's taking a short cut down by the valley road. I had to come around Knife Edge."

"Knife Edge!" Amazement was in Van's voice. "In this weather and at night? My God, kid, I don't think there's another man in the mountains would have dared!"

"Wasn't nothin'," Sam disclaimed. "'Lo, Dr. Laird. Is that it?"

"Him, Sam, not it! Here, Van, will you wrap this thing around him? I can't manage it."

While Van introduced the baby to its first clothes, Sam noticed Ann's wrist.

"You had an accident, doctor?"

Ann gave him a sketchy account of their night's adventures.

"An' worked—you with a broken hand!"

"Oh, I made Mr. MacAllister do most of the work," Ann explained, smiling.

Inarticulately he tried to thank them both, gave it up, and turned to Van. "You a married man yourself, Mr. MacAllister?"

Van looked at Ann, who looked quickly down at the baby.

"Not yet," he answered.

"Thinkin' of it? Soon?"

"Maybe." He grinned at Sam. "She's got to take a holiday now, anyway, with that wrist. And it'll probably be a long time before we get another chance."

THE END

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TATTOO

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Presenting LIBE Amateur

CONDUCTED BY

BONG! Greetings, family!

Around, around she goes, and where she stops, nobody knows. The amateur writer's wheel of fortune starts to spin in this week's Liberty.

Each amateur whose contribution appears on these pages has been sent five dollars. Further awards await these talented writers and artists of tomorrow. First prize: $25. Second prize: $10. And three third prizes of $5 each.

Why not give your writing or drawing ability a tryout? I shall be happy to give your entry full consideration. A new contest starts each week with similar awards.

Short stories (not over 500 words), true experiences, verse, jingles, quips, epigrams, bright sayings, snapshots, drawings, cartoons, *anything goes!*

There are only two "musts": 1. The contributor must be an amateur (professional writers and artists are barred). 2. The entry must be original. None will be returned.

You can't tell without trying. This may be your big chance to uncover hidden talent. Send your contribution to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR
WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Major Edward Bowes.

What could be more fitting than to open this new venture with this interesting contribution by W. M. George, 252 Delaware Avenue, Palmerton, Pa.? It has brevity and rhythm.

IN TRIBUTE

To Major Bowes,
Whose fame grows
With his blows
Upon the gong.

Now in the throes
Of judging those
Who offer prose
Instead of song.

I trust this goes
To one who knows
The poet's woes,
And spares . . . the gong!

"Men soon tire of songs and dances," writes Barney O'Donnel of 322 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio, and then goes on with a bit of poetry that has meter, sparkle, and facility to recommend it.

Men soon tire of songs and dances,
Homemade gin and cheap romances:
They want the finer things in life,
A little home, a charming wife;
They find joy in new caresses
But never lose the old addresses.

Mrs. Amy C. Cotton of Lancaster, N. H., Route No. 1, submits the following 425-word story, Courage. This melodramatic short short story has character and suspense—important ingredients. All right, Mrs. Cotton.

COURAGE

The argument started among a group of lumberjacks at Camp No. 1 in the north woods. Red Hogan, a burly head chopper, was telling the world how brave he was.

Freckles Watson, a diminutive swamper from Boston with an expansive grin, gave Red the merry ha-ha!

Glaring vindictively at the youngster, he bellowed: "Ye danged little shrimp! Ye ain't got as much sand in yer gizzard as a chicken!"

"Oh, yeah!" challenged Freckles. "Want to test out courage with me, big boy?"

Red snorted in disgust, then roared with laughter.

"Laugh good, me buckaroo, while the chances are good," advised Freckles. "I'll have Smithy roll out a couple kegs of blasting powder, attach a fuse to each, and I'll sit on one and you on the other, and see who sticks the longest."

Fair enough, shouted the lumberjacks.

"Sure, I'll take ye on, shrimp, and soon as the fuse starts burning you'll start burning up the tote road out of the woods."

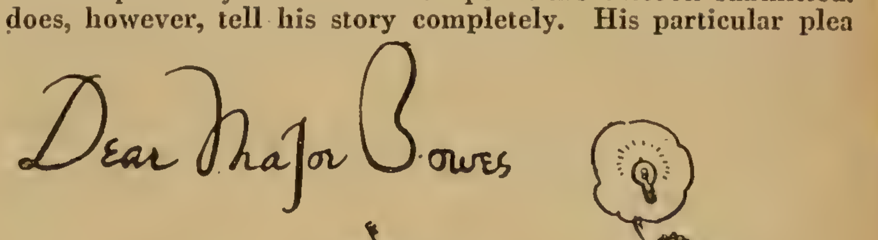
"You're telling me!" grinned Freckles.

Smithy the blacksmith planted the kegs some ten feet apart, attached four feet of fuse to each keg. At a safe distance the lumberjacks circled eagerly to watch the contest.

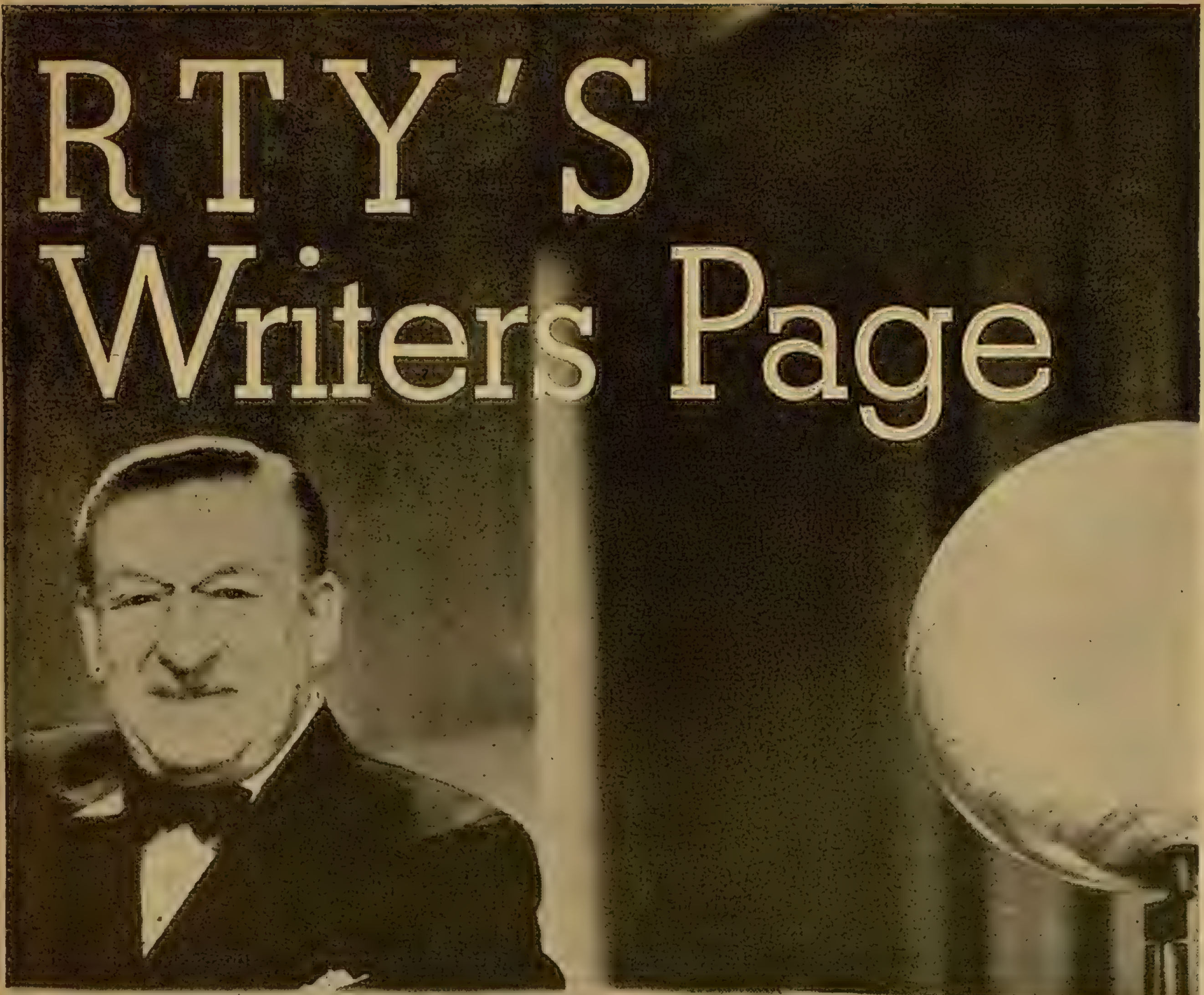
Red took his seat with a great show of bravado; Freckles with a cheerful grin.

Joe Budlak of Harmarville, Pa.

This strip is only one of four strips in the cartoon submitted. It does, however, tell his story completely. His particular plea


Dear Major Bowes
HAVE LISTENED TO YOUR AMATEUR HOUR PROGRAM MANY TIMES —
SO AN IDEA POPS INTO MY HEAD—

RTY'S Writers Page



MAJOR BOWES

Slowly the thin red line sputtered along the fuse. Two feet was soon gone. The smile had left Red's face and beads of sweat stood out on his brow. He began to fidget and cast quick uneasy glances at Freckles, who was whistling softly, quite unmoved. Nearly three feet of the fuse was gone.

Glancing at Red, Freckles cheerfully grinned. "Getting scared, Red? If you stick it out we both will get a good start for kingdom come soon."

Red glared but did not reply. The courage was slowly oozing out of him. But Freckles, with his *sang-froid* undisturbed, kept on whistling. Less than a foot remained of each fuse. Red glanced wildly around at the taunting face of Freckles. He was plain scared; human endurance had reached its limit. With a howl of terror he jumped from the keg and sprinted down the tote road, followed by the jeers of the lumberjacks.

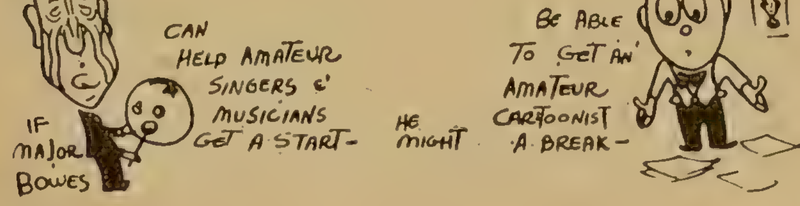
Freckles calmly stepped on his fuse, walked over and snuffed out the other one. At this display of nerve the lumberjacks sent up a cheer. Freckles was a hero.

Later, while helping Smithy, his brother, roll the kegs back to the storehouse, Smithy with dry humor remarked: "Pretty clever kid. There wasn't a thing but sand in those kegs."

"Don't I know it!" grinned Freckles. "Didn't I fill them today to put on that ramdown?"

in the full contribution was to express the hope that he might get a job helping a cartoonist. The young man has undeniable talent, and I would be grateful if in celebration of the opening of Liberty's Amateur Writers Page, the Art Department would open its doors and make a place for the young man.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Art Editor will try to help!


IF MAJOR BOWES
CAN HELP AMATEUR SINGERS & MUSICIANS GET A START–
HE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO GET AN AMATEUR CARTOONIST A BREAK–
?

From fifteen-year-old Carol Cheney of 41 Commonwealth Road, Watertown, Mass., comes Cannibal's Love Song to a Missionary Lady. Humorous verse is difficult to write. Carol Cheney creates a smile with these four stanzas of a romantic cannibal.

CANNIBAL'S LOVE SONG TO A MISSIONARY LADY

My dear, I am a sinner;
As a Christian a beginner.
Come over sometime to dinner;
I'll sing a hymn for thee.

Ten years have now been wasted
Since human flesh I tasted,
Properly cooked and basted;
I'm very sad, you see.

Thy piety impresses me.
A longing now possesses me.
My hunger, it depresses me;
It is a surging sea.

So, though I am a sinner,
As a cannibal a beginner,
Come over sometime for dinner,
And thou'lt remain for tea!

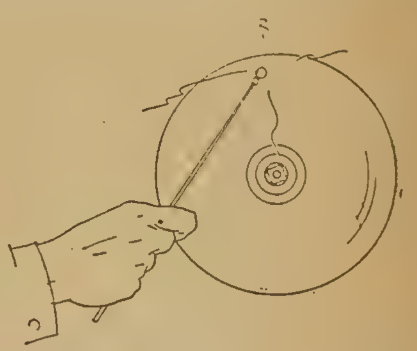
Vilma A. Becher, 230 West 105th Street, New York City: Idea. This *is* an idea!

IDEA

Now that Companionate Marriage
Is passé, it is strange
There isn't a "Wife-of-the-Month Club"
With privilege of exchange!

DON'T BE A COPYCAT!

IT is not hard to fool the editors or even Major Bowes. They might accept and unknowingly publish something that has been copied from other sources—other people's work. But remember that you will always be caught. If the original author doesn't catch you, some bright reader will. Also remember that copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft, and that any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.



So don't be a copycat. Be yourself and have that satisfaction, even if you must say:

"'Tis a poor thing, but mine own."

HOW TO VOTE

Send in your vote by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue. A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each will be awarded to the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

DOWN THE RAIN

A Veteran Scribe Looks Wistfully Back at Baseball's Colorful Past, With a Sigh for the Good Old Days

by

"JIM NASIUM"

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE sport writer's job has lost a lot of the color and thrill it had back in the wild adventurous days when a fellow could earn his pie and cake drifting with the tide of sporting events as an itinerant typewriter thumper. Now, for instance—

In the fall of 1908 Fred Clarke, Frank Chance, and John McGraw were splashing color all over the baseball map in a furious and fighting finish that made the St. Louis surge of a year ago last fall look like a total collapse. Giants and Cubs finished the season in a tie with Pittsburgh just a half-game behind. A muffed fly ball in any game would have changed the whole standing of those first three clubs, and it produced the most colorful episode of baseball history—the play-off game for the pennant after the season was over.

That thriller was staged between the Giants and Cubs at the Polo Grounds in New York on October 8, 1908—and every time I think of it I get lonesome for some of the "color" that used to put a punch into our baseball copy.

I had to cover that game for my paper, but I couldn't even get near the press gate. My baseball pass wasn't worth a hoot in the fighting mob that flowed all over the upper part of New York City and hung in festoons from the elevated structure back of the center-field fence and blotted out the whole face of Coogan's Bluff.

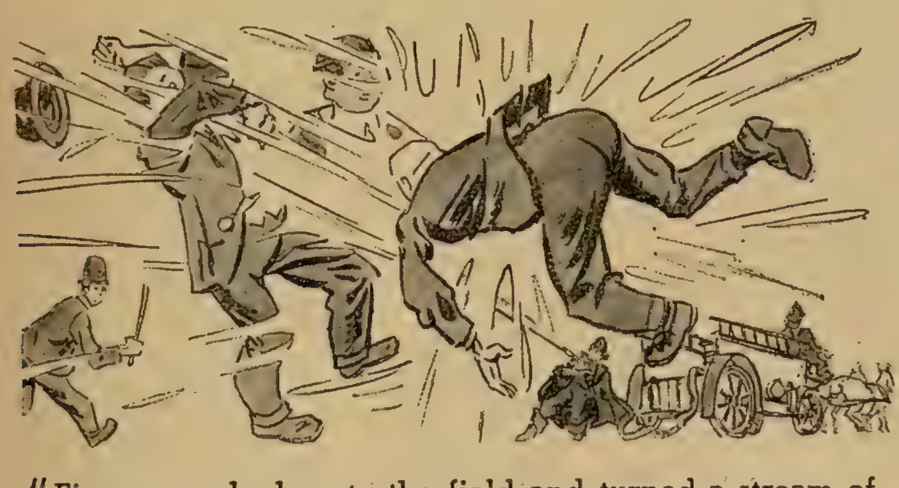
The mob outside tore down a section of the left-field fence, and I joined in the rush for this gap in the barrier.

Walter Johnson

I had no more than got inside than firemen rushed on to the field and turned a stream of water from a fire hose at the gap in the fence to keep back the crowd.

Out on the playing field a line of cops battled with the mob.

I got to the press box with the clothes ripped off my back and looking as if I had just swum the East River. Chicago pitchers were warming up in a shower of pop bottles. Chance and Joe McGinnity engaged in a fist fight at the home plate. Frank Chance had a cartilage in his neck broken when he was hit by a pop bottle. Two of the overflow crowd that hung to the elevated railroad structure outside fell off and were killed in the fall to the street below. A spectator fell off the roof of the grandstand and was carted away to the hospital.



"Firemen rushed on to the field and turned a stream of water at the gap in the fence to keep back the crowd."

And they called that little pleasantry when Joe Medwick took a playful kick at Marvin Owen in the 1934 World's Series a riot! Whadda ya mean riot?

Beside me in the press box that day sat Ring Lardner, covering the game for a Chicago newspaper. Popeyed by nature, Ring was more popeyed than usual as the inflammable crowd and the frantic players took that Polo Grounds to pieces. One of the things that I heard Ring dictate over the wire as the flying pop bottles whistled through the press coop that day was a parody on Just Before the Battle, Mother, which ended:

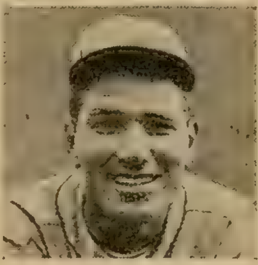
"Chance is down and Tinker's dying;
Kling has a bottle in his brain.
And oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain."

This handshaking baseball we have to write about these days may be more genteel but it's a pain in the neck to the sport scribbler who has to wade through it trying to find something to write about besides base hits and errors.

So once again, boys, all together—three rousing cheers for Dizzy Dean!

Pitching for the Athletics over in Philadelphia about this time—when he felt like it and the fishing was poor—was a fellow named Rube Waddell. With the Giants was Bugs Raymond. The White Sox had Nick Altrock. The ring had its Tom Sharkey and football had its Chadwick of Yale, who used to run up and down the side lines yelling:

"I'll fight like hell! I'll fight like hell!"



Dizzy Dean

Babe Ruth

If you wonder why the sport pages of your favorite newspaper lack the color they used to have, it is because the suffering sport scribblers who dish up the dope don't have the color to play with any more. It was the Rube Waddells and the Bugs Raymonds that made the Ring Lardners and the Charlie Drydens and the "Tads" and the George Ades that the sport pages used to know.

The Phillies had a rookie breaking in at the time who later became a star pitcher in the National League. Coming up from a spring training trip in the South, I entered a hotel dining room with him and we sat down at a small table that seated four, the other two seats at the table being occupied by guests who were strangers to us.

When the food was served, the rookie started to shovel his into his mouth on the blade of his knife. Wishing to put him right in his eating habits, I kicked him under the table, then leaned over and whispered to him behind my hand.

"Don't eat with your knife," I said.

"Huh!" he snorted in a voice that could be heard all over the dining room. "I've eat with sharper knives than this and ain't never cut my mouth!"

They don't come that way any more. That type has become as extinct as the dodo—and I miss him. When one

BOW OF SPORTS

of them does happen along, somebody has to go and educate him and spoil all our stuff.

Maybe Dizzy Dean will be some help—but for the love of Mike let him alone.

There was a colorful kid fighting his way into big-league baseball with the Detroit club, which happened to train at Augusta, Georgia, one spring. When Bill Armour, then owner and manager of the Detroit club, went down to Augusta to join his team at the training camp, his players had been playing some practice games with the Augusta club, which was then in the old South Atlantic League.

"Germany" Schaeffer, who at that time was one of the star players with the Detroit club, buttonholed Armour at the hotel when he arrived.

"JIM NASIUM'S" EQUALLY VIVID MEMORIES OF OTHER SPORTS THAN BASEBALL WILL APPEAR IN LIBERTY WITHIN A FEW WEEKS

"Bill," he said, "they've got a crazy kid on this Augusta club who will give you enough laughs to last all summer. He's the craziest ballplayer I ever saw. He tries to stretch every base hit into a double, every double into a triple, and he doesn't even know there is a third base—if he's on second when a grounder is hit to the infield he runs right over third and keeps on for the plate. He tries to steal when the pitcher is holding the ball. Wait till you see him, Bill—you'll laugh your eyes out."

Bill Armour saw him—but he didn't laugh. He did a lot of thinking instead. Maybe this kid, instead of being crazy, was just so far ahead of the game that it made him *look* crazy.

As a result of that bit of thinking Bill Armour bought him for $700. His name was Ty Cobb.

Maybe I'm just an old crab who has soured with the years. Just after the 1934 World's Series I met one of the younger sport writers at a football game, and he said: "Well, old Father Time, I suppose you know somebody who has done a better job of pitching than Dizzy Dean just finished—shutting out Cincinnati twice in three days to end the season, and then shutting out Detroit in the final game of the series with only one day's rest?"

Ty Cobb

"I sure do," I replied promptly. "He's now manager of the Cleveland club."

In September, 1908, I happened to cover an important series in Washington. On Friday, September 4, Walter Johnson—it was he who in 1934 was manager of the Cleveland club—pitched against the Yankees and shut them out with six hits. Johnson then also pitched the following day and shut out the Yankees again with four hits.

The next day was Sunday and they didn't play Sunday ball in Washington at that time. But Johnson pitched again on Monday and shut out the Yankees for the third time—and he gave them only three hits.

Three consecutive shutouts on three consecutive playing days, pitching all nine innings of each game, and Walter Johnson was better in the final game than he was in the first.

And this was only his second season in any kind of professional baseball!

Memories! And, brother, what a parade of colorful personalities!

I was barnstorming up through the South with the Phillies in the spring of 1914 when we stopped to play an exhibition game in Baltimore.

It happened that I was standing by the Baltimore bench talking with Jack Dunn, manager of the Baltimore club, when he said:

"I've got a big kid I took out of a Catholic orphan home out here and adopted. He thinks he can hit, and so do I. I think I'll stick him in here and see if he can hit big-league pitching."

The kid could and he did. He slammed the ball a mile over the right-field fence for a home run.

The name of this big kid out of the orphan asylum was Babe Ruth.

I was attached to the Los Angeles Times, under Harry Chandler, in 1900 when the manager of the Los Angeles baseball club showed me, with a chuckle of scornful amusement, a letter that he had just received.

"Another college guy who thinks he's a pitcher," he commented. "Wants to come out here for a trial if I pay his expenses from some hick town known as Factoryville back in Pennsylvania. Imagine me gambling train fare that distance to try out a college pitcher!"

I took the letter and read it. It was signed by a fellow whose name was Christy Mathewson.

On another day, back in 1904, I sat on the bench at the Los Angeles ball park and heard his manager wailing and gnashing his teeth because Frank Dillon, then star first baseman of the Los Angeles club, had been awarded to the Brooklyn National League club in some dispute over title to the player, and he would now have to take a chance on a kid from Santa Clara College. The name of this kid was Hal Chase.

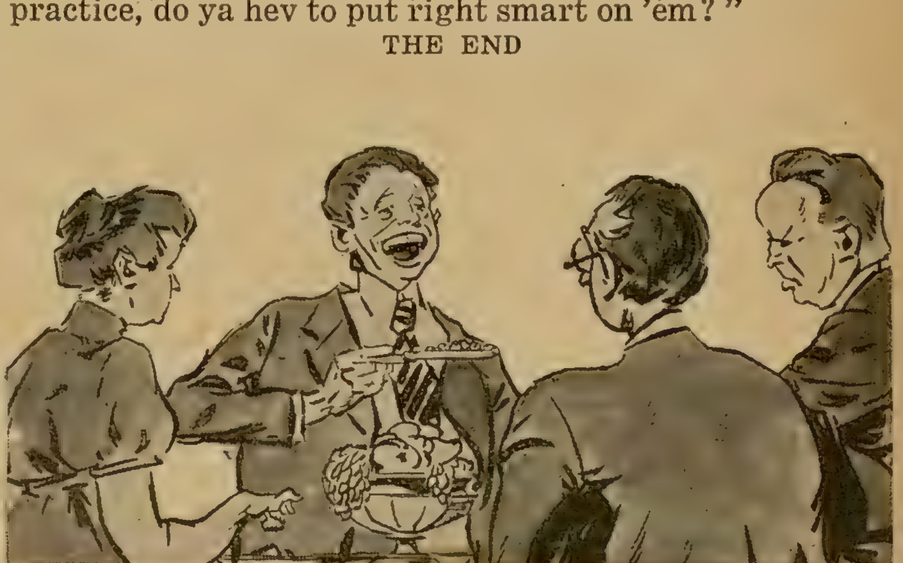
Hal Chase

WHEN I sat in the Yankee Stadium during the final game of the 1926 World's Series and saw Grover Cleveland Alexander, his sandy hair turning gray above the ears, strolling in from the bull pen to strike out Tony Lazzeri on three pitched balls with the bases full, and win the series for the Cardinals, I thought of the gangling freckle-faced farmer boy from Nebraska who had come up to me in the spring training camp of the Phillies at Birmingham, Alabama, back in 1911, and inquired:

"When yer pitchin' to these here fellers in battin' practice, do ya hev to put right smart on 'em?"

Christy Mathewson

THE END



"I whispered to him. 'Huh!' he snorted. 'I've eat with sharper knives than this and ain't never cut my mouth!'"

COLORFUL, COMIC,

A Tale of Love and Mountain Feuds Brings
Purveys Cutups and Uppercuts, and the

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

THE PLAYERS: Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Nigel Bruce, Beulah Bondi, Robert Barrat, Spanky McFarland, Fuzzy Knight, Alan Baxter, Fern Emmett, and others. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Story by John Fox, Jr.

EVER since the rather perplexed reception of Becky Sharp, Hollywood has been dubious about color films as standard movie fare. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine should change all that. Though this picture would have been outstanding entertainment in black and white—for it is exceptionally moving and excellently played, to the smallest part—it is even better in color.

One of the many fine things about The Trail of the Lonesome Pine is that it never makes one color-conscious. The shades are natural, subdued, and unaffectedly harmonious. And, as with a good musical score, they offer a complement rather than a gaudy distraction from the story. One scene especially, the burial of little Spanky McFarland, is filled with such pastoral loveliness that quite apart from its relationship to the plot it arouses an immediate and deep emotion.

In producing this highly engrossing film Walter Wanger has shown a sensitive skill to match his daring. Through it there runs an earthy humor and a heartbreak quality that give all the more sharpness to the film's occasional brutality.

Excellently directed by Henry Hathaway and gorgeously played by Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sidney, and Fred MacMurray, Grover Jones's screen play catches interest from the first. And as it piles on pathos, beauty, and comedy in its fluent move to a gripping climax, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine easily becomes one of the best pictures of the year.

Studded with beautifully photographed incident, the story is a compelling one, compellingly told. But the distinctive flavor of this grand picture does not readily lend itself to reproduction on paper. You must see The Trail of the Lonesome Pine for yourself.

VITAL STATISTICS: As he was nuts about sound in 1928, so is Milord Walter Wanger now adither over color. Plans four tinties this year, including Arabian Nights. Got idea for coloring The Lonesome Pine from John Otterson, new prexy of Paramount. . . . Wanger's art director, Alexander Toluboff, insists color is easier on eyes than black and white—look around you and see nature's exterior decoration. Toluboff subdues his colors, actually digging up and moving flowers from the foreground of scenes if they are too brilliant. Toluboff says color should be felt, not heard. Says movies can be seen without distortion from even second row of theaters if colored. Black-and-whities distort, blur. . . . This is first time entire feature was filmed outdoors with new three-color Technicolor process. Wanger sent his camera crews to Big Bear in the High Sierras for five and a half weeks. Virginia mountains of the John Fox, Jr., original story were tested (Wanger dared be *that* authentic) but found to be too hazy for good photography. Besides, High Sierras looked more like the Blue Ridges than the Blue Ridges themselves. Because sky is much bluer than most persons realize and would be too blue on screen, all scenic shots were made on semicloudy days. . . . Director Henry Hathaway tested make-ups for a week, finally lighting on a light coating of powder and lipstick, *sans* grease paint and rouge, so that Lonesome Piners would not look like boiled salmon dipped in hot mayonnaise, as did the Becky Sharpsters. Hathaway never looks at his rushes. Waits till picture is assembled, then takes it all at once. . . . Sylvia Sidney celebrated beginning of The Pine by marrying in Phoenix, Arizona, Bennett (Beans) Cerf, New York book publisher and Columbia U. intellectual, and the end of the picture by moving over to Reno, Nevada, to get a divorce. . . . Henry Fonda at picture's end found himself cast opposite former wife Margaret Sullavan in Moon of My Delight for Mr. Wanger; and Fred MacMurray spent a lot of time denying he was married to Lillian La Motte. . . . Wanger considers The Pine a gamble, having personally put up $25,000 deposit required by Technicolor before you can start grinding their ten-ton cameras. He figures to gross two and a half million on The Pine, world craving for color being on the increase these days.

★ ★ ★ ½ THE MILKY WAY

THE PLAYERS: Harold Lloyd, Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, Helen Mack, William Gargan, Dorothy Wilson, George Barbier, Lionel Stander, Marjorie Gateson. Directed by Leo McCarey. From the play by Lynn Root and Harry Clork.

HAROLD LLOYD has turned out more than his share of good comedies, but none, that we can remember, any funnier than The Milky Way. Taken from the stage hit, the frame for the typical Lloydian cutups is rather familiar stuff: about a milkman who, by a series of flukes, is made middleweight boxing champ. But it has been crammed with so many grand gags by the scenarists and so swiftly directed by Leo McCarey that you'll be laughing too much to notice the plot.

Enthusiastically assisted by Helen Mack, William Gargan, Lionel Stander, and Adolphe Menjou, Lloyd gives the picture everything a comedy needs. The characterizations are sure; the pace is speedy; and the gags are not only abundant and exquisitely timed but they help to push the story along.

The picture opens with this Milquetoast of the milk routes getting into a brawl with the champ and his stooge. When the fighter winds up with a shiner, it is assumed that the milkman is quite a puncher. He is taken over by the champ's manager, who arranges a string of setups for the new scrapper. The hitch, as we used to call it, comes when Lloyd begins to believe what he hears about his fistic ability.

Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

There is, of course, a mild love interest thrown in. Helen Mack is brightly effective as the milkman's sister, and Dorothy Wilson manages to be sweet and not saccharine as his girl friend. This romantic side, though, really matters no more than the story itself. It's the silly things that Lloyd does to it all that makes The Milky Way the successful comedy it is. His unique training methods, his ride with a colt in a taxi, and his footwork lesson to a dowager are but a few of the delightful sequences. It's all many times more amusing than this bald synopsis would indicate. In fact, Milky Way is sturdy enough to stand up under the adjective hilarious.

VITAL STATISTICS: At forty-two, with twenty years of gagging behind him, Harold (Cellyou) Lloyd gags as furiously as he did when he was Lonesome Luke. Lloyd has no gray hairs, worrying like a harpy-ridden producer for just so long, then saying: "Aw, the hell with it!" and chucking it. Light make-up keeps him looking screen-young as ever. His pictures take months of preparation. He is a stickler for original gags, if not for original material. Usually takes a year or two to get his pictures just right, working with a phalanx of comedy experts. A master gagman himself, he can tell a custard pie from an open manhole at ten paces. The Milky Way took only seven months (*a*) because it came ready-made from stage and didn't have to be created; and (*b*) because it had comedy-picture possibilities. Most of the action, which play avoided showing on stage, had to be created, and a boxing-lion sequence was added. Lion was used when it was found impossible to get a boxing kangaroo. Many famous writers have fallen by wayside trying to write for Lloyd. All

CRAFTSMANLIKE

New Beauty to the Screen; Mr. Lloyd Swiftly All-American Home Is Capably Pictured

by BEVERLY HILLS

can get magnificent ideas but cannot work them out. This is Lloyd's first nonindependent production in twelve years. Lloyd is still very happy with Mildred Davis and his three kids; Mme. Lloyd, Harold's old lead, is planning a film comeback soon. . . . Picture held up by sundry misfortunes: Menjou was terribly sick during it; Verree Teasdale, too, losing a baby. They're both entirely recovered since. Director Leo McCarey, who started with Battle of Century, Laurel & Hardy beginner, is still in hospital (at writing). He has Malta fever. Norman McLeod finished picture for him. Lloyd always takes a hand with meg (not to mention cutting, editing), so that helped! He's anxious to do a story with a foreign background; is busy learning bacteriology these days; hopes to visit the Olympics; is a Hollywood conservative; grosses about $2,000,000 on his pictures; has every implement known to modern sport on his estate.

★ ★ ½ EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, June Lang, Florence Roberts, Kenneth Howell, George Ernest, June Carlson, William Mahan, Thomas Beck, Paul Stanton, Kay Hughes, Phyllis Fraser. Directed by James Tinling. From the play by Katharine Kavanaugh.

THIS is a light and amiable family sketch, the first of an intended series. It is capably performed by a craftsmanlike group called the All-American Family. Whether or not it portrays a typical American family is up to some probing statistician to prove. But that this unpretentious domestic comedy has its moments—both comic and mildly tragic—is easily apparent. Designed for what is known as the family trade, there's nothing in this lively bit of wholesomeness to annoy the censors.

Helen Mack and Harold Lloyd as they appear in a scene from The Milky Way.

Every Saturday Night bothers itself with such minor problems as beset the average home. Which one gets the family car? How late should a young girl stay out? Should adolescents visit roadhouses? Should parents scold their children or let them run wild? And since the film never becomes unbalanced with a discordant element, these problems take on more drama than you might expect.

It's all very homey and under James Tinling's direction the affair attains both sincerity and life. Jed Prouty and Spring Byington are the harassed parents who look after a brood of children, all ages. You'll like the whole family. Though don't go to forget your own troubles. You'll see most of them in the picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hollywoodiana: June Lang, formerly June Vlasek of Minneapolis and a bouncing Czech by extraction, was under contract to Fox for three or four years. Shortly after her contractual chopping, Fox's Darryl Zanuck saw her dancing in a Hollywood café and signed her up. She's played four leads since and will go into Wooden Crosses with Baxter and March. . . . B. i. o. n., they worked hard as beavers to get unrelated actors and actresses to look like members of the same fambly. But they did it with mirrors, lights—all featuring similar hair, complexion, round noses, from Florence Roberts down to five-year-old Billy Mahan. . . . Picture cost buttons, thanks to lack of big names in cast and thirteen-day production sched, and is product of Western Avenue (or Slums) branch of Twentieth Century-Fox. . . . Jed Prouty, who started in Boston back in 1885, came to Hollywood in 1921, debutted silently, then got cast audibly as stutterer in first B'way Melody. Somehow Hollywood got idea said impediment was real, so Jed was shelved. Papa role in this is his first big chance. Having been well known B'wayer, he still hopes to make good! . . . Spring Byington enjoys the summer of life placidly. She's maw to two gals at Barnard. She is never seen on the set without two private folding chairs, and woe be to the careless sitter in them. She dabbles in water colors. . . . Florence Roberts coyly admits she was born too long ago to remember; has trouped the world; has a Philadelphia grandson. . . . Billy Mahan and eleven-year-old June Carlson have never been in a film before. Bill's (let's get masculine about this) son of a Tacoma, Washington, postman in Hollywood for his health. Bill's been on the air since he was two. June's dotter of a L. A. schoolmarm; didn't want to be an actress; attended kiddy drama school to gain self-possession, poise, and was found therein by a talent scout bearing contracts and riches. . . . Kenneth Howell treasures his memory of being Shirley Temple's first hate. . . . George Ernest, the Shylock of the fambly, is thirteen. Was found at three by Sid Grauman.

★ ★ ½ COLLEEN

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Jack Oakie, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda, Paul Draper, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, Hobart Cavanaugh. Directed by Alfred Green. Story by Robert Lord.

COLLEEN is obviously a million-dollar picture, a fact which may scare a certain number of people into liking it. And, as with most Warner musicals, it has its eye-filling moments. For the most part, though, it's a heavy-going affair in which the stars—Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell—are overshadowed by their helpmates. The plot is slight—or, rather, trite—even for a musical.

There is practically no wit in Colleen, but there are two very funny sequences—one in which Jack Oakie sings and dances to a number called Boulevardier from the Bronx, and one where nutty Hugh Herbert recites to a dictaphone. Otherwise the film is a rather humdrum display of opulence.

Lavish and slapstick as it is, Colleen lacks honest gaiety and verve. Paul Draper shows himself to be a brilliant if impersonal performer. Jack Oakie, Joan Blondell (who's swell), and Hugh Herbert bounce around a great deal and give the picture what life it has. But winsome Ruby Keeler and the popular Dick Powell are sunk in a morass of inferior material.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dick Powell is constantly being visited by the Governor of Arkansas, delegations of Loyal Hillbilly Woodchoppers, and Arkansas Drugstore Cowboy Ass'ns. On his $6,000 a week—$3,500 from Warners, $2,500 from the raddio—he finds it very easy to be his great big likable self all over the place. There is possibility he may marry Joan Blondell (she of the sideburn cheeks) but nobody's admitting a thing. Dick's adding to his enormous bachelor quarters at Encino and Joan Blondell has moved near by. He's also fenced himself round with a high fence ever since an ambitious young gal tried to crash in and establish herself as a cousin. . . . All his friends tell me Jack Oakie's become a new man since his newie, Venita Varden, took him over. He's more conservative, serious-minded. He reads deep books, presses his pants, carries embroidered hankies, but goes on and on with his kidding gags as ever. Marriage may fix that! . . . Ruby Keeler has become the First Lady of Encino, California, now that husband Al Jolson's become Mayor.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams.

★★★—Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

DOUBLE

Now Comes the Acid Test in the Vivid, Terrifying Adventure of Two Hapless Mortals Who Planned a 'Perfect Crime'

by

JAMES M. CAIN

who wrote The Postman Always Rings Twice

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES

TOGETHER, Walter Huff, an agent of the General Fidelity of California, and Mrs. Phyllis Nirdlinger, with whom he is infatuated, plan to take out an accident insurance on the life of her husband and then bump him off by way of a railroad-train casualty. Not a single little detail of the carefully worked out 'perfect crime' is overlooked by Huff. He even wins the confidence of Phyllis Nirdlinger's stepdaughter Lola, for future support in case of any suspicion, and is kind to her beau, Nino Sachetti, a young Italian struggling for his chemist's degree.

But with the insurance policy diabolically manipulated to their benefit, the chief difficulty facing Walter and Phyllis is to get Mr. Nirdlinger on a train. He uses an auto for all trips. But Fate helps out by having their intended victim break an ankle, and to attend a class reunion of his college he must board a sleeper for the trip.

That night the plotting pair carry out their murderous action. Huff dresses in similar clothes to those worn by Nirdlinger, puts on spectacles like his, and bandages one foot. Before leaving for the station in their car, Phyllis suddenly discovers she left her purse in the house. Despite his crutches and crippled foot, her husband hobbles back for it. During that interval Walter Huff silently slips into the rear seat of the sedan.

Nirdlinger returns and they drive to the railroad terminal. On the way, at a given signal and place, Huff pulls back the head of his victim and breaks his neck. After tying up the body and locking the car, Phyllis and Walter go to the station, where he, in the guise of her husband, gets on board the train. He makes his way to the observation-car platform and talks to Phyllis as she stands below.

As the train moves, Huff asks a stranger on the car platform to go to his berth for his ticket, please. Alone, the insurance agent drops off the moving train at a given spot. He waits in anguished anticipation for Phyllis. Suddenly he hears a horrible panting and the sound of staggering footsteps.

PART FOUR—"IT WAS NOT SUICIDE"

IT was Phyllis. The body of Nirdlinger must have weighed two hundred pounds. But she had him on her back, holding him by the handle I had made, and staggering along with him over the tracks. His head was hanging down beside her head. They looked like something in a horror picture.

I ran over and grabbed his legs, to take some of the weight off her. We ran him a few steps. She started to throw him down. "Not that track! The other one!"

We got him over to the track the train went out on, and dropped him. I cut the harness off and slipped it in my pocket. I put the lighted cigar within a foot or two of him. I threw one crutch over him and the other beside the track.

"Where's the car?"

"There. Couldn't you see it?"

I looked, and there it was, right where it was supposed to be, on the dirt road.

"We're done. Let's go."

We ran over and climbed in and she started the motor. She didn't cut on the lights yet. I didn't want that car to be seen leaving there. She threw in the gear. "Oh, my—his hat!"

I took the hat and sailed it out the window, on the tracks. "It's O.K. A hat can roll. *Get going!*"

She started up. We passed the factories. We came to a street. She cut on her lights.

On Sunset she went through a light. "Watch that stuff, can't you, Phyllis? If you're stopped now, with me in the car, we're sunk."

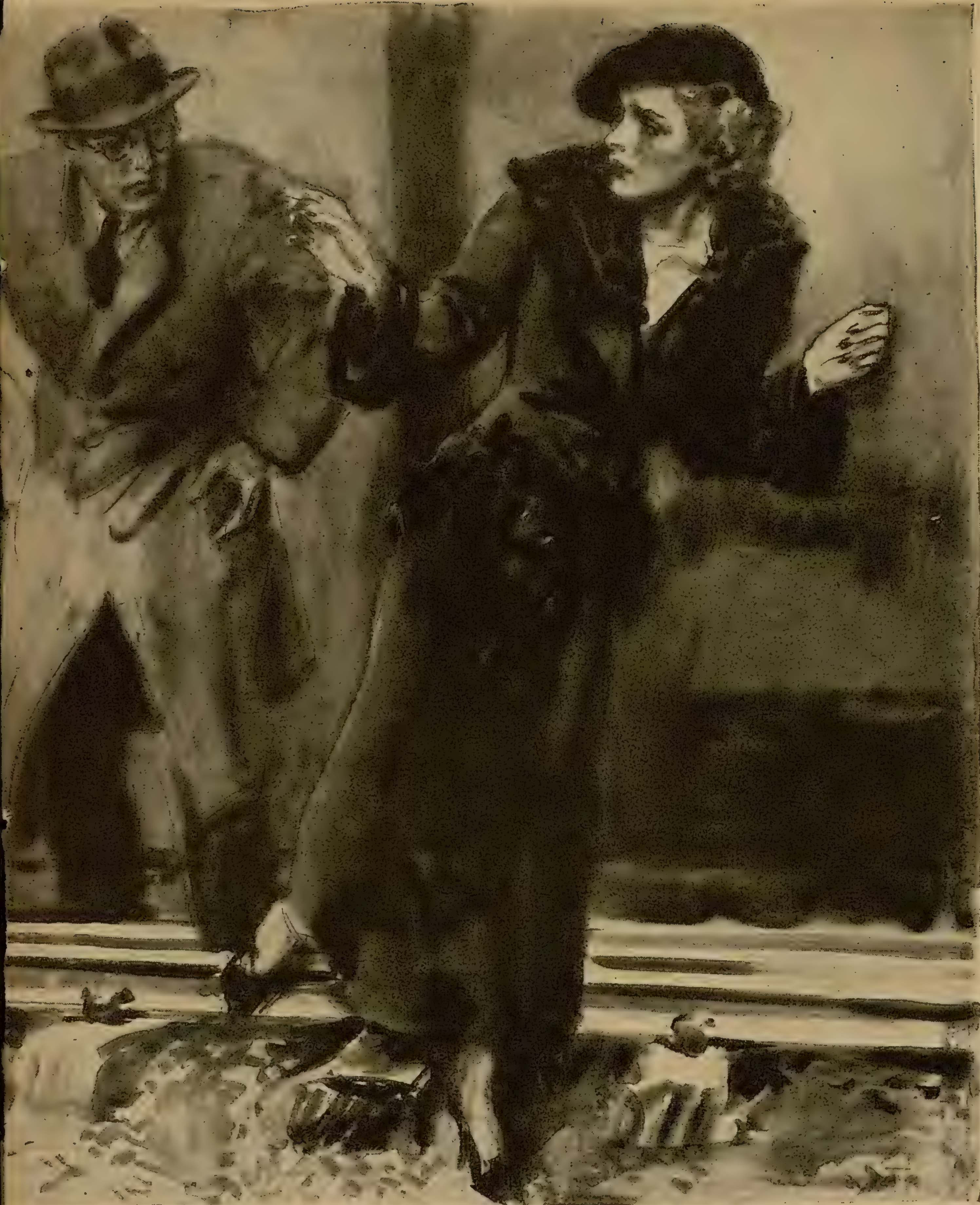


ILLUSTRATION
BY
JAMES
MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

"Where's the car?" I asked. "There," she said. "Couldn't you see it?" I looked, and there it was on the dirt road. "We're done. Let's go." We ran over and climbed in.

INDEMNITY

"Can I drive with that thing going on?" she demanded.

She meant the car radio. I had it turned on. It was to be part of my alibi, for the time I was out of the house, that I knocked off work for a while and listened to the radio. I had to know what was coming in that night. I had to know more than I could find out by reading the programs in the papers. "I've got to have it, you know that—"

"Let me alone! Let me drive!" Phyllis snapped.

She hit a zone, and she must have been doing seventy. I clenched my teeth and kept quiet. When we came to a vacant lot I threw out the rope. About a mile farther on I threw out the handle. Going by a curb drain I shot the glasses into it. Then I happened to look down and saw her shoes. They were scarred from the track ballast.

"What did you carry him for? Why didn't you let me—"

"Where were you? *Where were you?*"

"I was there. I was waiting—"

"Did I know that? Could I just sit there with *that* in the car?"

"I was trying to see where you were. I couldn't see—"

"Let me alone! *Let me drive!*"

"Your shoes—"

I choked it back. In a second or two she started up again. She raved like a lunatic. She raved and she kept on raving—about him, about me, about anything that came in her head. Every now and then I'd snap. There we were, after what we had done, snarling at each other like a couple of animals, and neither one of us could stop. It was like somebody had shot us full of some kind of dope, so we were wound up and couldn't stop.

“Phyllis, cut this out. We've got to talk, and it may be our last chance.”

“Talk, then! Who's stopping you?”

“First, then: You don't know anything about this insurance policy. You—”

“How many times do you have to say that?”

“I'm only telling you—”

“You've already told me, till I'm sick of hearing you.”

“Next, at the time of the inquest you bring—”

“I bring a minister. I know that. I bring a minister to take charge of the body. How many times have I got to listen to that? *Are you going to let me drive?*”

“O.K., then. Drive. Is Belle home?”

“How do I know? No!”

“And Lola's out?”

“Didn't I tell you?”

“Then you'll have to stop at the drugstore. To get a pint of ice cream or something. To have witnesses you drove straight home from the station. You got to say something to fix the time and the date. You—”

“Get out! Get out! I'll go insane!”

“I can't get out. I've got to get to my car! Do you know what that means, if I take time to walk? I can't complete my alibi! I—”

“I said get out!”

“Drive on, or I'll sock you.”

When she got to my car she stopped and I got out. We didn't kiss. We didn't even say good-by. I got out of her car, got in mine, started, and drove home.

When I got home I looked at the clock. It was ten twenty-five. I opened the bell box of the telephone. The card was still there. I closed the box and dropped the card in my pocket. I went in the kitchen and looked at the doorbell. That card was still there. I dropped it in my pocket. I went upstairs, ripped off my clothes, and got into pajamas and slippers. I cut the bandage off my foot. I went down, shoved bandage and cards into the fireplace, with a newspaper, and lit it. I watched it burn.

Then I went to the telephone and started to dial. I still had one call-back to get to round out the late part of my alibi. I felt something like a drawstring pull in my throat, and a sob popped out of me. I clapped the phone down. It was getting me. I knew I had to get myself under some kind of control. I swallowed a couple of times. I wanted to make sure of my voice, that it would sound O.K. A dumb idea came to me that maybe if I would sing something, that would make me snap out of it. I started to sing the Isle of Capri. I sang about two notes, and it swallowed into a kind of a wail, like a cat gives when you come in the room with a bottle of chloroform.

I went in the dining room and took a drink. I took another drink. I started mumbling to myself, trying to get so I could talk. I had to have something to mumble. I thought of the Lord's Prayer. I mumbled that a couple of times. I tried to mumble it another time, and then I couldn't remember how it went.

When I thought I could talk, I dialed again. It was ten forty-eight. I dialed Ike Schwartz, that's another salesman with General.

“Ike, do me a favor, will you? I'm trying to figure out a proposition on a public liability bond for a wine company, to have it ready for them tomorrow morning, and I'm going nuts. I came off without my rate book. Joe Pete can't find it, and I'm wondering if you'll look up what I want in yours. You got it with you?”

“Sure. I'll be glad to.”

I gave him the dope. He said give him fifteen minutes and he'd call back.

I walked around, digging my fingernails into my hands, trying to hold on to myself. The drawstring began to jerk on my throat again. I began mumbling again, saying over and over what I had just said to Ike. The phone rang. I answered. He had it figured for me, he said, and began to give it to me. He gave it to me three different ways, so I'd have it all. It took him twenty minutes. I took it down, what he said. I could feel the sweat squeezing out on my forehead and running down off my nose. After a while he was done.

“O.K., Ike, that's just what I wanted to know. That's just how I wanted it. Thanks a thousand times.”

Soon as he hung up everything cracked. I dived for the bathroom. I was sicker than I had ever been in my life. After that passed I fell into bed. It was a long time before I could turn out the light. Then I lay there staring into the dark. Every now and then I would have a chill or something and start to tremble. Then that passed and I lay there, like in a dope. Then I started to think. I tried not to, but it would creep up on me.

I knew then what I had done. I had killed a man. I had killed a man to get a woman. I had put myself in her power, so there was one person in the world that could point a finger at me, and I would have to die. I had done all that for her, and I never wanted to see her again. That's all it takes, one drop of fear, to curdle love into hate.

. . . . .

I gulped down some orange juice and coffee, and then went up in the bedroom with the paper. I was afraid to open it in front of the Filipino. Sure enough, there it was, on page one:

OIL MAN, ON WAY TO
JUNE RALLY, DIES
IN TRAIN FALL

H. S. Nirdlinger, Former Football Star, Killed in
Plunge from Express En Route to Reunion
at Leland Stanford

With injuries about the head and neck, the body of H. S.

A PISCATORIAL PUZZLE

Some time ago Liberty purchased a series of puzzles, all of which—except the one below and three others—were published. These puzzles—the other three will appear at intervals—are, to the best of Liberty's knowledge and belief, the last ones prepared by the world-renowned

SAM LOYD

THE small-mouth bass ran nicely for the local Izaak Walton Club on their last outing, and the five members had some interesting stories to reel off at the office next day.

It seems that Jones, Brown, and Smith were in one boat and were fishing on the whack-up plan, which gave each man one third of the boat's catch. Green and Robinson, in the other skiff, likewise agreed to divide their fish equally.

At the end of the day's sport, when divisions were made as agreed, each of the five men received the same number of fish.

If you would care to hear more of this piscatorial outing, here are finny facts that make quite a respectable puzzle:

Green and Jones, together, caught 21 fish; Jones and Brown together, 30 fish; Brown and Smith together, 27; Smith and Robinson together 18.

Now, who can figure out how many fish each man caught?

(The answer will be found on page 37)

Nirdlinger, Los Angeles representative of the Western Pipe & Supply Company and for a number of years prominently identified with the oil industry here, was found on the railroad tracks about two miles north of this city shortly before midnight last night.

Mr. Nirdlinger had departed on a northbound train earlier in the evening to attend his class reunion at Leland Stanford University, and it is believed he fell from the train. Police point out he had fractured his leg some weeks ago, and believe his unfamiliarity with crutches may have caused him to lose his balance on the observation platform, where he was last seen alive.

Mr. Nirdlinger was forty-four years old. Born in Fresno, he attended Leland Stanford, where he played on the football team. Upon graduation, he entered the oil business, and was one of the pioneers in the opening of the field at Long Beach. Later he was active at Signal Hill.

For the last three years he had been in charge of the local office of the Western Pipe & Supply Company.

Surviving are a widow, formerly Miss Phyllis Belden of Mannerheim, and a daughter, Miss Lola Nirdlinger. Mrs. Nirdlinger, before her marriage, was head nurse of the Verdugo Health Institute here.

Twenty minutes to nine, Nettie called. She said Mr. Norton wanted to see me as soon as I could possibly get down. That meant they already had it, and I wouldn't have to put on any act, going in there with my paper and saying this is the guy I sold an accident policy to last winter. I said I knew what it was, and I was right on my way.

I got through the day somehow. I think I told you about Norton and Keyes. Norton is our president. He's a stocky man, about thirty-five, that got the job when his father died, and he's so busy trying to act like his father he doesn't seem to have time for much else. Keyes is head of the Claim Department. He's a holdover from the old regime, and the way he tells it, young Norton never does anything right. He's big and fat and peevish, and on top of that he's a theorist, and it makes your head ache to be around him, but he's the best claim man on the Coast, and he was the one I was afraid of.

FIRST I had to face Norton and tell him what I knew, or anyway what I was supposed to know. I told him how I propositioned Nirdlinger about the accident policy, and how his wife and daughter opposed it, and how I dropped it that night, but went over to his office a couple of days later to give him another whirl. That would check with what the secretary saw. I told him how I sold him then, but only after I promised not to say anything to the wife and daughter about it. I told how I took his application, then, when the policy came through, delivered it and got his check.

Then we went down in Keyes's office, and we went all over it again. It took all morning, you understand. All while we were talking phone calls and telegrams kept coming in, from San Francisco—where they had their investigators interviewing people that were on the train, from the police, from the secretary, from Lola—where they got her on the phone to find out what she knew. They tried to get Phyllis, but she had had strict instructions from me not to come to the phone, so she didn't.

THEY got hold of the coroner and arranged for an autopsy. There's generally a hookup between insurance companies and coroners, so they can get an autopsy if they want it. They could demand it, under a clause in their policy, but that would mean going to court for an order, and would tip it that the deceased was insured, and that's bad all the way round. They get it on the quiet, and in this case they had to have it. Because if Nirdlinger died of apoplexy, or heart failure, and fell off the train, then it wouldn't any longer be accident, but death from natural causes. And they wouldn't be liable. About the middle of the afternoon they got the medical report. Death was from a broken neck. When they heard that they got the inquest postponed two days.

By four o'clock the memos and telegrams were piled on Keyes's desk so he had to put a weight on top of them to keep them from falling over, and he was mopping his brow and so peevish nobody could talk to him. But Norton was getting more cheerful by the minute. He took a San Francisco call from somebody named Jackson, and I could tell from what he said that it was this guy I had got rid of on the observation platform before I dropped off. When he hung up he put one more memo on top of the others and turned to Keyes.

"Clear case of suicide."

If it was suicide, you see, the company wouldn't be liable either. This policy only covered accident.

"Yeah?"

"All right, watch me while I check it over. First, he took out this policy. He took it out in secret. He didn't tell his wife, he didn't tell his daughter, he didn't tell his secretary, he didn't tell anybody. If Huff, here, had been on the job, he might have known—"

"Known what?"

"No need to get sore, Huff. But you've got to admit it looked funny—"

"It didn't look funny at all. It happens every day. Now if *they* had tried to insure *him*, without *him* knowing, *that* would have looked funny."

"That's right. Leave Huff out of it."

"All I'm saying, Keyes, is that—"

"Huff's record shows that if there had been anything funny, he'd have noted it and we'd have known it. You better find out something about your own agents."

"All right, skip it. He takes out this policy in absolute secrecy. Why?

"OF COURSE I LOVE YOU—
but I'm crazy with this head"
THEN HELP CAME QUICKLY
BOB, YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANY MORE!
OF COURSE I DO—BUT CAN'T YOU SEE I'M SICK? HEAD SPINNING —STOMACH IN A WHIRL —HOW AM I GOING TO WORK?
• A LITTLE LATER •
YEP, BROMO-SELTZER ALWAYS FIXES ME UP IN NO TIME. STOPS HEADACHE FASTER, EASES THE STOMACH, SOOTHES THE NERVES
I FEEL BETTER ALREADY, THAT'S A FACT! GUESS I'LL CALL THE WIFE AND DATE HER FOR A SHOW TONIGHT!
BROMO SELTZER

NEXT-MORNING headaches needn't keep you from work or pleasure. They vanish quickly with Bromo-Seltzer!

Doctors find Bromo-Seltzer works *faster* than any other remedy they've tested! Also . . . soothes the stomach, calms nerves, reduces excess lactic acid in the blood. At drugstores, soda fountains—keep it in your medicine chest at home.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

Because he knew that if his family knew what he had done, they would know what he was up to. They knew what was on his mind, we can depend on that, and when we go into his books and his history, we'll find out what the trouble was. All right. Next point, he fractured his leg, but he didn't put a claim in. Why? That looks funny, don't it, that a man had an accident policy and didn't put a claim in for a broken leg? *Because he knew he was going to do this, and he was afraid if he put a claim in the family would find out about this policy and block him off.*"

"How?"

"If they called us up, we'd cancel on him, wouldn't we? You bet we would. We'd return his unused premium so fast you couldn't see our dust, and he knew it. Oh, no, he wasn't taking a chance on our doctor going out there to look at his leg and tipping things off. That's a big point."

"Go on."

"All right. He figures an excuse to take a train. He takes his wife with him to the station, he gets on the train, he gets rid of her. She goes. He's ready to do it. But he runs into trouble. There's a guy out there, on the observation platform, and for this he don't want any company. You bet he doesn't. So what does he do? He gets rid of him by putting up some kind of a story about not having his ticket and leaving it in his briefcase, and as soon as this guy goes he takes his dive. That was the guy I just talked to, a man by the name of Jackson that went up to Frisco on a business trip and is coming back tomorrow. He says there's no question about it, he had the feeling even when he offered to get Nirdlinger's briefcase for him that he was trying to get rid of him, but he didn't quite have the heart to say no to a cripple. In my mind that clinches it. It's a clear case of suicide. You can't take any other view of it."

"So what?"

"Our next step is the inquest. We can't appear there, of course, because if a jury finds out a dead man is insured they'll murder us. We can send an investigator or two, perhaps, to sit in there, but nothing more than that. But Jackson says he'll be glad to appear and tell what he knows, and there's a chance—just a chance, but still a chance—that we may get a suicide verdict anyway. If we do, we're in. If we don't, then we've got to consider what we do. However, one thing at a time. The inquest first, and you can't tell what the police may find out. We may win right in the first round."

Keyes mopped his head some more. He was so fat he really suffered in the heat. He lit a cigarette. He drooped down and looked away from Norton like it was some schoolboy and he didn't want to show his disgust. Then he spoke: "It was not suicide."

"What are you talking about? It's a clear case."

"It was not suicide."

He opened his bookcase and began throwing thick books on the table. "Mr. Norton, here's what the actuaries have to say about suicide. You study them. You might find out something about the insurance business you didn't know."

'Tisn't So

by

R. E. Doan

THE HUMMING noise heard from telegraph wires is not caused by the current in them. It is caused by the wind setting up a vibration of the wires. Each wire, depending upon its size and the tightness with which it is drawn, has its own rate of vibration and its own note when vibrated by the wind—which may, of course, be blowing some distance from the point at which you hear the noise.

WE ARE NOT all created equal. Investigations made by scientists of the Carnegie Institution of Washington have borne out the fact that a person's health and length of life are determined to a large extent by the quality of the egg cell from which he, or she, was born. And they have found a great variation in nature and quality among human egg cells.

IVY does not make a wall damp. If anything, ivy growing on a wall will make it less damp, since the leaves serve to deflect the rain, causing it to drop to the ground. Also, the tendrils of the ivy to some extent absorb the moisture that would otherwise reach the wall.

THE YELLOW MARK left on a cloth after blowing tobacco smoke through it is not nicotine. Despite this startling test, often suggested by opponents of the smoking habit, the yellow spot thus left on a cloth is really tobacco tar, not nicotine.

SNAKES, owls, and prairie dogs do not live in the same holes. This belief has probably been occasioned by the fact that owls and snakes sometimes use old prairie-dog holes to live in—but not jointly. They are all mutual enemies.

"I was raised in the insurance business, Keyes."

"You were raised in private schools—Groton and Harvard. While you were learning how to pull bow oars there, I was studying these tables. Take a look at them. Here's suicide by race, by color, by occupation, by sex, by locality, by seasons of the year, by time of day when committed. Here's suicide by method of accomplishment. Here's method of accomplishment subdivided by poisons, by firearms, by gas, by drowning, by leaps. Here's suicide by poisons subdivided by sex, by race, by age, by time of day. Here's suicide by poisons subdivided by cyanide, by mercury, by strychnine, by thirty-eight other poisons, sixteen of them no longer procurable at prescription pharmacies. And here—here, Mr. Norton—are leaps subdivided by leaps from high places, under wheels of moving trains, under wheels of trucks, under the feet of horses, from steamboats. *But there's not one case here out of all these millions of cases of a leap from the rear end of a moving train.* That's just one way they don't do it."

"They could."

"Could they? That train, at the point where the body was found, moves at a maximum of fifteen miles an hour. Could any man jump off it there with any real expectation of killing himself?"

"He might dive off. This man had a broken neck."

"Don't trifle with me. He wasn't an acrobat."

"Then what are you trying to tell me? That it was on the up-and-up?"

"Listen, Mr. Norton. When a man takes out an insurance policy, an insurance policy that's worth fifty thousand dollars if he's killed in a railroad accident, and then three months later he *is* killed in a railroad accident, it's not on the up-and-up. It can't be. If the train got wrecked it might be, but even then it would be a mighty suspicious coincidence. A *mighty* suspicious coincidence. No, it's not on the up-and-up. But it's not suicide."

"Then what do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"Murder?"

"I mean murder."

"Well, wait a minute, Keyes, wait a minute. Wait till I catch up with you. What have you got to go on?"

"Nothing." He shrugged his fat shoulders.

"You must have *something.*"

"I said 'nothing.' Whoever did this did a perfect job. There's nothing to go on. Just the same, it's murder."

"Do you suspect anybody?"

"The beneficiary of such a policy, so far as I am concerned, is automatically under suspicion."

"You mean the wife?"

"I mean the wife."

"She wasn't even on the train."

"Then somebody else was."

"Have you any idea who?"

"None at all."

"And this is all you have to go on?"

"I told you, I have nothing to go on. Nothing but those tables and my own hunch, instinct, and experience. It's a slick job, but it's no accident, and it's no suicide."

"Then what are we going to do?"

"I don't know. Give me a minute to think."

He took a half hour to think. Norton and I, we sat there and smoked. After a while Keyes began to bump the desk with the palm of his hand. He knew what he meant, you could see that.

"Mr. Norton."

"Yes, Keyes."

"There's only one thing for you to do. It's against practice, and in some other case I'd oppose it. But not in this. There's a couple of things about this that made me think that practice is one of the things they're going to count on, and take advantage of. Practice in a case like this is to wait, and make them come to you, isn't it? I advise against that. I advise jumping in there at once, tonight if possible, and if not tonight, then certainly on the day of that inquest, and filing a complaint against that woman. I advise filing an information of suspected murder against her, and smashing at her as hard and as quick as we can. I advise that we demand her arrest, and her detention too, for the full forty-eight hours' incommunicado that the law allows in a case of this kind. I advise sweating her with everything the police have got. I particularly advise separating her from this accomplice, whoever he is, or she is, so we get the full value of surprise, and prevent their conferring on future plans. Do that, and, mark my words, you're going to find out things that'll amaze you."

"But—*on what?*"

"On nothing."

"BUT, Keyes, we can't do a thing like that. Suppose we don't find out anything. Suppose we sweat her and get nothing. Suppose it *is* on the up-and-up. Look where that puts us. Holy smoke, she could murder us in a civil suit, and a jury would give her every nickel she asks for. I'm not sure they couldn't get us for *criminal* libel. And then look at the other side of it. We've got an advertising budget of one hundred thousand dollars a year. We describe ourselves as the friend of the widow and orphan. We spend all that for good will, and then what? We lay ourselves open to the charge that we'd accuse a woman of *murder* even, rather than pay a just claim."

"It's not a just claim."

"It will be, unless we prove different."

"All right. What you say is true. I told you it's against practice. But let me tell you this, Mr. Norton, and tell you right now: Whoever pulled this was no punk. He, or she, or maybe both of them, or the three of them, or however many it took—knew what they were doing. They're not going to be caught just by your sitting around hoping for clues. They thought of clues. There aren't any. The only way you're going to catch them is to move against *them.* I don't care if it's a battle or a murder case, or whatever it is, surprise is a

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ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

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2 MINUTES LATER

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End those irritating nuisances around the house—**loose drawer-pulls, casters and bathroom fixtures, cracks in floors, around baseboards, broken furniture**—repair them quickly with Plastic Wood—that handles like putty and hardens into lasting wood. You can paint it, carve it—it adheres to wood, metal, plaster—holds nails and screws. You'll say Plastic Wood is wonderful—paint and hardware stores sell 25c tubes and 35c cans.

PLASTIC WOOD

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Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

IMAGINE ME GIVING UP FOOD AND SMOKES WHEN I CAN GET Pfunder's TABLETS

"I had to be choosy about my food. I had to cut down on smokes because of an excess acid stomach. Now I eat and smoke to my heart's content. Take my advice . . cut out ordinary alkalizers. Take PFUNDER'S! They're guaranteed to satisfy or your money back." PFUNDER'S are recommended by many doctors and they are praised by thousands of users. You can NOT buy PFUNDER'S at all drug stores. Play Safe. Mail coupon to F. H. Pfunder, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

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Send me ALL of the following FREE: (1) A generous trial supply of PFUNDER'S TABLETS and 12 PFUNDRIN (Value 50c); (2) "WHAT TO DO FOR HYPERACID STOMACH TROUBLES"; (3) "A PALLIATIVE TREATMENT for STOMACH ULCERS caused by excess acid"; and (4) "DIETING to GET THIN? EATING TO GET FAT?" (Enclose 10c coin or stamps to cover packing and mailing cost.)

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I TAKE THE 3-MINUTE WAY!"

I've found that blotchy skin due to constipation can usually be cleared up by taking the *right kind of laxative.* That means no more jolting, racking, "all-at-once" cathartics. I take FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—the safe, common-sense way to relieve constipation. Just chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed at night. Its effects are easy, pleasant, and *thorough*—it goes to work *gradually.* And how the children love it. It's only 15 cents and 25 cents a box.

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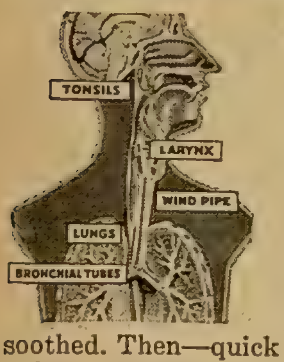
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
THE 3 MINUTE WAY

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

COUGHS STOP QUICKER
by "Moist-Throat" Method



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D.D.D. Prescription

weapon that *can* work. I don't say it will work. But I say it can work. And I say nothing else is going to work."

"But, Keyes, we can't do things like that."

"Why not?"

"Keyes, we've been over that a million times; every insurance company has been over it a million times. We have our practice, and you can't beat it. These things are a matter for the police. We can help the police, if we've got something to help with. If we discover information, we can turn it over to them. If we have our suspicions, we can communicate them to them. We can take any lawful, legitimate step—but as for this—"

He stopped. Keyes waited, and he didn't finish.

"What's unlawful about this, Mr. Norton?"

"Nothing. It's lawful enough—but it's wrong. It puts us out in the open. It leaves us with *no* defenses in case we miss on it. I never heard of a thing like that. It's—tactically wrong, that's what I'm trying to say."

"But strategically right."

"We've got our strategy. We've got our ancient strategy, and you can't beat it. Listen. It *can* be suicide. We can affirm our belief that it's suicide, at the proper time, and we're safe. The burden of proof is on her. That's what I'm trying to say. Believe me, on a keg of dynamite like this, I don't want to get myself in the position where the burden of proof is on us."

"You're not going to move against her?"

"Not yet, Keyes, not yet. Maybe later. I don't know. But so long as we can do the conservative safe thing, I don't get mixed up with the other kind."

"Your father—"

"Would have done the same thing. I'm thinking of him."

"He would not. Old Man Norton could take a chance."

"Well, I'm not my father!"

"It's your responsibility."

I DIDN'T go to the inquest, Norton didn't, and Keyes didn't. No insurance company can afford to let a jury know—whether it's a coronor's jury or any other kind of jury—that a dead man is insured. It just gets murdered if that comes out. Two investigators were sent over, guys that look like everybody else and sit with the newspapermen. We got what happened from them. They all told their story—Phyllis, the two conductors, the redcap, the porter, a couple of passengers, the police, and especially this guy Jackson, that pounded it in that I tried to get rid of him. The jury brought in a verdict "that the said Herbert S. Nirdlinger came to his death by a broken neck received in a fall from a railroad train at or about ten o'clock on the night of June third in a manner unknown to this jury."

It took Norton by surprise. He really had hoped for a suicide verdict. It didn't me. The most important person at that inquest never said a word, and I had beat it into Phyllis's head long before that he had to be there, because I had figured on this suicide stuff, and we had to be ready for it. That was the minister that she asked to come with her to confer with the undertaker on arrangements for the funeral. Once a coroner's jury sees that it's a question of burial in consecrated ground, the guy could take poison, cut his throat, and jump off the end of a dock, and they would still give a verdict, "in a manner unknown to this jury."

AFTER the investigators told their story, we sat around again—Norton, Keyes, and myself—in Norton's office this time. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. Keyes was sore. Norton was disappointed but still trying to make it look like he had done the right thing.

"Well, Keyes, we're no worse off."

"You're no better off."

"Anyway, we haven't done anything foolish."

"What now?"

"Now? I follow practice. I wait her out. I deny liability on the ground that accident is not proved, and I make her sue. When she sues, then we'll see what we see."

"You're sunk."

"I know I'm sunk, but that's what I'm going to do."

"What do you mean you know you're sunk?"

"Well, I've been talking to the police about this. I told them we suspect murder. They said they did too, at first, but they've given up that idea. They've gone into it. They've got their books too, Keyes. They know how people commit murder and how they don't. They say they never heard of a case where murder was committed, or even attempted, by pushing a man off the rear end of a slow-moving train. They say the same thing about it you say. How could a murderer, assuming there was one, be sure the man would die? Suppose he only got hurt? Then where would the murderer be? No, they assured me it's on the up-and-up. It's just one of those freak things, that's all."

"Did they cover everybody that was on that train? Did they find out whether there was a single one of them that was acquainted with this wife? Holy smoke, Mr. Norton, don't tell me they gave up without going into that part! *I tell you, there was somebody else on that train!*"

"They did better than that. They covered the observation-car steward. He took a seat right by the door, to mark up his slips for the beginning of the trip, and he's certain nobody was out there with Nirdlinger, because if anybody had passed him he would have had to move. He remembers Jackson going out there about ten minutes before the train pulled out. He remembers the cripple going by. He remembers Jackson coming back. He remembers Jackson going out there again with the briefcase, and Jackson coming back the second time.

" Jackson didn't report the disappearance right away. He just figured Nirdlinger went in a washroom or something, and, fact of the matter, it wasn't till midnight, when he wanted to go to bed and he still had the briefcase that he supposed had Nirdlinger's ticket in it, that he said anything to the conductor about it. Five minutes after that, at Santa Barbara, was where they caught the conductor with a wire, and he impounded Nirdlinger's baggage and began taking names. There was nobody out there. This guy fell off, that's all. It's on the up-and-up."

" If it's on the up-and-up, why don't you pay her? "

" Well, wait a minute. That's what I think. That's what the police think. But there's still considerable evidence of suicide—"

" Not a scrap."

" Enough, Keyes, that I owe it to my stockholders to throw the thing into court and let a jury decide. I may be wrong. The police may be wrong. Before that suit comes to trial we may be able to turn up plenty. That's all I'm going to do. Let a jury decide, and if it decides we're liable, then I pay her. But I can't just make her a present of the money."

" That's what you'll be doing if you allege suicide."

" We'll see."

" Yeah, we'll see."

I walked back with Keyes to his office. He snapped on the lights. " He'll see. I've handled too many cases, Huff. When you've handled a million of them, you *know*. This is murder. . . . So they covered the porter, did they? Nobody went out. How do they know somebody didn't swing aboard from outside? How do they know—"

He stopped, looked at me, and then he began to curse and rave like a maniac.

" Didn't I tell him? Didn't I tell him to drive at her right from the start? Didn't I tell him to have her put under arrest, without waiting for this inquest? Didn't I tell him—"

" What do you mean, Keyes? " My heart was pounding, plenty.

How long can Walter Huff stand the strain of being in the enemy's camp and remain unsuspected, undetected? With Phyllis on one side and Keyes on the other, his nerve needs to be iron. What he does next is something totally unexpected, and is revealed in your next issue of Liberty.

ANSWER TO SAM LOYD PUZZLE ON PAGE 32

It was told that Green and Jones together landed 21 fish, while Jones and Brown together caught 30, which proves that Brown's catch exceeded Green's by 9.

Further, we were informed that Brown and Smith together caught 27, while Smith and Robinson together hooked 18, which proves that Brown caught 9 more than Robinson. Thus, it is established through comparison with Brown that the catches of Green and Robinson were alike.

Adding together the given paired catches, we have a total of 96 fish, and in this total the catches of Brown, Smith, and Jones are each represented twice, while Green's and Robinson's are represented only once.

Green and Robinson must have caught two fifths of the party's entire catch, since it was told that the combined catches of these two men gave to each the average catch of the whole party.

Therefore 96 fish equal eight fifths of the total catch, and that total must have been 60. Having proved that Green and Robinson each caught one fifth, or 12 fish, and applying these known quantities to the given pairings, we learn that Jones caught 9, Brown 21, and Smith 6.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **MAGDALENA by Helen Douglas Irvine. The Macmillan Company.**

The intimate friendship of an ocean voyage; the arrogant lone passenger to whom no one speaks; this man, the husband of Magdalena; the gossips, each one adding a bit of horror; loneliness, and eventually the murder by this same man of Magdalena. A most interesting story.

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IS MUSSOLINI'S

FOUR months after Mussolini took the fateful step of defying the British Empire in his attempted conquest of Ethiopia, and two months after the League of Nations took the equally fateful step of voting an economic boycott against Italy, it still remains a question whether Mussolini is stronger or weaker than before.

He knows exactly what he is doing, has calculated most of the risks, and chose the moment when there would be least effective opposition to his plans. Few people have cared or dared to analyze his position's strength or weakness—at least for public print. Behind the closed doors of European foreign offices, however, they know what it is all about, and here is the way the situation now stands:

World © Ralph Oggiano

"He's out on the end of a limb, but so are the Allies." A new portrait, exclusive in Liberty.

Mussolini's international political position is definitely stronger than it was. His position with respect to the forces which shape world public opinion is also somewhat stronger. His naval, military, and economic position is definitely weaker. His future thus depends on whether the political and moral advantages of his position can outweigh strategic considerations.

He started with these political disadvantages: The British Empire, at first reluctantly but then more forcefully, was against him; British diplomacy persuaded the powers of the League of Nations to decree an economic boycott against Italy; the Soviet Union, being anti-Fascist and anxious to secure League support against a possible Japanese attack, also co-operated with the British Empire and the League; the American government, under the new neutrality laws, was disposed to work parallel to the League policy of withholding military supplies and raw materials from Italy; and all the time Germany was coming closer to the union with Austria, to prevent which is the chief purpose of Italian foreign policy.

With the possible exception of the Russians and Germans, all of these forces have grown much stronger. They appear to be overwhelming. But are they?

In the first place, the British are not free to move. The danger to British power in Asia increases with every month of British trouble with Italy. The Arab world is in a state of great unrest. There have been anti-British riots in Egypt and Palestine, and plots and counterplots in Arabia. The Moslem world may at any time burst into a holy war against its British rulers. Farther afield the Japanese are again closing in on the Chinese Republic and getting ready to move their armies. Is Ethiopia worth the loss of British trade and investments in China, let alone the rest of Asia?

Another point in Mussolini's favor is that Europe is sick of war, fears war, hates war, and dreads lest League sanctions be pushed to a point at which a desperate Italy will cause a general conflagration. For fifty years Europe staved off a world war by dividing up Africa between the Big Powers. Will it be worth Europe's while to avoid another by letting Italy grab the last independent hunk of African soil? Allied to the fear of war is the fear of Communistic revolution. Another war would spread Bolshevism. If Mussolini is overthrown, Italy will be ripe for radical revolt. What immediate advantage outweighs that risk to Europe?

Finally, the anti-Italian line-up is not solid except on paper. Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, and Albania are not applying a full boycott. Germany is neutral. The American people do not wish to be entangled in anything like a European coalition or a League war, and France has been on the verge of a big change in government, which might, it was thought, lead her to adopt a pro-Italian rather than a pro-League policy. With the exception of American public opinion and Germany's "neutrality," all of these political factors which are working in Mussolini's favor have grown stronger rather than weaker. The advantages of his diplomatic position still outweigh the disadvantages by nearly two to one.

The opposite is true of his military position. He started on equal terms; but while his squadrons of airplanes can still cut the Mediterranean in two, the British naval control of that sea has been strengthened by an enormous fleet concentration at Alexandria and Haifa, and by the squadrons of the Royal Air Force. The British can cut Mussolini's communications through the Suez Canal and can fight him in the air at the same time, without ever once exposing Great Britain to danger of air attack.

He started his campaign against the Ethiopians with a complete superiority in military equipment. That superiority has been maintained, but it certainly has not been increased, since the Ethiopians have been able to import munitions freely since the British and French lifted their arms embargo. And the campaign difficulties have increased as his troops have advanced; the advantage of equipment is being lost in rough country and guerrilla warfare, and the difficulty of transport is increasing. Finally, Mussolini began his campaign after laying in a year's supply of raw materials. This supply is being eaten away and the League boycott is preventing him from getting replacements. As things now stand, Italy must be brought to an economic stop within a year. On the strategic side, Il Duce has the odds against him.

The only thing which can prevent the issue from being brought down to a hard-boiled basis of crushing Italy like a bug is the moral factor. This is what Bismarck said outweighed the physical factor by ten to one. The moral factors are heavily weighted in support of Italy, in spite of appearances to the contrary.

The moral forces which the British are bringing against Mussolini are big and powerful. First and foremost is the British system of propaganda—perhaps the best the world has ever seen. The propaganda is rendered

POWER CRUMBLING?

The Allies Don't Want Il Duce to Win . . . but Dare They Let Him Lose? . . . A Penetrating Look at Europe's Diplomatic Dilemma

by

JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

easier by a world-wide democratic detestation of Fascism and Naziism. Hatred of dictatorships, police spies, concentration camps, colored-shirt paraders, is general throughout the democratic nations and has led to a profound dislike of Mussolini, of whom the best that his American apologists can say is that “ he made the trains run on time.” Moreover, this feeling is found in Italy as well as abroad. People don't like being made to stand in line in the name of national glory. And the Ethiopian campaign itself is leading to growing discontent inside of Italy.

Moreover, if sanctions succeed in stopping Italy, the lesson will not be lost on other nations, and the chances of war in the future will be thereby lessened. That sanctions may cause individual hardships, suffering, or unemployment among the League powers does not necessarily mean that they will be unpopular, for they will give people a concrete way in which to make a real sacrifice for peace and thereby strengthen rather than weaken their determination to continue in the course of economic coercion. Thus the governments of the sanctions-imposing nations can be assured of rising popular support during the settlement of the controversy.

Finally, operating behind the scenes but perhaps the most powerful single force in Latin Europe and the Near East is Freemasonry as organized in the Grand Orient Lodge. Mussolini is openly and avowedly anti-Masonic and he broke up the Italian lodges and forbade Italians to join the order. Remember that the Masons created modern Italy, that they dominated the French government, that they organized the republic in Spain and have controlled most of the Balkan and Near Eastern governments. The Grand Orient is no insignificant antagonist and is doubtless striving to restore Masonic principles in Italy and elsewhere.

TO offset this, Mussolini can rely on equally powerful forces. He can count on the general support of the Catholic Church and, in particular, of the Jesuits; the Society of Jesus is strongly opposed to Freemasonry and Communism alike. The Catholic doctrine believes in discipline and in authority, and is being powerfully reinforced throughout the world by the rise of such disciplined and authoritative movements as the Nazis in Germany and the Croix de Feu in France.

So far as Italy is concerned, the internal discipline which Mussolini has imposed on the Italian people through Fascism is a very powerful force in deciding the issue. Despite internal discontent with the sufferings of the war, the Fascisti have the situation well in hand and can operate the whole country as an army. In this Mussolini will be aided by the lack of discipline in the democratic nations. Individualists are, as always, greedy for profit and impatient of control. They will want to make money out of the war or by trade with Italy; they will want to bootleg supplies into Italy and to protect their Italian investments.

Moreover, the very governments which are trying to bring pressure to bear on Mussolini have a bad conscience which will hinder their operations. They know that Italy is doing nothing that other countries have not done. It is only ten years since France and Spain sent 300,000 troops into Morocco to conquer the Riffi mountaineers. The British Empire was created and is being maintained by war. Japan grabbed Manchuria without being manhandled by the League powers. America exterminated the Indians and took their lands. And Italy, which fought the war for the Allies, got stung at the Treaty of Versailles and was promised a chance at Ethiopia, in recompense, by a number of treaties and agreements with both France and England, some of them signed after the League Covenant.

It is difficult to convince the loser in a poker game that gambling is immoral and you will never play cards again for money after you have pocketed all the blue chips on the table.

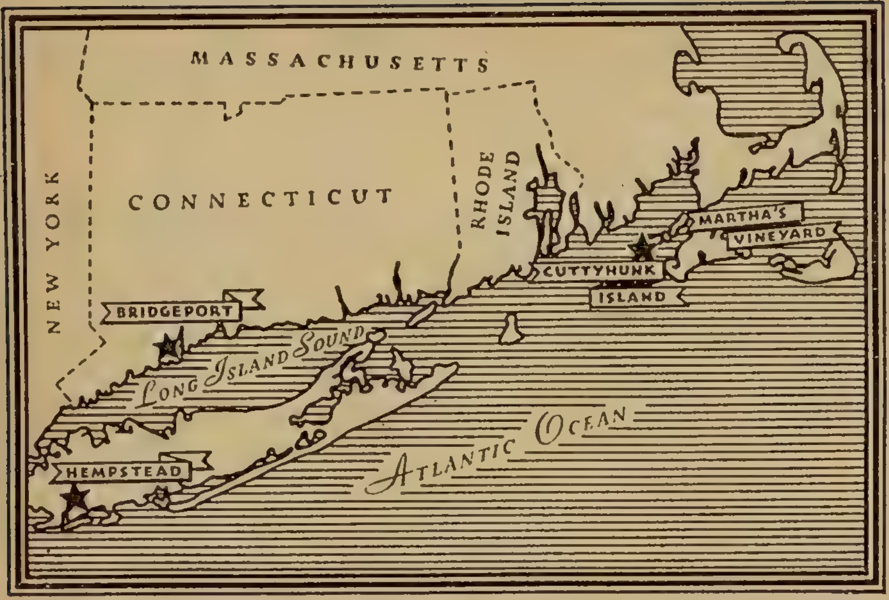
ALL these moral forces work in Italy's favor and are at least equal to the forces which the British and French are bringing to bear on world opinion. They would not necessarily be decisive but for one thing:

Mussolini seems willing to face the alternative to his victory. The alternative would be his overthrow and the collapse of Italy as a Great Power. The first and most probable effect would be famine, demoralization, and radical revolt in Italy itself. The Communists would take fresh heart and would threaten the power and possessions of the ruling classes throughout Europe, Great Britain, and the world. Besides, the one nation which can be depended upon to resist Germany's expansion in Austria and the Balkans would be knocked out of the picture. It was Italy which prevented the union of Austria and Germany in 1934. France is facing too serious problems at home to be able to attack the Germans if Hitler were to march on the Danube, and the British would be forced to choose between a Germany far stronger than she was before the war, and a weakened France, an exhausted Italy, and a distracted Russia.

Mussolini realized all this before he made his attack and it is still the controlling factor in the situation. The Allies do not wish Italy to win but they dare not face the possibility of Italy losing. What they really want is to have Mussolini stop the war before there is either victory or defeat. Yet they do not know what inducement can be offered to Il Duce which will be worth the glory of a victory and the wealth of Ethiopia. Mussolini realizes that without glory and raw materials, Fascism must fall and with it bring down much if not all of the postwar settlement in Europe. Italy is out on the end of a limb, but so are the others, and if the bough breaks more than the cradle will fall.

With Japan on the march again in eastern Asia, with dissatisfaction mounting in Germany, with America and Canada making the first move toward a North American economic union, and all of the Near and Middle East astir, the road of self-preservation for the League Powers prevents their driving Italy too far or too hard. Until this situation changes, Mussolini's position will remain so strong that it is hard to see what anybody can do about it except to make faces.

THE END



Colonel Lindbergh, in vain quest of a "boad Nelly" with his son, flew from Bridgeport to Cuttyhunk and near-by waters—then back to Hempstead. Jafsie accompanied him.

JAFSIE'S

An Air Trail to Nowhere—The End of Hope—Did the Blanket Pins Tell How Murder Was Done?—More Revelations of Inside Facts in the Lindbergh Case

by

Dr. JOHN F. CONDON

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE facts about his payment of the ransom money at St. Raymond's Cemetery were set forth in Jafsie's story last week. He told how it was that "John" accepted $50,000 instead of holding out for $70,000. The immediate acceptance of the smaller sum convinces Jafsie that, whatever truth there may have been in "John's" representations about a gang, he himself was the leader. Jafsie would not hand over the money until written directions for recovering the baby were forthcoming; he waited there while "John" went to get them, and, timing him, found that he was gone thirteen minutes. Well within that round-trip time there is, Jafsie affirms, a house in which lives "a close relative of Bruno Richard Hauptmann."

The directions told of a "boad Nelly" in designated waters at the east end of Long Island Sound. Colonel Lindbergh drove to the Morrows' town house, where federal agents questioned Jafsie. From his description of "John," one of them drew a picture—which was to prove no bad likeness of Hauptmann. Finally Washington phoned, "Move," and the conference broke up, Colonel Lindbergh setting out with Jafsie and Chief Agent Irey in his car.

PART EIGHT—"WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED"

WE had driven away from the Morrow library at about two o'clock in the morning. Our destination now, I learned, was an airport at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

It was still dark when we arrived. There was a delay of another hour or two as we awaited dawn. Colonel Lindbergh and the others conferred with officials at the airport. Al and I remained in the Colonel's car.

The roar of motors overhead announced the arrival of a giant Sikorsky amphibian. Its pilot, bringing it in for Colonel Lindbergh's use, set the huge plane down just as the first gray of dawn seeped into the sky.

Colonel Lindbergh conferred with the pilot, coolly inspected the ship. Chief Irey, Colonel Breckinridge, Al Reich, and I stood watching him; Al and I remained well in the background. Colonel Lindbergh, his inspection finished, opened a cabin door in the plane.

"All right," he said.

Chief Irey and Colonel Breckinridge entered the plane. Colonel Lindbergh came over to Al and me.

"I'd like you to go along, Doctor. You're not afraid of planes?"

I shook my head. "I'll go anywhere you go."

"Al," he said, "we need some one to drive the car to the Aviation Country Club, near Hempstead. I expect to land at that field. I'd like to have you with us, but some one will have to get my car over there. Would you mind?"

I'm sure that Al would have given an arm to make that flight with Colonel Lindbergh. His prompt reply was typical:

"I'll be glad to get the car over there for you."

I had flown before, but flying with Colonel Lindbergh was a new experience. The morning sun began its climb from the waters and Colonel Lindbergh pointed the nose of the ship toward it as we skirted the shore of Connecticut and headed toward the eastern end of Long Island Sound and the Martha's Vineyard region off the coast of Massachusetts where lay the Elizabeth Islands. Visibility was excellent. We were embarked upon a glorious mission and the day was fittingly beautiful.

Colonel Breckinridge, Chief Irey, and I chatted. Colonel Lindbergh, busy at the controls, was silent. Chief Irey, looking out the window, said:

"We're getting there."

I looked out. Ahead I could see the first of the Elizabeth Island group, Cuttyhunk Island. Converging upon the islands were half a dozen Coast Guard cutters. To my right, coming toward the group of islands, was a man-of-war. Again I felt the thrill of knowing that the forces of the United States government were at work seeking the abducted son of the great aviator.

Numerous craft of every description rode at anchor in Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound. Occasionally one of us would spot some boat that answered, in length, the description of the Nelly, and would shout, pointing to Colonel Lindbergh. He would turn in his seat, follow the direction of our eager fingers, then send the Sikorsky plunging down. We roared low over boat after boat, sometimes flying but a few feet above the water as we glided alongside.

Gradually, as we inspected boat after boat without finding one that answered otherwise the description given by the kidnaper, our directions became less frequent, less enthusiastic. Finally none of us spoke.

In the giant Sikorsky I suddenly realized that from the moment he had taken it into the air Colonel Lindbergh had uttered not a single word. I caught glimpses of his face from time to time as he looked out and down. His face was pale, taut with the tension of those anxious moments.

I do not know how many times we encircled the vicinity mentioned in the kidnaper's note. From Gayhead to Monument Beach we flew, until I felt that we had inspected a dozen times every craft that lay in those waters.

We landed in Buzzards Bay about noon and Colonel Lindbergh taxied the plane to Cuttyhunk Island. A group of newspapermen were at the dock there. Wordlessly Colonel Lindbergh strode through them as they trotted at his heels, firing questions. Colonel Breckinridge told them, "Not now, boys. Please leave us alone. We've nothing to tell you."

We had lunch at the hotel at Cuttyhunk. Colonel

DARKEST HOUR

Jafsie looking through rogues'-gallery photographs in Trenton. At left: William Allen, Negro truckman, pointing to the spot where he found the baby's body.

Lindbergh left most of his food untouched. Once or twice one of us braved the bitter tragedy that was in his eyes, his drawn face, to speak to him. His dull monosyllabic answers discouraged conversation.

The afternoon was a repetition of the morning. In all the waters off southern Massachusetts there lay no boat that answered the description of the Nelly.

Late that afternoon we returned to the flying field at Long Island. Al was waiting for us with the car. He hurried to our plane expectantly, read our sober faces correctly, and was silent. Colonel Lindbergh crawled in behind the wheel of his car and we headed back toward Manhattan. The same awful silence that had been with us that morning was with us now. Some one coughed in the rear seat of the car. It sounded like a thunderclap.

Our own thoughts occupied us, and mine were not pleasant. My best efforts, my sincerest motives had brought Colonel Lindbergh nothing more than the most cruel deception of his life!

We were in the Thirties on Third Avenue when he spoke for the first time.

"I'll take you and Al home," he said.

"Please don't, Colonel," I pleaded. "Let us out here. We can get home very nicely on the el. You haven't had sleep since Saturday morning."

"I'll take you home," he repeated.

"It isn't necessary," I assured him. From the back seat, Al offered his protestations.

"Very well," Colonel Lindbergh said. He stopped at the stairway of an uptown station.

"Doctor," he said bitterly, "we've been double-crossed."

I did not reply. There was nothing to be said. His words cut into my soul like a two-edged blade. But his next words twisted it.

"Well, Doctor," he inquired, "what's the bill for your services?"

I thanked God, in that moment, for what understanding my seventy-two years had given me. It was not Colonel Lindbergh who spoke that sentence. It was the cruelly harassed father about whose shoulders the whole world had crashed in a few terrible hours.

I knew, too, that at least one of the underworld characters working for him was being paid a regular salary.

"I have no bill," I answered. "I wanted to put that child back in Mrs. Lindbergh's arms. That's all."

His face softened. His hand found my arm, squeezed it.

"Doctor," he said, and his words were uttered clearly enough so that those in the back seat could hear, "I did not think, after what happened today, that there were men like you left in the world." He paused. "You've given your time, spent— You're not short of money?"

"No."

"But I would feel better about it if you'd let me—"

"No. Neither myself nor my family are in need of money."

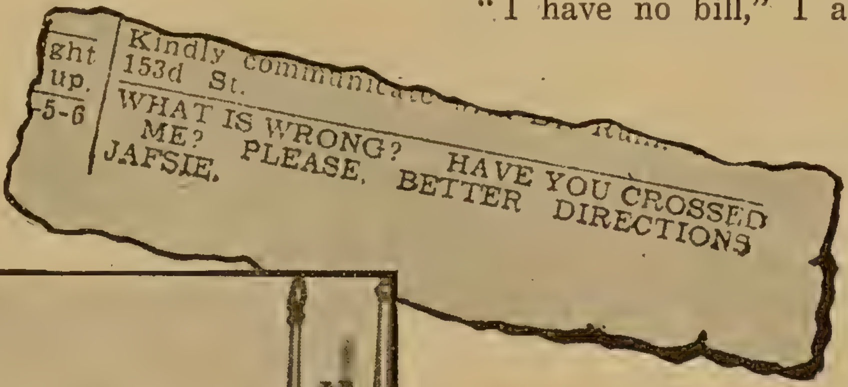
I smiled at him. "Besides," I joked, "I never accept money from a man who is poorer than myself."

"I'm sincerely grateful," were his parting words. "Mrs. Lindbergh shares that gratitude with me."

Al and I rode the elevated to the Bronx. "Shall I stay with you at your place tonight?" he asked.

"No, Al, thanks," I replied. "I'd like to be alone." He nodded, we parted, and I returned to my home. My family had early editions of the morning papers. They

At right: Jafsie's ad that appeared in the Home News for fifteen days while he still hoped the kidnaper might keep faith with him.



ght
up.
-5-6

Kindly communicate
153d St.

WHAT IS WRONG? HAVE YOU CROSSED ME? PLEASE, BETTER DIRECTIONS JAFSIE.

The baby's crib as the kidnaper left it—the blankets secured with pins in the fashion that indicated murder.

knew the search had been fruitless. Despite the reporters at Cuttyhunk, my identity still remained a secret, for the newspaper stories told of Colonel Lindbergh's flight in search of his baby, but confused me with John Hughes Curtis, the Norfolk shipbuilder.

I suppose I looked worn, discouraged. Mrs. Condon urged me to get some sleep. Myra came over, sat beside me.

"I'm sorry, dad," she said, "that the baby wasn't found. But it was too much of a task—you shouldn't have attempted it." She sighed, and added, "I'm glad it's all over."

"It isn't over, Myra," I told her. "It isn't! I'm more determined than ever to find that baby—or, at least, the man who double-crossed us!"

"But, dad! Don't you see? There's nothing more you *can* do. It is over."

"It isn't," I repeated stubbornly. "Good night, dear."

I went to my room and—how much later I do not know—fell soundly asleep.

The Home News, the next day and the next, still repeated our final word to the kidnaper in its classified columns. That message, beautifully ironic now, read:

YES. EVERYTHING O. K. JAFSIE.

Even now I had faith—more of it, probably, than any one else—that contact could be re-established. My confidence was reflected in a special notice which appeared in the Home News, beginning April 6, for fifteen consecutive days. It read:

WHAT IS WRONG? HAVE YOU CROSSED ME? PLEASE, BETTER DIRECTIONS. JAFSIE.

His continued presence at my home the greater part of his time indicated that Colonel Breckinridge shared my hope that we might re-establish contact.

Shortly after the vain search for the baby I made a second trip to Hopewell, where I assisted Colonel Schwarzkopf's men by giving them my information concerning my two personal meetings with the kidnaper.

While I was at Hopewell, the charming Mrs. Dwight Morrow took me aside. She was greatly interested in the details of the ransom payment and in the reactions of her famous son-in-law.

"Was Charles there," she asked, "when you went to the cemetery to meet the kidnaper?"

"Yes. He was in the auto, about one hundred and fifty feet away."

"How much did the kidnaper ask for?"

"He asked for seventy thousand dollars."

"And how much did you give him?"

"I gave him fifty thousand."

SHE seemed to study my reply for a moment. Then quietly she asked:

"Did Charles object to paying seventy thousand?"

"He did not. That was purely my own idea for saving Colonel Lindbergh as large an amount of money as I could."

Again she hesitated. Then:

"Did Charles speak about borrowing any money?"

"Not to me," I replied. "But he said he would not borrow it from his relatives."

"And the kidnaper accepted your terms?"

"Yes, he did. I told him that he ought to accept fifty thousand; that it was the original amount of his bargain, and that times were so hard that Colonel Lindbergh had difficulty enough raising that much money."

Mrs. Morrow smiled at me. "You told him that? Wasn't that dangerous? Didn't it make him angry?"

"On the contrary," I said, "he was glad to get that much cash. In fact, he told me, 'Your work was perfect—you have done your part all right.'"

Mrs. Morrow paused for a moment.

"You are a very brave man, Dr. Condon. I think you earned that compliment."

She went upstairs. That same day I returned to my home in the Bronx.

Each day I greeted the postman anxiously, hoping to find a letter from the kidnaper. Each day there was nothing.

The federal government had circulated pamphlets containing the serial numbers of the ransom bills that had been paid. And, one week to the day after they were paid, a leak occurred at a Manhattan bank, where a teller informed newspapermen.

Colonel Lindbergh, through Colonel Norman Schwarzkopf, was forced to a reluctant public admission on Saturday night, April 9, that on the previous Saturday night $50,000 had been paid and the baby not found.

Two days later the New York Times scooped its competitors with the news that "Dr. John F. Condon, Bronx educator," was the "Jafsie" of the ransom negotiations.

This was a stunning blow to me. I had known that certain of the metropolitan newspapers were suspicious. But—and I could not understand it—where had one of them learned definitely that I *was* "Jafsie"? My "betrayal" did not remain a mystery for long. Its explanation appears here for the first time in print.

That night a young friend—a lad in his twenties—came to see me at my home. I greeted him cordially, for he was a clean-cut young lad whose friendship I treasure to this day. And he, I knew, was fond of me. I had been, a year or so before, in a position to assist his family in connection with difficulties it is not necessary to set forth here.

THE young man was obviously nervous about something. We exchanged the usual pleasantries. I waited. Then he blurted it out:

"Doctor, I've got a confession to make. I've hurt you—seriously, I'm afraid. I didn't mean to. It slipped. Please believe me!"

"I believe you. But I don't know what you're talking about," I reminded him.

"You know I've been trying to get a job as a reporter, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was down to the Times office Saturday night. I was chatting with some of the fellows in the City Room. We were talking about different things. We got around to the Lindbergh case. I mentioned casually, thinking nothing of it, that I knew who Jafsie was. And I let it slip out that Jafsie was you."

I still saw no light. "But how did you know?"

"Maybe you'll remember one day that I visited your office in the Bronx. It was long before the Lindbergh kidnaping. You showed me a poem you'd written for the Home News. You had signed it 'J. F. C.' I repeated those initials aloud, slurring them together, and you laughed and said it sounded like 'Jafsie.'"

The whole trivial incident returned to me vividly. I had forgotten it, thought nothing of it; had never used the signature "Jafsie" for a pseudonym until my subconscious mind brought it to the surface—for the first time, I thought then—that night at Hopewell.

So that was how my identity had become known!

"I didn't realize, Doctor," he said. "If I had, I wouldn't have done it for the world."

"It's done," I said. "And I know you would never do anything knowingly to hurt me. Suppose we forget it now. By the way, did you get the job with the Times?"

"Yes."

I smiled. "Well, that's something, anyway."

Now the locusts of the press descended on my home like a plague. They rang my doorbell, tapped on my windows, trampled the flowers on my front lawn, shot craps on my front steps, sang, drank, and swore on my veranda at all hours of the day and night. Flash guns exploded like bombs every time I or one of my family opened the front door. My quiet home became the arena of a Roman holiday.

I have no liking for Roman holidays. To repeated insistent questions I had one—only one—reply:

"I have nothing to say."

Some of the individual locusts brought offers of gold. Their papers stood ready to pay huge outlandish sums for my "inside" story. Had money, at any time since I had entered the Lindbergh case, been even a minor consideration with me, this was the time when I could have made for myself and my family a fortune.

The first picture taken of Jafsie with Colonel Breckinridge after Jafsie's identity became known.

Colonel Lindbergh was not talking. Colonel Breckinridge was not talking. Al Reich was not talking. And gold did not tempt me. “*I have nothing to say,*” was my reply to those financial offers.

But the reporters continued to clutter up my residence. They depicted me as the important figure in the Lindbergh case, the one person who had seen the actual kidnaper, the “key man” of the mystery.

They also depicted me, by innuendo, as a doddering old fellow who “ought to be investigated.”

In some stories I was a patriot. I capitalized on those as a possible means of re-establishing contact. If the kidnaper read them and looked for my home, I wanted him to have a signal, easily identifiable. I hung our country's flag out on the veranda near the front door.

One night, one of the pestiferous reporters—drunk, I suppose—decided to tear the flag down. For the first time during the case, I lost my temper. My right fist caught him squarely in the eye, sent him toppling down the steps. He landed with his neck in a bush on the lawn. I noted with satisfaction that it was a rosebush—the variety with heavy thorns.

“Now,” I ordered, “get off my place, and stay off—every last one of you! If you don't get off my property, I'll see that the police take you off!”

Violet Sharpe, who took cyanide when the police called for her.

They got off. From that day forward they came no nearer than the sidewalk outside my home. But the annoyance of their constant presence had done its work. Mrs. Condon went to her bed, ill.

The cast-iron chin of which I am so proud took a truly terrific beating in those miserable days. Letters poured into my home. Many were spiteful, vindictive. A few were sincerely sympathetic and others offered “new leads” in connection with the baby's whereabouts. In all, there were more than 2,000 of these letters, and no tip or lead that showed the slightest sign of promise was left uninvestigated.

Immediately after the disclosure that I was the man who had paid over Colonel Lindbergh's $50,000, letters poured in from concerns who offered smugly to sell me oil stock. Chiselers with promotional bees in their bonnets gave me chances to get rich quick.

One letter said simply: “Enclosed you will find a picture of ‘John,’ the kidnaper.”

I took out the enclosure. It was a mirror.

I carried a brief case to my lectures. On the street acquaintances or even strangers looked significantly at me, at the brief case, then at me again. Often they winked. Some of the bolder ones jokingly inquired how I planned to invest the fifty thousand.

I walked on the Concourse one night. A gentleman of the poolroom variety accosted me.

“Doc,” he said, “I've got a swell joke for you.”

I had a premonition of what was to come. “Go ahead,” I said wearily. “I haven't had a laugh in days.”

“Here's the joke—Doctor Condon handed the fifty grand over a cemetery wall and Al Reich-ed for it.”

“Very clever,” I said, and took a dollar bill from my pocket. “Want to earn this? There's a fellow standing over there in front of Rosenhain's restaurant. This dollar's yours if you go over and tell him the joke.”

Mrs. Morrow, who asked Jafsie about the payment of the ransom.

He looked, and saw Al Reich's towering, broad-shouldered, six-feet-three figure standing there.

“Can't you take a joke, Doc?” he whined, and scurried away.

Those days were largely a nightmare. But not entirely. Among the letters pouring into my home came one bearing the postmark “Hopewell, N. J.” It read:

My dear Dr. Condon:

Mrs. Lindbergh and I want to thank you for the great assistance you have been to us. We fully realize that you have devoted the major portion of your time and energy to bring about the return of our son. We wish to express to you our sincere appreciation for your courage and co-operation.

Sincerely,

Charles A. Lindbergh.

MOST of my spare time was taken up by conferences with investigating officers of the Department of Justice, the New Jersey State Police, and the New York City Police. I repeated over and over, varying not a whit, the story of my meetings with the kidnaper.

The idea that the kidnaper might now get himself arrested on some minor charge, so that he could hide safely away in some city or state prison, brought the request that I visit the New York Police Department's daily line-up of criminals each morning, to see if he were among the arrested men.

Not once, in the long months to follow, did I fail to agree instantly to any official request for possible assistance.

All my time and energy were being devoted now, more than ever, to the case. In addition to this, I was following up, at my own expense, leads which came to me in letters. I visited innumerable police stations throughout the East, studied their rogues'-gallery photographs.

The days dragged on. Colonel Lindbergh issued a plea to the press to let him and his representatives work secretly, unmolested. Colonel Breckinridge and I spent long hours trying to devise some expedient by which we could again get in touch with John.

"Colonel Lindbergh has absolute faith in you," he repeated.

"How about this fellow Curtis?" I asked.

"Colonel Lindbergh has seen him, talked to him. He's afraid to disregard anything that might prove valuable. Curtis hasn't produced any actual evidence to show that he's in touch with the kidnapers."

"Then I doubt very much if he can be," I said. "I sincerely hope, though, that Curtis will be able to do what I could not do—return the child."

Colonel Breckinridge smiled. "We both hope that. But I'm putting my dollars on you, Doc."

Desperate young Colonel Lindbergh was aboard the yacht Cachelot on one of the innumerable journeys with Curtis when the word came to him, on May 12, 1932, that the body of his child had been found by a Negro truck driver four miles from Hopewell.

Torn from me now was the last vestige of confidence in the kidnaper's good faith. I had been hoaxed. I had paid $50,000 of Colonel Lindbergh's money to the man who had slain his son. For that $50,000 Colonel Lindbergh had received—nothing.

Two officers—Bob Coar of the Jersey City Police Department, whom I had met at Hopewell in March, and Sam Leon of the New Jersey State Police—had been assigned to work with me. They had accompanied me to the police stations of various near-by cities. They accompanied me now to the spot in the woods near Hopewell where the baby's body had been found.

Shielded by trees and bushes from the highway, it was not an easy task to locate the grave, though we finally found it. Its well hidden location should, I feel, smash the foolish theory held by many persons that the child's body was not placed in that grave until a short time before it actually was found.

So secluded was that shallow resting place that the child's body might be there yet, undiscovered, had not the truck driver who found it happened to get off his truck, leave the highway, and push through the undergrowth to the very spot where the body lay.

I inspected the shallow grave. I discovered no clue. There were some rocks near by. I arranged them in the form of a cross on the grave. The oath I had made at the crib in Hopewell came back to my mind. Silently I prayed again:

"O great Jehovah, it has not been Thy will that I should return this child to its parents. Grant, then, my plea that I be permitted to live long enough to see the slayer brought to justice. Give me, in the name of Thy most beloved Mother, the strength, the guidance to find, once more, the man who so grievously sinned."

One of the most hideous ironies of the entire case suddenly came to me there beside the empty grave, as I recalled that night at Hopewell.

THE reader will remember that two large safety pins secured the blankets which covered the infant to the mattress of the crib. They were spaced far enough apart to fasten on either side of the child's neck. There was not enough space to have drawn the child out between the pins, for his shoulders would have caught.

I remembered distinctly, now, that at the foot of the crib the blankets had been disturbed.

How, I asked myself, had the kidnaper drawn the baby from under the blanket without removing the pins? There was only one way this could have been done—by pulling the child, feet foremost, toward the foot of the crib, sliding his head through between the two pins.

But what child, wakened thus from a sound sleep, would not have set up an instantaneous clamor? That outcry could not have been prevented by placing a hand over his mouth, for the hand could not remain there while he was pulled out and *from under* the pinned blankets.

Had there been an outcry, some one in the house—if not every one—necessarily would have heard it.

With horrible, sudden simplicity, the answer came to me in that moment.

The baby did not cry because the cruel hands of the callous kidnaper had strangled the baby in its crib and then, with no danger of an outcry, pulled its dead body between the pins and from under the blankets!

Theory? Perhaps. But it is not merely the theory of an "amateur detective."

Detective Felix B. De Martini, former ace of the New York Police Department's Homicide Squad, has heard it and pronounced it sound deduction.

Many theories have been advanced in an endeavor to arrive at the exact method by which the baby was killed. To this day, I feel that more evidence supports the theory which I have just advanced than any other which can be offered.

I do not believe that the baby was killed "in a fall from the ladder."

The irony lies in the fact that, on the very night I prayed beside the crib in Hopewell, those two blanket pins were in the crib awaiting the interpretation that would have pointed to murder and saved Colonel Lindbergh long days of false hope. Would have saved him, too, $50,000. And finally, would have brought about the early capture of the man responsible for the grisly crime.

The next day I rode with Colonel Breckinridge to the small mortuary in Trenton where the child's body lay. I had no desire to see the pathetic spectacle inside.

IT was a dreary May day—Friday the 13th. I stood in the rain beneath a tree and saw a familiar car drive up to the door. The driver, its sole occupant, got out. All the sympathy in my heart was with the tall young father as he pushed, head bowed, hatless, through a throng of spectators and went inside to look upon the body of his baby.

Dr. Edward M. Hawkes, who had attended Mrs. Lindbergh at the birth of her first child, rode back into town with Colonel Breckinridge and myself.

"There's no possible question concerning the identity of the child, doctor?" I asked.

"None whatever," he said. "The unusual overlapping of two of the child's toes would be in itself sufficient identification. It is Colonel Lindbergh's baby."

Colonel Breckinridge stopped his car at my home. He held out his hand. "I'll not be annoying you further with my presence," he said.

"I will miss you and the chats we had," I responded sincerely.

With the discovery that the child had been slain, the lid was off, so far as police activity was concerned. Bob Coar, Sam Leon, and I were kept busy running from one jail to another, where I was asked to view line-ups or look over rogues'-gallery pictures.

One suspect, named Frank Parzych, who supposedly had confessed, was brought by police to my home. He in no way resembled John, and I said so. He seemed grateful to me for having helped clear him.

Meanwhile the almost daily trips to New York City Police Headquarters continued.

"They're running you ragged, Doc," Coar said one day.

I had a suspicion that they were doing more than that. One day, down in Center Street, they dumped a bunch of rogues'-gallery pictures on a table and asked me to pick out John. Every photograph was of some Negro criminal more than sixty years of age. Giving no sign of the indignation that seethed within me, I carefully inspected each of the pictures, then announced, "Not here!"

Late in May I told my story to the Bronx Grand Jury. The minutes of the Grand Jury are secret and I shall not violate that secrecy.

The mad pace continued. Suspects. Photographs. Line-ups. Inspector Harry W. Walsh, conducting the investigation into the case for the Jersey City Police, took Curtis, the shipbuilder, for a walk at Hopewell, returned to play checkers with him, and obtained from him a written confession of his mad hoax.

Moving his headquarters from Hopewell to Alpine, New Jersey, Inspector Walsh turned his attention to Violet Sharpe, English maid in the Morrow household.

She was questioned several times. Contradictions appeared in her stories. On June 10, Inspector Walsh and some of his men called for her at the Morrow home. "I'll not go to Alpine!" she had shouted to fellow servants the night before, in an outburst of hysteria. Now, told to get ready to accompany the officers to Alpine, she went upstairs, swallowed cyanide of potassium, and died before she could be removed to a hospital.

It was shortly after the Violet Sharpe episode that Bob Coar and Sam Leon called for me at my home.

"Doc," said Coar, "they want you to take a look at the rogues'-gallery pictures at Paterson. Doing anything?"

"Going with you boys to Paterson," I said promptly.

They were cheerful young fellows and I liked them immensely. In the first town on the Jersey shore, Leon stopped the car. "I've got to call Headquarters," he explained.

Bob and I talked in the car while Sam Leon telephoned State Police Headquarters. He came out of the drugstore before which we were parked, got in the car. He didn't look at me as he spoke:

"I've got orders, Doc, to bring you to Headquarters."

"Alpine?" I asked.

He nodded, his eyes glued to the road ahead.

"I thought we were going to Paterson to look at rogues'-gallery pictures. That was the message you gave me."

"I've got orders," he repeated.

"All right," I said lightly. "You've got your orders and we're going to Alpine. Maybe I'll look at their pictures there."

But there were no pictures to be looked at that day.

We got out of the car before Headquarters in Alpine, and Coar and Leon took me to an office. A number of men I had never seen before, some in municipal, some in State Police uniforms, were seated around a table in that room. No one came forward; no one greeted me. Coar went over to one corner of the room, leaned against the wall, stood there. Leon, in a kindly fashion, said:

"Take a chair, Doc."

"I'll stand," I said.

I stood there, silently enough, angry at the thought that I had been brought over here on a pretext—wondering what all of this mystery was about.

For five, ten minutes I stood there. None of the men at the table looked my way or spoke to me. Coar stood away from me. He seemed embarrassed. Leon avoided my eyes.

I had been standing there for fifteen minutes when the door opened. A short, rather stocky man entered. His complexion was florid. I recognized him instantly, from his pictures in the newspapers, as Inspector Harry Walsh.

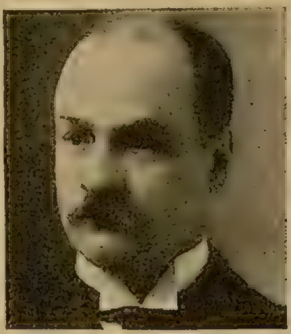
The room took on a sudden expectant atmosphere as he entered. He looked, saw me, came over and stood close in front of me, his arms folded.

I was ready for anything—except what happened. He let me have the full force of his opening words without preamble. "All right, Condon," he snapped. "It's about time that you started to confess!"

And so Jafsie was grilled. It was kept up for four hours, and then—he was taken for a walk along the brink of the Palisades! Next week he will tell in detail of this amazing experience, and he will arrive at perhaps the most discussed moment of his entire participation in the Lindbergh case—the moment when, from a bus in the Bronx, he caught sight of "John"! Don't forget that NEW EVIDENCE is to come in a later installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—The early photo (at the reader's right) is of an educator who became a dean when his college turned university, who was defeated with Taft in 1912, and wrote The Faith of a Liberal. Who is he?

2—Why is sugar used in soapmaking?

3—Which takes longer to play, a rubber of contract bridge or one of auction?

4—Who were Eng and Chan?

5—Does the average miner produce more anthracite than bituminous coal in a day?

6—What is the Canadian fisherman's most valuable catch?

7—Which two heavyweight boxers retired at the time they were holding championships?

8—In Wall Street parlance what is the duration of a call loan?

9—What were the six victims of Jack the Ripper?

10—How did the dahlia receive its name?

11—A pint of corn for popping makes how many pints of popped corn?

12—How fast can a drop of rain fall?

13—Which one of the United States first placed a tax on gasoline?

14—Can the drawer of a check stop payment after it has been certified?

15—What organization is said to prevent a thousand suicides a year?

16—How does butter exported to South America differ from the product that is churned for domestic consumption?

17—Which of Sir Walter Scott's novels did he consider his best work?

18—What is the oldest organized college sport in the United States?

19—For what alleged reason did the mandarins of China wear buttons on their hats?

20—Who perished in battle as commandant of the Alamo?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

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Love Letters

# of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Ginger Speaks Her Mind About Matrimony and Other Things, and Socko Calls for a Dictionary

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Vine Street,
Hollywood, Cal.

Socko O'Brien,
Brooklyn Sports and Manslaughter Club,
Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Socko:

I just received the engagement ring you promised me *four years ago* and if its all the same to *you,* I'm shooting it back. Now listen kid, dont think I dont appreciate *the rock* and the sweet sediments behind it. I *do,* so dont start beefing! The truth is, I wouldnt marry you if you were the best looking thing in pants and the sooner we wash up the idea, the better. I have always been on the level with you Socko, so here goes for a load of cold turkey.

Three years ago you promised me you would get down to business and earn yourself a *big rep* in the fight game. You said, you intended to wade right in and clout your way to the *championship* so we could be married. Yes, and what happened? Youve not only *flopped* as a *fighter,* but youve become the worlds *champ washout!* On the level, youre a set-up for every second rate sock pedler that enters the ring. Why, you couldnt fight your way out of a laundry bag if you had a club in each duke. The trouble with you is, youre dame dizzy! Good grief, as soon as some chiseling cutie hurls you a smile you climb into the sailor pants and go overboard.

Another thing, what am *I* supposed to be doing while youre ribbing yourself to become the Clown of Clout? Getting myself measured for the Smithonion? You watch me! Listen, boy-friend, I'm fed up being a mop-Mary and if you think I'm going to bathe pots for the rest of my youthful life, youre just a dead battery. Not while I have a face, a form and the skin they love to touch! From now on, big-boy, *this* baby is out for a cinema career and *how!*

Now listen, Socko, dont get yourself all hot and bothered because Ive handed you the truth. I think the world of you old kid and the sooner I put some dynamite under you the quicker youll be heard from, so lets be pals.

Now that thats off my chest, I'm going to give you the latest dope about the inmates of my rooming house.

The other night, Mrs. Watson,—my landlady—invited me into her apartment saying she had a big surprize for me. She seemed all of a flutter.

" Who do you think 'as returned 'ome? " she whispered.

" I cant imagine," I answered.

" Mr. Dawson. The young chap you loaned the six dollars to."

" No kidding," I replied, concealing my interest.

" 'E's crazy to meet you. By-the-way, I took the liberty of telling him you wanted to be a great dancer. I 'ope you dont mind? "

I was just about to thank her when the door flew open and who barged in but Mr. Watson and Mr. Twist, his lawyer.

" Oh pardon the intrusion," said her husband " I trust we haven't incroashed upon a private desertation? "

" On the contrary," replied his wife,—cracking the knuckles of her left hand. " As a matter of fact your valued opinions would be of great weight at this particular moment."

Then Mrs. Watson knocked me for a goal by suggesting how marvelous it would be if Mr. Dawson and I would hook up and become a dancing team.

" I'm afraid Mr. Dawson might have something to say about that," I remarked.

" My dear Miss Ryan," replied Mr. Watson,—fumbling a lobster claw he just dragged from his vest pocket— " while my darling wife has deamed it wise to solicit my humble opinion on such a momenteous question, allow me to be as prossaic and literal as possible. In my estimation, Mr. Dawson is a very worthy and polished gentleman. His prefferments are sound. He possesses a God-given talent in his extremities that will carry him far beyond the pinnacle of attainment. In short, his feet display the agility of Astaire and his hands, the rhapsody of Gershwin. Youd do well my dear to cultivate his curricalum."

" He means," butted in Mr. Twist, " that this guy Dawson throws a mean set of puppies. No kidding, he's one of the niftiest steppers that ever trucked the Picolono. Take my tip, lady, if you can kiss yourself in as his side-kick, youll not only drag down ample jack, but youll kick the mazdas for a row of oilies. Get me? "

Well, it was easy to see, Socko, that Dawson & Ryan were slated to become a famous dance team—that is—as far as the Watsons was concerned. As for *me,* I'll just let *fate* take its course.

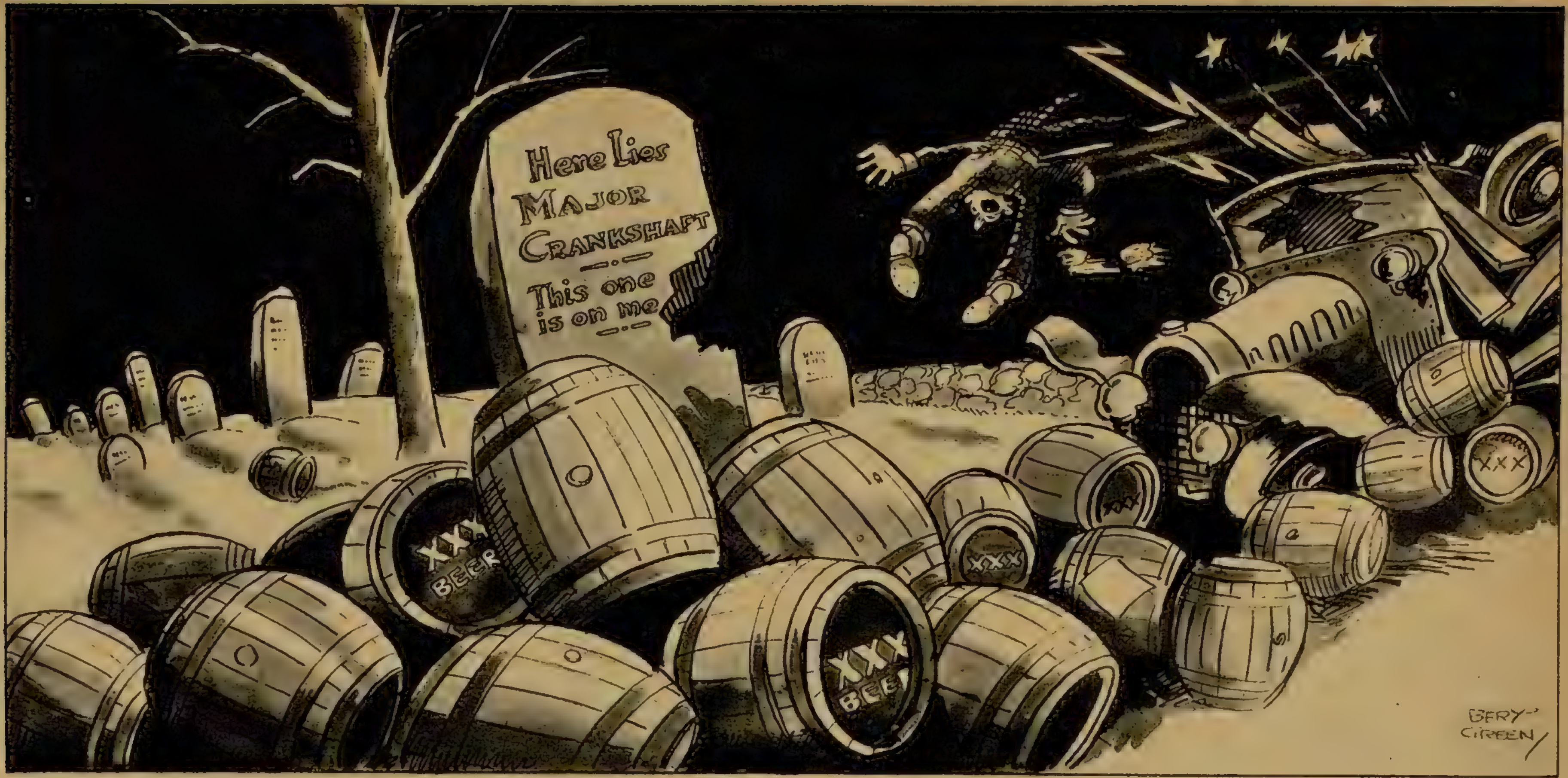
I had no sooner left the Watson's apartment, than who did I run smack into but Mr. Dawson himself. Oh boy, and did he look handsome!

He featured a matinee idol's smile that all but floored me.

" Miss Ryan," he said, displaying a set of pearly teeth and fishing in his pocket, " here's the six bucks you so kindly lent me for carfare the day my mother was injured. It isnt every girl who would help a stranger. Thanks a million."

" Oh, forget it! " I replied, blushing like I'd just fallen out of a tomato can. " How *is* your mother? "

" Swell. She's getting along fine. Listen, what can I do for *you* to square your kindness? "



"The truck made a bee line for the marble orchid, lept the wall, turned over and dumped 200 kegs of nice cold BEER on Major Crankshaft's chest."

"Don't be silly," I said, dropping my pale blue orbs and featuring a Mae West pose.

"Now wait a minute," he shot back. "Mrs. Watson tells me youre nuts about dancing. Would you consider a business proposition?"

"Why sure," I said demurly, trying to put the brakes on my enthusism, "but I'm not in *your* class."

"Thats easy," raves Jack, "if youre not afraid of *hard work.*"

"I was *raised on it,*" I tosses back.

"Great," he said. "I was offered a break in vaudeville last month but I lacked a partner. Whats the chances of *our* teaming up and aisling them?"

"But I told you I was no professional," I argued. "Ive only worked in chorus. I'd cramp your style as sure as heck."

"Oh boloney!" he snaps. "Youre not only *beautiful* but youve got what it takes. I'll teach you my routines and after we're all set, we'll crash a good night club."

"Its a bet," I answers.

"Okay," he replied. "Be in my room to-morrow night at eight bells *ready for work!*"

Maybe I'm a sap, Socko, but I guess thats the only way a gal can get places in Hollywood. Shes got to take a chance.

Well, so long dumbell, I'll see you in the funnies.

Your pal,
GINGER.

P. S. I'll tell you what happens in my next letter.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Ginger:

I wish you would quit tossing them long words at me. For crying out loud, I aint got no dickshionary. Ive read Watsons words eight times from your letter and they dont make cents. For crimp sake, *write english!*

Listen, if I'm dame-dizzy, youre guy-goofy! Holy mackrel, you no sooner check one snapshot hero than you fall for a *hoofer.* So what? Lets skip it.

I was supposed to sale for Havana this week, but Jack Downey—my manager—had something terrible sad happen to a pal of his. Suppose I tell you about it:

According to Downey, his pal—Major Crankshaft—died last week. Well it seems that the Major was the death on liquor while he lived. He *hated the stuff!* He wrote books about it! He preached about it. They tell me he spent a fortune warning the younger Gineration against the evils of strong drink and told 'em if they ever hung their lips over the vile nose-paint they would wind up peddling poly swings on the bowery.

Well, when the Major passed on to the glue works his friends planted him in a beautiful marble orchid in Connecticut, right at the bottom of "Slippery Hill"—one of the worst places on the Post Road. So,—the other night, the weather man dished up a nice fresh blizzard from the Great Lakes which made the roads as slick as an eels vest,—if you know what I mean. While the storm was in transit, a *sixteen-wheeled truck* decided to leave New Haven for a nice quiet jaunt to New York. Everything went along kayo until the ten ton charriot reached Bridgport. At Bridgport, the driver, feeling a bit chilled—decided he'd drop into a little ruffined cafe called "The Hollow Tooth" and get his pipes thawed out. So,—by way of being clubby—the bartender slipped him four or five quick jolts of giggle gravy out of the *patrollman's* bottle.

In case you never had a drink out of the patrollman's bottle, Ginger, you never heard of T.N.T. or dynamite. Anyhow, when the stuff started to perk, the driver hopped aboard the lugger and zoomed off like the flight of the bumble-bee. Lights, curves, curbs and cops didn't mean a thing. He turned on the heater, the super-charger and the radio and bellowed Mother McCree at the top of his lungs. Not being satisfied with that, he tuned in a colored quartette—just as they were ripping into the Animal in Me,—Oh boy, that pepped him up all the more and when the kiddy-kar reached the *top* of Slippery Hill it was clicking *fifty.* Then, down it came. To make matters worse, the hill looked like Niagra falls in 88. Somehow the sixteen wheels got scrambled. The rear end got peeved at the front end and decided to beat the headlights down hill. Not being satisfied with that, it cut a series of figure eights, knocking over a fire-plug, a fish wagon and a cops booth. Folleying that, the truck made a bee line for the marble orchid, lept the wall, turned over and dumped 200 kegs of nice cold BEER on Major Crankshaft's *chest!*

Now I ask you, aint that a nice load of clams.

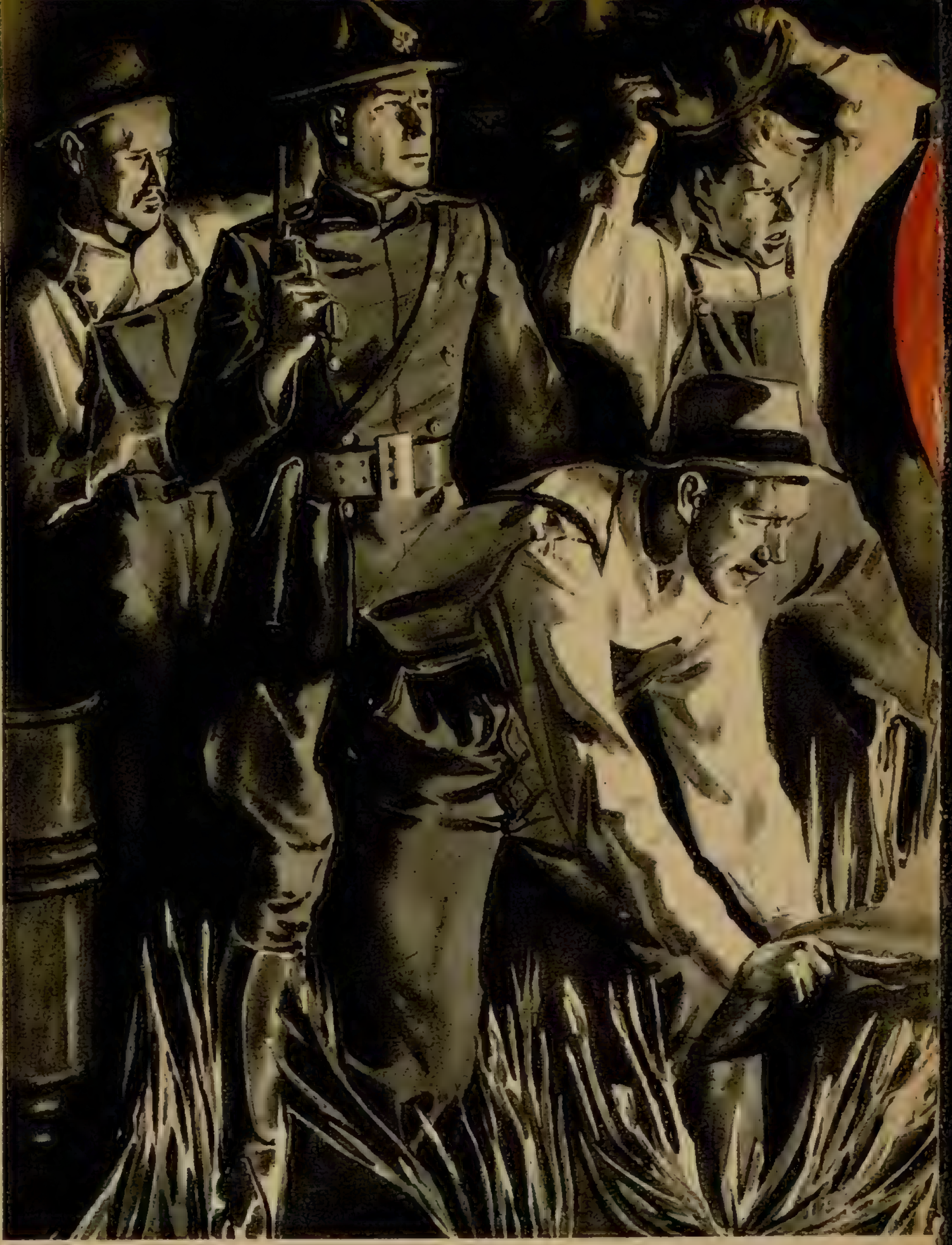
The last I heard of the driver, he was having the self-starter pryed from his wish-bone while sixteen cops waited outside to get the name of the brand he was drinking.

Well, I gotta go now and pack my trunk for Havana. I'll let you know how I make out with them Spanish senyoritas.

Your ever loving pal,
SOCKO.

More interesting and revealing letters of Ginger and Socko will be published soon.

New, Stirring Action Smashes Its Way into a Mile-a-Minute Story of Romance and Warring Men in the Modern West



ZAN CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE FIRE FIGHTERS

STORMY

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

DETERMINED to learn the truth about his father's mysterious disappearance, young Jard Shellstrom leaves Princeton University and returns to the family ranch in Oregon. There he finds himself in a maze of mystery and the object of numerous cryptic warnings to leave the country or suffer the consequences.

From lovely Mavis Calhoun, daughter of his father's most hated enemy, he learns of a powerful vigilante group which rules the countryside. Oliver Calhoun is one of its leaders. Regimenting the aid of his lifelong friends Nort and Phil Graham and the volunteer services of hitchhikers Joe Leigh and his alluring sister Chloe, Jard sets up a strong defense. He imports a small army of unemployed men and plans for a fight to the finish. Then Nort mysteriously disappears. Chloe, who had reason to believe the Graham brother a spy when she saw him talking to Toby Thurm, a Calhoun man, on the eve of his disappearance, is the next one to fall victim to the heavy mystery. With her disappearance comes a final warning from Calhoun. And when Jard ignores Mavis's pleas to flee, she threatens to have him falsely arrested for safekeeping. Jard locks her in his father's old study, and in trying to batter her way out, Mavis knocks open a secret wall closet. The skeleton of Halvor Shellstrom falls out!

That night a group of Calhoun men, headed by Wark Hassalo, descend on the ranch to capture Jard. Toby, however, has thrown in his lot with Jard and warned him. The intruders are captured. But Jard realizes he cannot imprison the men. The fact that Calhoun's organization spreads over twenty-nine states and has a plan underfoot to throw the country into panic to gain its end is verified by Chloe, who has been hiding in Calhoun's house. On Toby's advice, Jard releases the men. Then Nort telephones more news.

PART SEVEN—"WE FIGHT!"

JARD recounted to the others what Nort had just telephoned him:

"Calhoun stopped on the way to Ammerville and called Mart Wister. Wister got there only a little while after he did. Phil saw Wister going around over the town talking to everybody, and he grew suspicious, but he couldn't do anything. He didn't dare show himself where Calhoun and Van Wyck could see him. The men had already stalled around there, eating and killing time, trying to get rid of Zan Brenner and Emery Halpole, for over two hours, when Calhoun got there.

"Brenner and Halpole couldn't do anything with them. Calhoun talked and argued with them for nearly two hours more, but he couldn't do a damn thing with them. They were going to start back in spite of anybody and anything—so Oliver had Wister arrest the whole damn outfit for vagrancy!"

"What! Vagrancy—with a hundred dollars each in their pockets?" cried Joe.

"Calhoun about owns the country!" Jard answered. "Wister had been going around deputizing half the men in town, and calling on the rest of them to do their duty! He commandeered three trucks and piled the men into them—and started them off to The Dalles."

"The Dalles!" Toby echoed. "But that's four counties below here!"

"And what the hell does Wister care? He arrested them in Umatilla County, didn't he? He's deporting undesirables, Tobe. Calhoun and Wister are accompanying the trucks to the county line, to make sure there are no slips; then they're rushing back here in Mavis's coupé."

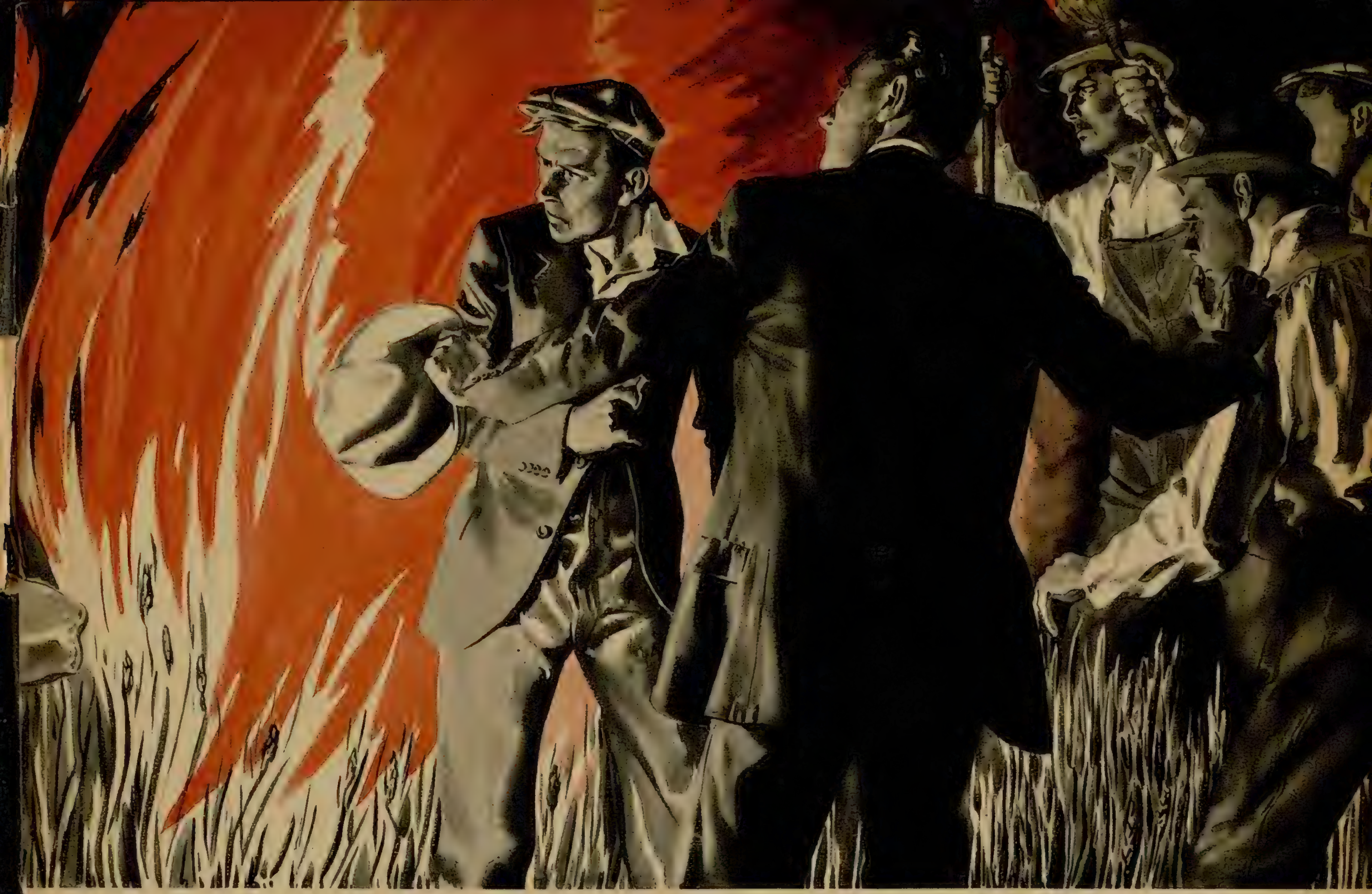
"Well, there goes half of our defending force." Joe made a wry face. "Where do we go from here?"

"That isn't all of it, Joe. Nort said he was on edge after Phil called, expecting some call to come in to that secret phone. He was expecting Toby to call— Say, Toby! How have you been managing to call Nort without some complication?"

"Simple." Toby's smile was thin. "When the phone rings when he's there alone—and it seldom does—he takes down the receiver and doesn't say anything. If it's me calling, I listen for the click of the receiver and say, 'Rome wasn't so hot.' If he doesn't hear that he hangs up the phone. Did anybody call there?"

"Yes. Hassalo and Leech came over there and hung around, evidently waiting to hear from Calhoun. Calhoun called from some place in Ammerville. He gave Hassalo minute directions, and Hassalo repeated them to Leech. Leech wrote them down so they'd make no error. So did Nort. He reported them to me verbatim.

"Calhoun told them to get word to all the men already in line for the big offensive. They will gather at Calhoun's an hour or so before daylight, armed to the teeth.



NEAREST HIM AND STARTED TOWARD CALHOUN. "THEY'RE SET—WAITIN' FOR US!"

HEARTS

by ELI COLTER

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

They'll come here—nearly a hundred, as closely as Nort was able to estimate. First they will set fire to the wheatfields. When we pile out to try to save the wheat, we will run into them and there'll be a battle. In the general melee they will capture me. They will burn all the buildings from house to cook shack, and buy off or scare out the rest of our men. Whatever men they can't handle they will jail—through Mart Wister. In the morning—what will there be left of the Halfmoon Cross?

" Nothing but charred fields and the ruins of an old deserted house. They'll all be ready to swear that it had been deserted for more than a year—an abandoned place that has caught fire from some careless driver's cigarette, some transient camper's campfire sparks. There won't be a trace of me. There won't be a mention of me. Sweet—what? "

Jard's body tensed itself. His dark face twisted in a savage scowl. " We've gone beyond the personal element now! They're defying my country—they're spitting in the face of all justice and civil decency! If to be a patriot is to be a fool, then I'm a fool. *We fight!* "

He whirled and strode toward the door.

" Jard! " Chloe leaped to her feet. " Where are you going? "

Jard wheeled in the doorway. " I'm going to take Toby's advice. I'm going to call the state police! "

Jard strode out of the room, leaving the other four staring after him with blank eyes.

" Get 'em? " Joe asked, the instant he came back. " What did they say? "

" Sergeant Leffingwall will be here as quickly as he can get here. We have to make tracks, Joe. Go outside and tell the men I've sent for the state police. Tell them to hold everything and to be ready for anything. Then get back in here."

Joe hurried out of the room. Jard seated himself on the davenport beside Chloe. She reached out a hand to him, and he gripped it, a quick smile lightening his dark face.

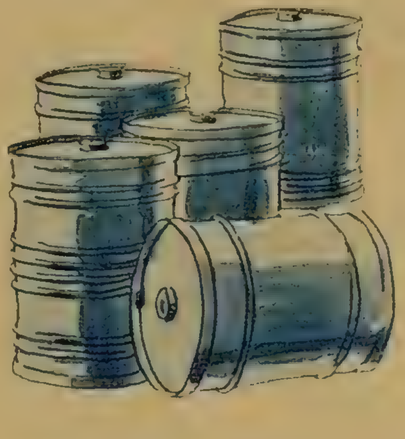
Mavis was pacing the floor. She stopped in front of Jard. " What are you going to do now, Jard? "

" Get ready for them, Stormy. Thanks to Toby and Nort and Chloe, we've got one of the best defense lines in the world—foreknowledge of the enemy's plans. Toby "—he turned his head to scrutinize Thurm intently.—" I've got your number now. But I'm still puzzled about you. How did you get into this in the first place? "

Toby's face darkened. " I was in with Oliver's outfit in the beginning. He had me fooled for a while. I half-believed that he had the right idea at first. He made it sound so damned logical. But—your father— That stopped me. I'm not so constituted that I can countenance ganging up on an old man, and I knew that was what they'd done. I even knew they were going to do it a few hours beforehand, but I could do nothing to stop them. I tried—but I failed. Oliver never knew that. Ever since then I've been trailing along with them, trying to get something on them—and knuckling down to Oliver only as much as I had to."

"Toby," Mavis said, "I've never been able to understand how he got a hold on you."

Toby's full curved mouth drooped. "You knew I'd been in jail, didn't you, Stormy? Did you know that Oliver put me there? It was easy. I'd been pretty reckless, wild, downright low. He wanted me for a tool. I didn't run that man down. Somebody else did—hit and run. I stopped to pick him up. Oliver found me at it. It was his chance. For a long time I didn't know he wasn't honest in it. He's so damned smooth! He put me in jail. I nearly went over the road for manslaughter. Then Oliver showed his hand. He got me out of jail. He told me that I'd stay out of jail if I obeyed orders from him."



Mavis nodded and a wry smile mitigated the somber grief on her drained countenance. "And—he was my father! Yes, you've been pretty low, all right, Toby. Yet—funny—I always liked you. But, Toby, I want to know something. What made you come here and act the friend to Jard? What's Jard to you? You aren't double-dealing anywhere, are you, Tobe?"

Toby swung his brilliant eyes to Jard's intensely interested face. "Calhoun told me once"—his voice was throbbing, vibrant, like a muted cello string—"that I was abnormal, that there was a screw loose somewhere. He was almost right. Suppose you'd been born with a clubbed foot, with your legs too long and your shoulders too big—distorted; too much and too little. After you were old enough to realize that nearly everybody else was built perfectly, don't you suppose you'd grow rebellious? The clubbed foot here"—he thrust it out before them—"isn't all. There's a clubbed foot in my brain. I've hated all other people because they were perfected and I wasn't. But—if you were like that, can't you understand how you might see some one who was extraordinarily perfected, and you'd get to watching him, fascinated by him because he was everything you would like to have been, and might have been if you weren't yourself? You could understand that, couldn't you? You wouldn't want to see your model of the perfect mutilated or destroyed. That's about it—if you know what I mean."

Chloe drew a long slow breath.

"TOBY." Jard leaned across Chloe, resting one hand on her knee, and his eyes sought Thurm's face. "Clubbed feet can be straightened, you know. Especially—if they're in the brain. I want to know a few other things before we go into the fracas tonight. Do we join forces from now on, Tobe?"

Toby straightened. "From now on!"

"Just how much do you know about this scheme of his, Toby? How much did he let you find out?"

Toby laughed. "I know all about it, Jard, from A to Z."

"Do you know which are the twenty-nine states?"

"I do. I know who all his right-hand men are, who's at the head of all the branches of his organization. Next week they are going to call their big strike. That's why Calhoun gave you three weeks to get out of here. That's why he's ready to move heaven and hell to get rid of you immediately. They've got their own food supplies stored away where they can get at them but where nobody else can find them, as you know. They've got the surplus, above what they need to keep themselves for a couple of years, collected and ready. What do you think they're going to do with that surplus?"

Jard frowned. "They aren't going—to *destroy* it?"

"They are if somebody doesn't stop them! They're going to burn their wheat; slaughter their stock, horses, sheep, hogs—let 'em lie and rot; crush and scatter their truck vegetables and fruit—"

"Good God!" Joe Leigh sprang to his feet. "Over twenty-nine states! It's all a nightmare—it isn't possible! One man, or any gathered set of men, couldn't achieve such a hideous disaster successfully!"

"Oh, yes, they could, Joe—in times like these!" Jard looked up. "Toby, is there any way that you can get hold of the names of the men who are most vitally concerned in this thing—of the men who are leaders under Calhoun, of the farmers who are members of the organization?"

AGAIN that glow of bitter hatred waxed in the brilliant eyes. "I swiped that list from Van Wyck just before you came home—copied it and put it back again. I keep it under the rubber mat on the floor of my car. Nobody drives my car but me. I keep it locked. It's safe."

Jard got to his feet, stepped around Chloe, and halted before Toby. Toby rose instantly to face him, and Jard laid a hand on either of the massive shoulders. "Toby, are you willing to trust me and do exactly what I ask? Are you willing to believe me utterly?"

"All the way to hell and back again! If you can put up with me."

"All the way to hell and back again! Go get that list."

He dropped his hands, and Toby whirled and dashed from the room.

"You save that man from himself," Mavis said, "and you will have done something, Jard."

Jard turned his head to smile at her.

When Toby strode back into the room, he halted before Jard and extended toward him a sheaf of fine stout bond paper, white, typewriter size. In his other hand he held a dirty craft envelope which had contained the sheaf.

Jard ran a quick glance over the sheaf. It contained forty-seven sheets, and each sheet was covered, in fine clear hand print in India ink, with the record of men in the organization and their status.

"You've done me an inestimable service tonight, Toby." Jard raised his eyes. "Since you're staying here until things are cleared up, take the room across the hall from me, so that you can be handy to call me if anything unexpected arises."

Toby gestured toward the hall. "I ought to let mother know where I am, so she won't worry. I nearly always get home sometime during the night. She wouldn't know what to make of it if I didn't get home at all. May I use the telephone?"

"Of course!"

Toby returned from his telephoning to find the others deep in an excited conclave. Jard shot him an inquiring glance. "Toby, do you happen to know Sergeant Leffingwall, at Pendleton?"

Toby grinned. "Well, since he's state police, I've more or less brushed elbows with him. He's a good guy. He ought to be showing up before very— Oh, oh!"

The sputtering roar of a motorcycle blared down the highway, droned to a stop at the mailbox, turned into the driveway, and halted in the Lombardy lane.

Jard went swiftly from the room, switched on the hall lights and swung the door open. A man nearly as big as he stepped promptly in, followed by a smaller slimmer man. The big man shot a scrutinizing glance at Jard.

"I'm Leffingwall. This is Jim Holly. You're Shellstrom?"

"I am." Jard closed the door behind the two police.

He led the two officers into the living room and performed the introductions.

"Good evening, everybody." Leffingwall's sharp eyes swept the group and came to rest on Toby Thurm. "Hello there, Toby! What are you doing here?"

"Hanging around, hoping I can make myself useful."

"Sit down, sergeant." Jard shoved forward a convenient chair.

It took him a little over sixteen minutes to encompass a complete summary of all that had taken place. "Here's the list Toby supplied."

Leffingwall took the sheets Jard handed him. He stared around the group sharply, incredulously, almost belligerently. "You aren't having some kind of nightmare, are you, Shellstrom? Come to think of it, though, this would be a hell of a way to joke. Hm-m-m." He gave the papers back to Jard. "I won't waste time looking at these now. Where's your phone? I want to call Captain Hoard, my captain at Baker. Holly, get those sixty-seven men of Shellstrom's in here."

Jard led the way to the alcove, and Joe took Jim Holly out to bring in the men who were gathered waiting restlessly in the barn. Jard stood back while Leffingwall talked. Leffingwall hung up the receiver, and turned to Jard just as Holly and Joe came hurrying in, followed by excited and jostling men.

"What did Captain Hoard say?" Jard asked.

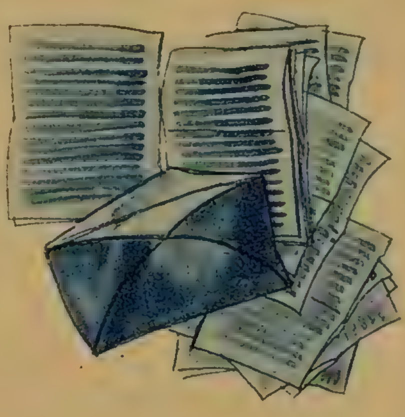
"He's calling the chief of state police." Leffingwall started for the living room, in step with Jard. "He's sending all available men—eighteen or twenty." Leffingwall paused at the living-room door, to allow the men to crowd into the room ahead of him. He said in a low aside to Jard: "We should have sent the girls out, Shellstrom. I didn't think."

"I wouldn't want to send them out. They'd much rather stay. Wait just a minute, sergeant. There's something I want to ask you. I'd like to know just what we can do with the men who murdered my father?"

"Plenty!" Leffingwall laughed—an abbreviated and harsh sound. "How long ago did you say the killing was done?"

"A little over a year ago."

"You'll have to swear out a warrant. Our best bet is to string out and get ready for them on the Q.T. The minute they gang up and start something, that's riot! We'll get them under arrest on the riot charge. Then you can swear out a warrant for the twelve men who ganged up on your father, and leave the rest to the courts."



"They'll swear, to a man, that they never meant to kill him—and some of them didn't."

"What of it?" Leffingwall returned tersely. "They *did* kill him, didn't they? They did intend to beat him up and send him to a hospital. That's enough! Anybody connected with a riot in which there has been loss of life is amenable to the charge of murder. The actual killers can be hanged; the others can get life. Don't worry—they'll get what's coming to them once we lay hands on them. We'll have— Hold on! There's the telephone. I'll answer it. It's probably Hoard calling back."

Again Jard stood waiting, listening to crisp words. "Yes. Yes. Leffingwall speaking. . . . What? . . . Sixty-seven—eight, nine—seventy anyway, not including me and Holly. Right here in the house. . . . Yes. . . . All right, captain. G'by."

He turned to Jard with the grim light of battle in his eyes.

SHELLSTROM and Sergeant Leffingwall proceeded to the living room. Leffingwall paused just inside the door, making a swift survey of the gathered force, then turned to Shellstrom.

"The first thing I want to know," he began briskly, "is how many acres of wheatland you have and about where you expect the fire to be started."

"I have slightly over six thousand acres, ten sections of wheatland, sergeant. But of course half of it is in summer fallow. The stand of wheat lies in three fields, one field of two and three quarters sections, one field of a section and a half, and one small field only three quarters of a section. They'd be certain to fire the biggest field. Besides, it lies on a direct line with one of the hayfields we were too late to cut. That lies on a line with trees and rank grass that could lead the fire to the house and barns."

"Got plenty of old sacks, Shellstrom?"

"Sacks, on a wheat-growing ranch?" Jard gave him a humorous smile. "Two or three thousand, I should guess, sergeant. Out in the granary."

"Any barrels for water?"

"Perhaps not any barrels that are serviceable, but there are several empty gasoline drums that have been cleaned out and put to use for other purposes. They can be emptied again."

"Fine! Fine!" Leffingwall's briskness increased. "Any idea in what direction your firebugs are likely to start things?"

"On the windward side. Another reason they're sure to fire the big field. The two smaller fields are so widely separated from the big field that neither of them could set fire to the others. Fire driving from the other two fields couldn't get anywhere. But the wind is blowing tonight straight from the big field toward the house and the hayfield, the trees and the rank dry grass."

"What side does that make it?"

"The field lies in a long rectangle. The wind strikes on the far end tonight."

"WELL," snapped Leffingwall, "we'll center our forces on the windward end of the big field. We'll furnish you all with wet sacks, and station drums of water along at intervals to keep the sacks wet. I suppose you've a truck, Shellstrom?"

"Two of them."

"Righto! You pick ten men who know where those drums are and who can run the trucks, also who know where the big field is."

"Joe and Terry can run the trucks, and Red and Tony can line the drums out in short order," Jard replied.

"Get those drums emptied, fill 'em up with water, load the trucks with them, and get them out there to the field." Leffingwall's orders snapped from his tongue.

The men turned toward the door with alacrity as Terry and Joe picked the other men to work with them. Red and Tony hurried out of the room as Leffingwall augmented his orders:

"The rest of us will deploy along the same front, a man with each drum and several men in between—according to the number of drums we have. How many tractors do you have, Shellstrom?"

"I have three."

"Get them out there immediately. Station them at either side of the field, far enough in from the windward end to cut a swath as a fire guard. Horses up?"

"Only two, sergeant."

"Enough—one for me and one for Holly. Let's get going. Two of you men get out to the horse pasture and catch up some more horses. We'll want several of our men mounted, if we get them here before the fun starts. All right. Everybody out—all but six. Six of you stay here to guard the house and the women. Get those horses saddled for me and Holly. I'll send Holly back to guide the other troopers out after he's been to the field and knows the way."

As the six men Holly had picked for guard duty filed out to station themselves around the house, Jard turned to Chloe. She rose to meet him with a colorless and worried face.

"Jard, I'm afraid!"

He put his arm around her and looked soberly from her to Mavis. "You and Mavis sit tight and don't worry any more than you can help. Be game, Chloe. We're in this up to our necks. We have to make a fight for it." He hugged her tightly, turned away with a swift warm smile for both of them, and was gone. His footsteps passed out of the house and out of their hearing.

"Let's go to the kitchen and see what we can," suggested Mavis.

They went, Toby following close behind.

From the kitchen window they could see the yard alive with men. They could see Terry directing several men at the faucet by the barn, filling drums with water in the light of the flood lamps. The trucks were already out, and water-filled drums were already in place in the beds of both. Wheat sacks were swiftly being passed out to the men.

The roar of the tractors rose outside as the powerful clumsy machines began to move beyond the barn, headed for the big field. Two went down one side of it, one on the other. Men armed with sacks hung all over the trucks carrying the water. Jard took his roadster, carrying all the men it could accommodate from hood to running boards. Red Kastner drove the sedan, as heavily loaded. The rest of the men started out afoot. Leffingwall, mounted on one of the horses that had been in the barn, and Holly, mounted on the other, rode along with the trucks.

Within the hour Leffingwall had his fighting force on the ground and stationed. Along the windward end of the big field men and water drums were concealed in the standing wheat. Here and there the top of a drum showed above the heads of the wheat, seeming no more than a splotch of shadow in the night. At the smaller fields a few men were stationed to keep watch. The coupé was left at one of the smaller fields, concealed in brush and trees, the sedan at the other.

"IF they fire either of the smaller fields," Leffingwall ordered, "the wheat will have to go. We have to guard the largest stand of wheat. If anybody fires the two smaller fields, you men get 'em! Get 'em, throw them in the car, and bring 'em up where Holly and I are."

He and Holly were at the windward end of the big field till he sent Holly back to the house to bring up any more men who might happen to arrive.

All of this had taken place before Calhoun and Van Wyck returned to Calhoun's place with the force they had gathered. Including the eight who had tried to take Jard earlier in the evening, and including Calhoun and Van Wyck themselves, with both Brenner and Halpole returned, they had exactly one hundred and one men. Calhoun stood to face them, grim satisfaction on his face.

"Very well, now. You all know what you're to do. We waste no time with the little fields. They are out of line with the house—the fire couldn't leap from them. This must all look logical afterwards. It's a criminal thing to force such an action on law-abiding and loyal men such as we are, but a fool meddler like Shellstrom can do things of that sort. All right, Rob. Everybody ready?"

"All ready," Van Wyck answered tersely.

"Then we'll go. Drive your cars up to within a half-mile of the field, on the windward end. Fire the field from the direct center of the windward-end line. One point of fire is enough—there's a good wind tonight. Follow the line of fire down the field, keeping yourselves under cover. The minute the men show up, watch your chance, and get Shellstrom first. And be sure you get *Shellstrom* this time! Turn him over to Van Wyck and me and our picked men. We'll take care of him. We can take care of the lot of them easily. And—look sharp! When morning comes, there must be nothing left of the Halfmoon Cross but a burned field set afire by some careless camper, and a gutted house that caught fire from the fields. Shellstrom and Joe Leigh and that damnable traitor Thurm must all simply disappear. Not a man must be in sight anywhere when day breaks. Lead the way, Robert."

The line of cars started toward the big field. They struck out along two dirt roads from the Calhoun house, long after the noise of the tractors had died.

At the location Calhoun had designated they were parked as unobtrusively as possible. The men piled out of them, and huddled in a dense crowd, till Calhoun stepped to the head, cleared his throat, and waved his hand toward the great field of wheat, dim and shadowy in the night.

"All in order, men. Look alive, now. We're off!"

The crowd broke into a double file, stretching behind him.

As they drew near to the field, Calhoun and his picked men swung to the right with nearly half the number. All of the others save Zan and Leech swerved to the left. Zan and Leech walked straight ahead.

They were, as a body and to a man, far too greatly excited to notice that, from the off side of the field next the trees, a wide black swath had been plowed straight across the field. It showed only faintly, anyway. They did not notice the blotches of shadow that were three tractors, nor the small spots of faint shade scattered here and there along the edge of the wheat—the tops of water drums.

The men grouped themselves at the corners of the field, at that windward end. Calhoun's voice drifted along the edge of the wheat:

"All set, Zan!"

Zan and Leech broke into a trot, headed directly toward the center of that windward-end line. Both men were outfitted for their ugly job—a handful of matches, an old rag, a small bottle of gasoline. At each corner of the field a taut group of men waited. All along the end of the field other men crouched low in the wheat, gripping in their hands jute sacks half-stuffed with hay and soaked dripping wet with water. There was a peculiar breathless hush in the air, as if nature herself were waiting with bated breath for the fury to follow.

Zan felt it, halted, glanced back over his shoulder, caught his breath and shivered, as he reached the edge of the wheat, the tall and golden grain standing proud and straight in the light of the stars.

Leech stared at him through the dimness. "Well?" he snapped.

"Yeah." Zan gulped, swallowed, and reached into his pocket. A match scratched. A small piece of cloth soaked with gasoline was flung from a stick into the wheat.

In an instant, with a breathy *swooshing* sound—a sound that rose to a roar of doom with appalling swiftness—the wheat was ablaze, ablaze with the flame that would travel almost as fast as a horse can run.

The night woke to fury!

FORTY-THREE men sprang up in the wheat, lifting their dripping sacks, and rushed toward the flame. Those nearest it flung themselves toward it also, flailing and beating at it frantically. For an instant their action was not quite seen nor taken into comprehension by the marauders.

Then Zan caught sight of the three fire fighters nearest him, in the light of the rushing flames, and started toward Calhoun with a shout:

"Hell! They're set—*waitin'* for us! Calhoun!"

"Shut up—you fool!" roared Calhoun.

He cursed violently as he swung upon the men around him. "Tipped off—someway. We'll have to fight like hell! Keep your guard up!"

On the outcome of the furious battle that follows hinges the success or failure of Jard's relentless struggle to crush the dangerous Calhoun organization and bring to justice the murderers of his father. Will he succeed? Read the result in next week's exciting final installment.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 45

1—Nicholas Murray Butler.

2—To make the soap transparent.

3—According to bridge experts, the average time consumed for a rubber of contract is 24 minutes (four minutes longer than for a rubber of auction).

4—The original Siamese twins (1811-74).

5—Yes; on the basis of United States Bureau of Mines statistics, the average production per man per day of anthracite is 4.80 tons; of bituminous, 2.557 tons.

6—Lobster. Forty million pounds, valued at $3,250,000, was the catch in 1935.

7—Gene Tunney in 1928, and James Jeffries in 1905. Jeffries returned to the ring in 1910.

8—One day, unless renewed by mutual consent.

9—Prostitutes.

10—The flower of some 20,000 varieties was named after Dahl, the Swedish botanist.

11—From fifteen to twenty pints.

12—Twenty-six feet a second.

13—Oregon, which levied a 1-per-cent tax on gasoline February 25, 1919.

14—No; after a check is certified, the bank becomes liable for its payment.

15—The National Save-a-Life League, founded, 1906, by Dr. Harry M. Warren.

16—As a rule it is almost red in color to meet the standard of the market.

17—Guy Mannering. It was written in six weeks—more rapidly than any other of Scott's novels.

18—Rowing.

19—To indicate their rank.

20—William Barret Travis

(William Barret Travis)

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WILMA ARNOLD

WILMA ARNOLD designs the undies that thousands of us women wear. Panties designed by her, and nighties, slips, pajama suits, etc., are distributed wholesale throughout the United States. She has been telling me what's what this year, and why, in the underwear line.

Panties seem to be on their way out because they make bulges around our waists. Step-in girdles, divided, are the preference now. Nighties are being made—even the cheapest ones—to look as much like evening gowns as possible. Plenty of gals wear 'em to dress-up parties. We wear crepe de Chine in summer and satin in winter. Almost no one wears orchid-colored undies any more.

Men buying gift lingerie usually pick the pastel shades—or black. They buy unstylish panties for girls, who return them promptly to the stores. Sheer black undies, purchased extravagantly by men around Christmastime, are seldom returned.

I asked Wilma Arnold about the latest underwear fashions. "Pale gray," she said, "with lace to match. Or gray and flamingo. And sheer brown nightgowns."

Miss Arnold has been designing our undies for twenty years. In the trade, she told me, sizes from 38 to 42 are known as "The Forgotten Woman."

● A bachelor of advancing years married his secretary the other day. Told me about it. Said: "I should have done it long ago, but I'm a shy man. I wouldn't take her to theaters or brightly lighted restaurants: I was sensitive about the difference between our ages." But one evening, after late work at the office, he fed her at a Chinese place. Low lights, a secluded table. He proposed.

"Thank heaven," he says rather pathetically, "for chop-suey joints!"

● Just heard about a young man now taking treatments to get the fur removed from his chest. His girl won't marry him otherwise. They met a year ago, in the winter, and he seemed all right with his clothes on. Last summer she saw him in a bathing suit. He looked like something out of a zoo. Some ladies can't abide a gent profusely furred.

● I know an elderly lady, of Irish lineage, who enjoys stepping out on a mild bit of a lark when she visits her daughter in New York. Has her favorite night club. The proprietor of the place, a lad of considerable renown along Broadway, is Irish too. He and the elderly lady are great pals. She dined there with her daughter one evening recently, and the boss came hurrying over to buy them a cocktail. But no, they didn't want cocktails. And no, thanks, no wine—nothing to drink tonight. The hospitable Irishman scratched his head. An idea came. He summoned the waiter.

"Here," he said, "bring these ladies two orders of green peas—*on the house.*"

● For a man of his artistic temperament, Charlie Chaplin sticks to the program of his career with quite remarkable fidelity. As long as two years ago he told me he meant to sing a song in his next picture. Sure enough, in the new one, Modern Times, he sings his song. A number of Hollywood friends had warned him against any departure from silent comedy. Said they thought his voice would sound too cultured to match the characters he portrays on the screen. I disagreed. Talking of this with Charlie himself, I said that I believed the lingering note of wistfulness he has in his natural voice ought to harmonize perfectly with his accustomed role of a forlorn little jigger hop-skipping gallantly through heartbreak and defeat.

"But some people might not understand the connection between my voice and my acting," said Charlie. "Perhaps you could mention it if you ever write about me."

So I'm mentioning it now.

● Recommended to those of us who say, "I don't understand music but I just love it": The Layman's Music Book, by Olga Samaroff Stokowski, an easy guide, yet thorough, to music principles, instruments, orchestration, musical history, etc. (Published by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.)

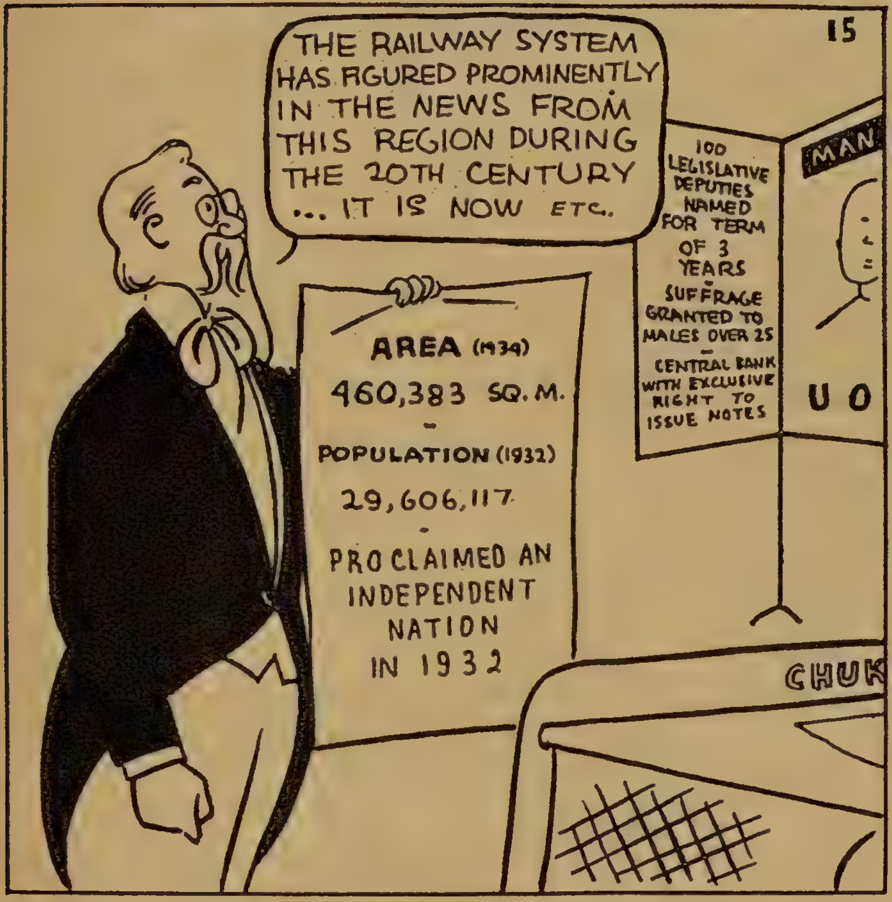
● Don't listen to any one who says, "A leg of lamb is a leg of lamb, and there is only one orthodox way to roast it." In France they have what they call "the baker's leg."

They do it like this:

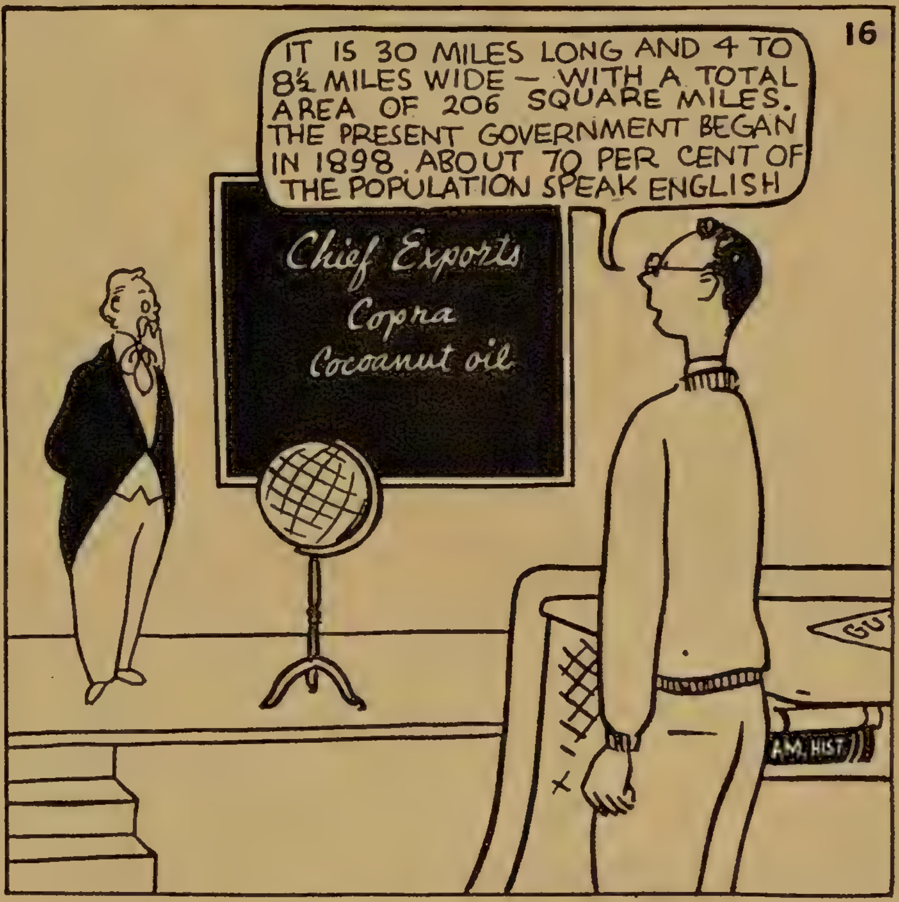
Take a plump leg weighing about 6 pounds. Rub with a few small slivers of garlic. Rub generously with butter, pepper and salt. Use an earthenware platter large enough to accommodate the joint—about 3 inches high. Fill three quarters full of raw potatoes, thinly sliced. Dot with butter and 2 tablespoons diced bacon. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, nutmeg. Lay lamb on potatoes. Put in brisk oven for 25 minutes, then decrease heat and continue roasting slowly for 1¼ hours. The lamb, when done, should be pink inside, not tough and dark. Carve joint, lay slices on potatoes in earthenware dish. Serve good and hot!

INTERNATIONAL
GEOGRAPHY GAME

$2,000 IN 223 CASH AWARDS! KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP—DELAY MAY BE COSTLY


15
THE RAILWAY SYSTEM HAS FIGURED PROMINENTLY IN THE NEWS FROM THIS REGION DURING THE 20TH CENTURY ... IT IS NOW ETC.
AREA (1934) 460,383 SQ. M. – POPULATION (1932) 29,606,117 – PROCLAIMED AN INDEPENDENT NATION IN 1932
100 LEGISLATIVE DEPUTIES NAMED FOR TERM OF 3 YEARS – SUFFRAGE GRANTED TO MALES OVER 25 – CENTRAL BANK WITH EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO ISSUE NOTES
MAN
U O
CHUK

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:


16
IT IS 30 MILES LONG AND 4 TO 8½ MILES WIDE — WITH A TOTAL AREA OF 206 SQUARE MILES. THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT BEGAN IN 1898. ABOUT 70 PER CENT OF THE POPULATION SPEAK ENGLISH
Chief Exports
Copra
Cocoanut oil
GU
AM. HIST

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:

HERE ARE THE CASH PRIZES—WHICH WILL YOU WIN?

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of a place that is prominent in the current world news.
2. To compete, clip, trace or copy the pictures, and under each write the geographical name it suggests to you.
3. When you have the complete set of twenty contest drawings, each titled with the name of the place you think it represents, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which of the places mentioned will win the most prominent place in history, and why you think so.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement as above will be adjudged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, April 8, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

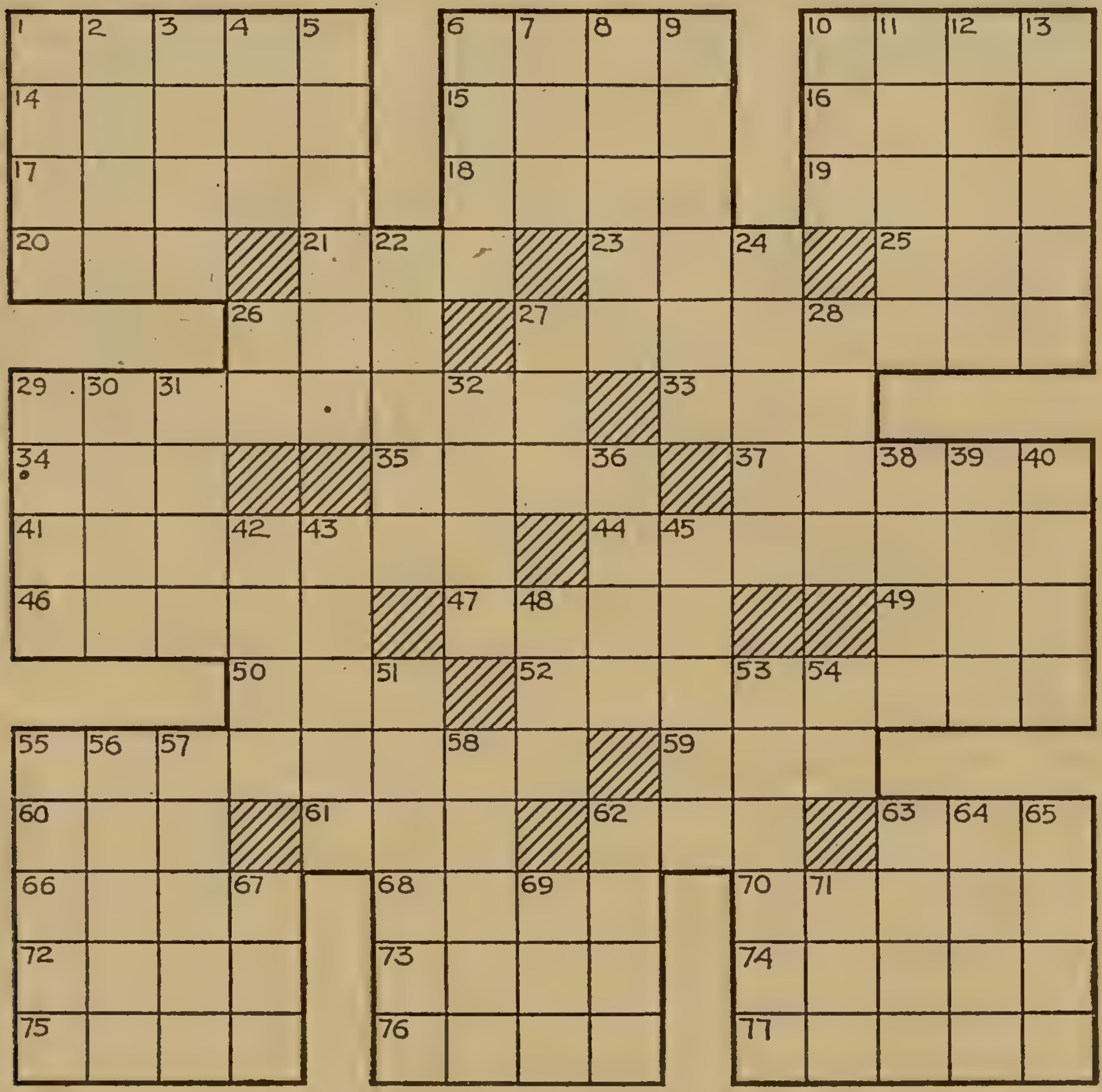
YOU CAN'T WIN UNLESS YOU SEND IN AN ENTRY

HERE is the eighth set of International Geography Game drawings. Can you figure them out at a glance or does one of them call for more than casual study? They should prove no more difficult than the general run of drawings in this contest. Of course what proves difficult for one person is easy enough for another. The following week the situation is apt to be reversed. Thus, in the end, the series will have presented about the same challenge to every contestant.

If you have managed to stay in the game up to this point, by all means keep your entry up to date! Only four more drawings remain to be solved. Then you can select a subject for the brief statement required by Rule 3. In fact, you can make a tentative selection now. Later, if you care to change it, you will have time to do so before you send your entry in. The main thing is to stay in the game. You can't win unless you mail an entry!

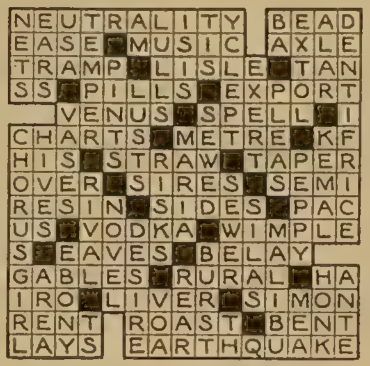
SET NO. 9 OF THIS GAME NEXT WEEK!

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 An American parrot
6 Identical
10 Performs
14 Without company
15 Prevaricator
16 Feminine name
17 Debarks
18 Ireland
19 A thin narrow strip
20 Before
21 Authoritative rule
23 Lair
25 To freeze
26 A marsh
27 An elemental substance (pl.)
29 Turning on one side
33 Also
34 Man's name
35 Loses firmness
37 A Roman emperor (pl.)
41 A marcher
44 Without emotion
46 A grasslike herb
47 Sour in aspect
49 Inland channel
50 A note in Guido's scale
52 One who arrives (pl.)
55 Slayer
59 Skillful plan
60 A beverage
61 Acted
62 Combining form: alike (chem.)
63 Bustle
66 To drive off
68 Ratify by hand
70 At no time
72 Prefix: partly
73 Old English school
74 Feminine name
75 Gaelic
76 Article of apparel
77 Throws



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NEUTRALITY BEAD
EASE■MUSIC AXLE
TRAMP■LISLE■TAN
SS■PILLS■EXPORT
  VENUS■SPELL■I
CHARTS■METRE■KF
HIS■STRAW■TAPER
OVER■SIRES■SEMI
RESIN■SIDES■PAC
US■VODKA■WIMPLE
S■EAVES■BELAY
GABLES■RURAL■HA
IRO■LIVER■SIMON
RENT ROAST■BENT
LAYS EARTHQUAKE
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 A man
2 Winged
3 Fruit of the pine
4 Furthermore
5 The founder of Methodism
6 Killed
7 Atmosphere
8 Young girls
9 Masculine name
10 Indefinite article (pl.)
11 Stomach-ache
12 To copy
13 Satisfies to repletion
22 An aromatic seed
24 An inert gaseous element (pl.)
26 A note of the scale
27 Urge
28 Negative votes
29 Drinks in small quantities
30 Prefix: before
31 The rendered fat of swine
32 An East Indian aromatic plant
36 Goad to action
38 A Latvian city
39 An ellipse
40 Goes down
42 Grew older
43 Marked for omission
45 Tapestry wall hanging
48 Row
51 Gets up
53 A sort of light sarcasm
54 A northern state (abbr.)
55 Billiard shot
56 A sore
57 A paper measure (pl.)
58 Feminine name
62 An ancient hotel
63 Hail! (pl.)
64 Small hollow
65 Crude metal (pl.)
67 Join
69 A viscid or sticky substance
71 A period

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

FASTER SHINE IN ON TIME!

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Vox Pop

Smedley Butler and Erskine's "Claptrap"

NEWTOWN SQUARE, PA.—I have no desire to engage in a controversy with Professor Erskine, for I realize that a plain soldier would be at the mercy of such a brilliant phrase-maker. However, Professor Erskine, in his General Butler's Bonus Claptrap, in January 18 Liberty, takes so many liberties with my statements that I feel a reply is necessary "for the record," even though by the time this letter is published the bonus will have been passed and the entire question will have become an academic one.

1. Professor Erskine says that I fear "because the veterans are dying so fast that soon there will be none left" to receive the bonus. What I said was that if the bonus were not paid until 1945, at least 362,000 will not live to receive it. That's a little less than a tenth—and not all.

2. Professor Erskine charges me with fearing or threatening that if the bonus is not paid the question will be taken into politics. He thinks I should know that the bonus is a political issue. Of course it is a political issue. My prediction was that, unless the bonus is paid now, the veterans would take matters into their own hands and themselves become the political power to rule this nation.

3. Professor Erskine charges that I assume all the men in the army are poor. No such assumption was contained in my article. I did quote Veterans' Administrator Hines to show that the veterans, as a class, really need the money; that they even needed it in 1931, before the full force of the depression was felt.

As for paying the bonus to the well-to-do and the rich—since Congress did not discriminate in that respect in passing this legislation, since we did not ask the soldiers when we drafted them whether they were rich or poor, and since we live in a democracy, that question requires no answer.

4. Professor Erskine recalls that the soldier, in addition to his dollar a day, received food, lodging and clothing and other things, while the workman at home who received ten and twenty dollars a day had rents and other increased prices to pay. Doesn't Professor Erskine know that half of the dollar a day was taken from the soldier to support his dependents, that government insurance cost him six dollars a month, and that most of the balance we virtually blackjacked him into paying for his own ammunition, clothing, and food by making him buy Liberty Bonds? The soldiers bought two billion dollars' worth of those. And Professor Erskine shouldn't forget, either, that the soldiers didn't go voluntarily—they were drafted. Likewise, Professor Erskine's reference to teachers, ministers, doctors, firemen, and policemen being underpaid—these are free souls, and if the pay is too low they are privileged to change their profession or their business. The soldier had no alternative. He was drafted.

5. Professor Erskine is surprised that I don't suggest some punishment for the war profiteers. It is too late to punish those who profited at the expense of their fellow men in 1917 and 1918. They too were undoubtedly the victims of a system. However, in the past few years, by means of lectures and writings, I have been vigorously crusading to prevent a recurrence—to keep this country from becoming involved in another war.

Professor Erskine, never having been taught to kill or to be killed, and never having had to suffer for lack of food, clothing, or shelter for himself and his family, naturally calls any plea for the bonus payment "claptrap."—*S. D. Butler.*

CHORUS GIRL PRESIDENT?

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Why has not Liberty given the feminine element an article boosting their fair kind toward the Presidency? Perhaps Liberty cannot realize what a current issue this is among the more speculative and domesticated of the gentle sex. Who, of all he-man's masculinity, would dare oppose a proposed First Mistress of the Land advocating a "deal" different from the obsolescent one now?

There can be little doubt, unfortunately, but that popular approval *would* elect a chorus girl to this sobriquet, a pulchritudinous young female clad in rather tight shorts, and whose favorite newspaper pose would be that of an august senator bowing and kissing her proffered paw.—*Virginia Lux.*

SENATOR NYE'S SKELETONS . . . NO SURPRISE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Senator Nye's exposure of the skeletons in the closet of American diplomacy should be no surprise to Liberty readers. There is hardly one of the sensational discoveries headlined in every newspaper in the United States which cannot be found in The Strangest Friendship in History, my study of Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House, published in Liberty *four years ago.*

The full story of the secret "gentleman's agreement" which bound the United States to enter the war on the side of the Allies, under certain conditions, ten months before the re-election of Woodrow Wilson, is told in Liberty of March 19, 1932, under the title: Did President Wilson Pledge Us to War Before He Was Re-elected?

The story of the secret treaties left by Balfour on the steps of the White House, which figure so prominently in the Senate debate, is touched upon repeatedly in the course of my revelations.

In writing my story I was compelled to confine myself to brief excerpts and paraphrases from Wilson's letters to House, because of the refusal of Mr. Wilson's executors to sanction their publication. This refusal was part of a deliberate campaign to depreciate the importance of the man whom Wilson called his "other self." The Senate investigation makes many of these letters public documents accessible to all.

No reader of the series in Liberty could doubt Wilson's determination to forestall a German victory, but there was no conscious hypocrisy in his adoption of the pacific slogan to which he owed his re-election. Like many of us, Wilson was a split personality. The ascendancy of one or the other personality, as well as the shifting pressure of public events and personal reactions, determined his decisions and history.—*George Sylvester Viereck.*

FRED ASTAIRE'S GINGER

WASHINGTON, D. C.—May I remark that in January 25 Liberty Frederick L. Collins, in writing about Fred Astaire, makes the rather broad statement that he (Fred Astaire) has earned for his employers between nine and ten million dollars in four pictures?

After all, how many million men are there who, like myself, although they enjoy Astaire's dancing, would have gone to see those four pictures if it had not been for the fact that Ginger Rogers, or perhaps some other universally loved female star, had not played with him?

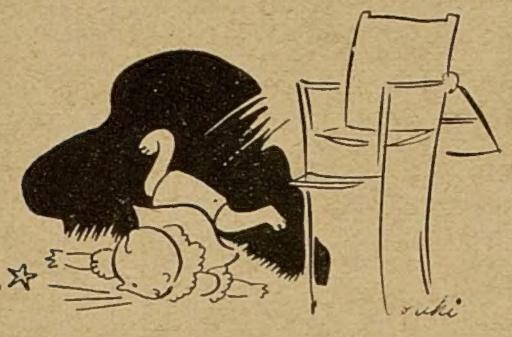
I, for one, would not have taken the trouble to go across the street to see him alone.

I think a good portion of that nine or ten million came into the box office through Ginger's own popularity, as proved by In Person.—*G. D. B.*

VOICE OF A MILLION

DUBUQUE, IA.—To Mr. T. W. Feuge in January 18 Vox Pop: Speaking of high chairs, you must have fallen from yours and suffered a terrible blow—else where could you have gotten your silly ideas of life and mothers?

Why don't you try to find how many young women are making a home, having babies, meeting bills, and putting away money for education on twenty-five dollars per week? You must realize that these women are not spending money on themselves, but are willing to sacrifice themselves a bit so that their children and husband may have a chance to get ahead. When one does this she has no time for the " mental filth " that is " destroying this nation," as you so deftly put it.



Cheer up, you old sour-puss. Just because you didn't happen to realize that there are these women is no reason they don't exist. We also go to church because we believe in God.

I am just one of the million housewives that are doing the things mentioned above.—*Mrs. Don Mershon.*

CHAMPION BREAD DROPPER

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In January 25 Liberty I noticed Roy McCardell's Lucky Omens.

Surely the estimable Mr. McCardell does not believe the drivel he has so confidently written.

To quote our maestro of literary talent: " To drop a slice of bread butter side down means money is coming to you. Butter side up means luck in love."

Now I, personally, have dropped enough bread to be a richer man than Henry Ford and a better lover than Casanova, but I am among the unemployed and I could count my girl friends on my closed fist.—*Norm Reddick.*

PUTS US WIZE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Just ez one regular guy to another regular guy, I wants to say I'm wid you and I wants to put you wize. I'm talkin about dat guy wat sez your cuvers iz lousy. Say, dat guy don't know wat a louse iz. Doze cuvers wat you puts on Liberty recent iz de real stuff; get wat I mean—de real McCoy. An' do I know my cuvers?

Well, do sellin cuvers an wats between em for 20 years teech you anything about wat cuvers iz cuvers? I'll say it do. Say, I'm hep to de kind uv cuvers wat sells de mush in de inside an thats no bunk, eeder, an de cuvers wat you puts on recent gets de eye more den de udder wons.

Say, dat sorehead guy makes me sick. Don't let him get your goat. Send him to see me. I'll tell him a few an I'll sock him one if he gives me anny lip.—*John Francis O'Brien.*

LAWS SHOULD BE LIKE DEATH

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Thanks to Bernarr Macfadden for telling us in a plain American style what he thought of the Lindbergh kidnaping case (January 25 editorial, The World's Most Lawless Nation). Might I venture where he left off?

Laws should be like death, sparing no one. Why is it that laws grind the poor, and the rich men rule the laws?

Too much publicity was given the Lindbergh case, and so the famous young man must pay the penalty of being torn away from his native land, the land of the free and the home of the brave.—*Eleonora Campusano.*

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—Why does a man like Macfadden express the opinion that Lindbergh was forced to flee abroad to protect his child from kidnapers? It's one of the most foolish statements ever printed, and a rank shame on Lindbergh's part for making this nation the laughingstock of the world.

I can't see why any real American would run to another country for protection. Regardless of the situation, it was his duty to stay here.—*J. Jacobs.*

ORCHIDS FOR WINCHELL

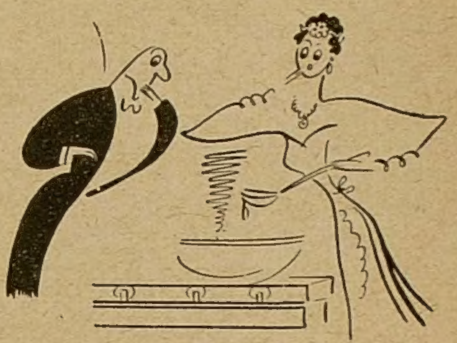
NAMUS, QUE.—Say, M. E. of Raleigh, North Carolina (December 28 Vox Pop), lay off Winchell. Millions appreciate Mr. Winchell and respect him for being a good citizen. We enjoy his broadcasts and he does a great deal of charitable work, over the air and privately. None of us do any better than he; and I, for one, think he is great.—*M. W.*

SONG OF THE SPEED DEMON

LOUISVILLE, KY.—
For this is the law of macadam, and this
is the law of mud:
If ever thy trail's too slow or too dry,
besprinkle it with blood.
Let thy car with its lever open be the
car of Juggernaut,
And remember ye that the only crime is
the crime of getting caught.
For this is the rule that is golden,
The cry of those keen to the hunt:
Full speed was made for the man behind—
Who cares for the man in front?
—*Twelve-Cylinder John.*

RECIPES IN BOOKLET

MANSFIELD, OHIO—Princess Kropotkin has given us so many interesting and extraordinary recipes that I think her readers would appreciate them compiled in booklet form for a nominal sum. —*M. M. Keller.*



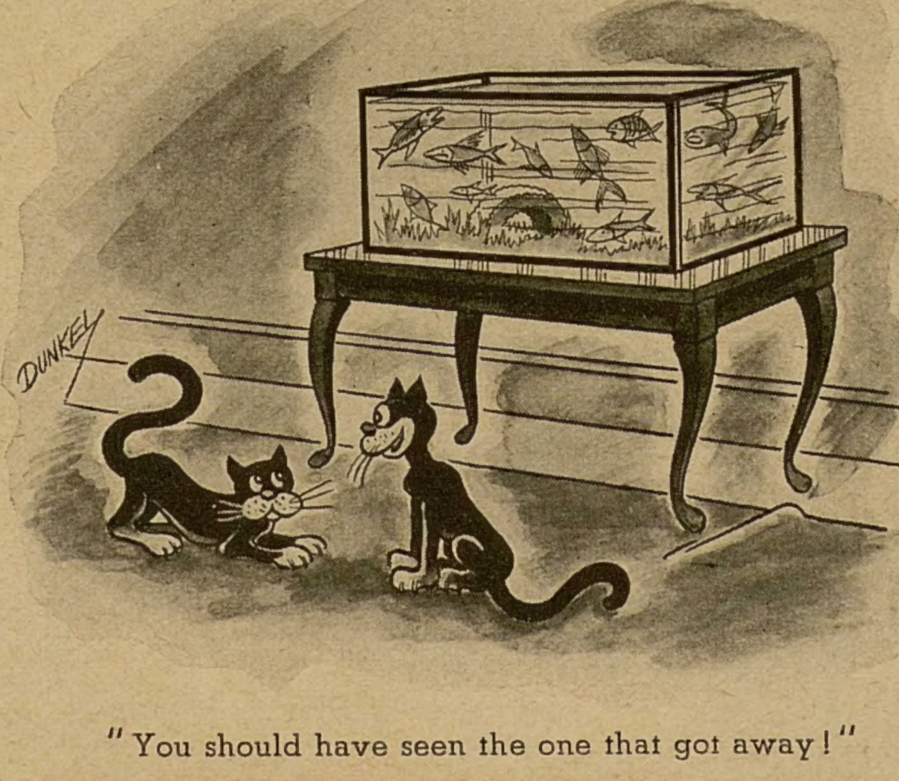
PLOT FOR MYSTERY WRITER?

THOMPSONVILLE, N. Y.—It might be of general interest if you published a number of stories by leading mystery writers, based on the idea: " Considering the evidence, how could the Lindbergh crime have been committed, if Hauptmann is not the guilty person? "

With Mr. Condon making such ambiguous statements as, " Hauptmann and his counsel, Fisher, thought I was merely a busybody," one is given plenty of food for thought. For, if Hauptmann was the actual receiver of the ransom money, Dr. Condon must know that Hauptmann would know that he was more than a " busybody."

And, if he knew that Hauptmann knew he was more than a busybody, why did he, Dr. Condon, make such a freak utterance?—*William A. Thompson.*

[One of the difficulties of carrying out your excellent notion is that the exercise of imagination in alternate theories would certainly lead to libel suits.—EDITOR OF LIBERTY.]



" You should have seen the one that got away! "

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

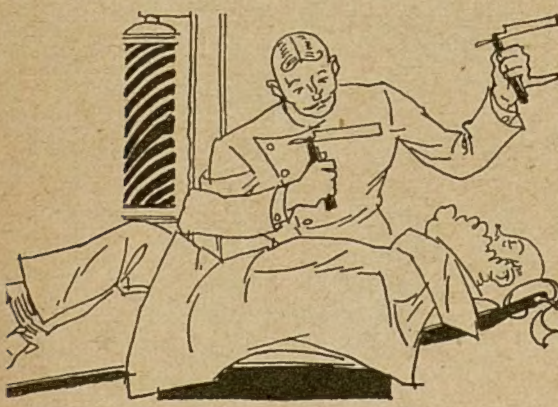
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Oklahoma relief officials balked at the latest request from administration headquarters at Washington. It was for a survey of Oklahoma's shipbuilding industry. Oklahoma is 400 miles from salt water, has no navigable rivers and no lakes.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A debate between Socialist Norman Thomas and Communist Earl Browder was held in Madison Square Garden. The subject was a resolution that both parties unite in behalf of labor. The 20,000 Socialists and Communists who bought tickets at the box office were so anxious to get inside that they neglected to notice the pickets who paraded in front of the entrances that evening bearing signs: "Do Not Patronize This Place. Madison Square Garden Is Unfair to Union Labor."

PARSONS, KAN.—O. R. Rogers, pestered by flocks of blackbirds maintaining a roost in the trees about his home, installed his radio beneath the boughs. The birds left.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—John Schuster, a salesman, made a trip here to get in on the ground floor in connection with two houses he had read were being built. No one knew anything about the houses. He looked at the paper again and found that the note was in a Twenty Years Ago column.

HAVANA, CUBA—A local barber shaves his customers in slightly more than one minute. He uses two razors—one in each hand—and finishes the job in four strokes.



●

Lucky Omens

To get soap in your eyes while washing your face indicates that you must exercise care in all you do that day.

To step in dirt of any kind is good luck if noticed at once; bad luck if not noticed till some one else remarks it.

To do a favor to the blind
Invites fortune to be kind.
—*Roy L. McCardell.*

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Now is the time for every third man to come to my party.
—*Senator Borah.*

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COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

YOUR INCOME TAX — A First-Aid Article

Here is a dramatic, forceful presentation of your income-tax situation that will open your eyes to a number of things you may not have considered before! Done by JAY FRANKLIN in pungent, concise, dialogue, it tells you just what is what in the taxation setup. Read it and know where you really stand, no matter what your income.

WILL THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN JINX GET PAULETTE GODDARD?

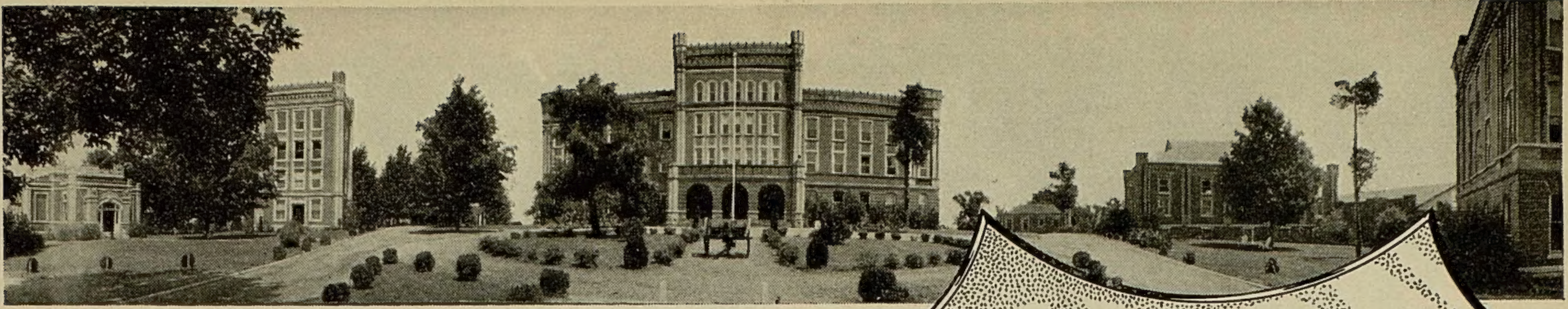
None of the six women who have previously figured prominently in Charlie's personal and professional life has justified the prophecy of subsequent success. Will Paulette, of all the beauties who have basked in the reflected light of Chaplin's eminence, retain her place in the cinema sun? Read Liberty next week for a great story on this exciting situation.

ALSO—LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE conducted by MAJOR BOWES—ZERO-ZERO by George Bruce—THE LADY HIS FATHER MARRIED by Faith Ellen Smith—SNAPSHOTS IN ETHIOPIA by Kenneth Brown Collings—BUYING A WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM by Jimmy Powers.

"JAFSIE"
CONTINUES HIS SENSATIONAL
SECRETS OF THE HAUPTMANN CASE
NEVER BEFORE PRINTED!

NEXT WEEK IN
Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4



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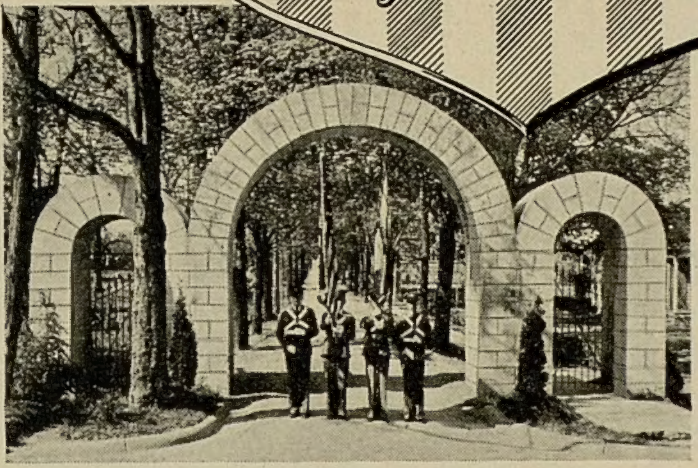
The spirit of the South, which impels a boy to give nothing short of his best, whether on athletic field or in class room, has carried over into the greater game of life. **Castle Heights men lead in achievement.**

Too much cannot be said of the personnel of its faculty. Its teachers hold graduate degrees from the leading universities. But more, they are chosen because of that warmth of personality, unselfish interest in boys, and love of their work which characterize the true teacher. The school is fully accredited by all colleges. **Castle Heights has been moulded by strong men.**



Castle Heights, located in the heart of the old South, is thirty miles from Nashville, Tenn.

The school plant comprises ten modern buildings of brick and stone, set on a campus of 225 acres in the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains. The latest addition is a large indoor swimming pool, 30x75, covered with a vita-glass roof. Athletic fields, tennis courts, gymnasium are units of a complete athletic plant. The athletic teams have won national recognition. **Every boy participates in some sport every day.**

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Col. H. L. Armstrong, President
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LUCKY STRIKE
20

Luckies are less acid! Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

Luckies a light smoke

OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

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* RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS